

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

Vol. XXXIV, No 5

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

NOVEMBER, 1902

THE BOOK FLOOD

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has been writing, in the Philadelphia Public Ledger and Times on The Book Flood. He states that the annual output of this country alone is between 4,000 and 5,000 different works, of which some five millions of copies are issued. The number of copies is not so significant as the number of separate works. Think of the increase of a library at the rate of between 4,000 and 5,000 distinct works in a year! Dr. Van Dyke says many wise things in dealing with the preparation of this stupendous feast of reason, dwelling on the joy of writing for the work's sake, on the gaining friends who are grateful to the author, on the happiness of attaining a real reputation however modest, and on the happiness of securing a goodly return of money for the work; but nothing he says is wiser than this:

To take, by choice, a commercial view of authorship, to write always with an eye on the market, to turn out copious and indifferent stuff because there is a ready sale for it, to be guided in production by the fashion of the day rather than by the impulse of the mind—that is the sure way to lose the power of doing good work.

The words also are well worth quoting in which he justifies the pouring out of such a flood of books:

After all, is it not better that a hundred unnecessary books should be published than that one good and useful book should be lost? Nature's law of parsimony is arrived at by a process of expense. The needless volumes, like the infertile seeds, soon sink out of sight; and the books that have life in them are taken care of by the readers who are waiting somewhere to receive and cherish them. Reading is a habit. Writing is a gift. Both may be cultivated. But I suppose there is this difference between them—the habit may be acquired by anyone who will; the gift can be developed only by those who have it. How to discover it and make the best of it, and use the writing gift so that it shall supply the real needs and promote the finest results of the reading habit—that is the problem. . . . The only way to work it out is for the writers to try to write it as well as they can, and for the publishers to publish the best they can get, and for the company of the readers to bring a healthy appetite, a clean taste, and a good digestion

to the feast that is prepared for them. If any one partakes not wisely but too much that is his own fault.

If each of the parties named did, and did only, that which Dr. Van Dyke prescribes as their duty, all of this, even the final sentence, would be true. But the publishers, in their anxiety to get rid of their wares, perhaps because they are afraid that they will spoil, take to advertising after the manner of sordid manufacturers. They will not be content with telling us the contents of the dishes they serve up, but, like the makers of patent foods, praise them as the "only and real article"; while they speak of the authors in terms that would make even Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott blush. The consequence is that the trusting reader tastes, and the nauseating morsel gives him a fit of indigestion. Let the publishers honestly place their goods on the market, and the readers will "receive and cherish" those "that have life in them."

A CRITIC OF AMERICAN LETTERS

A comparison of the volume of criticism with that of creative writing in America leaves us with a sense of disproportion. From Lowell to Mabie the number of critics whose essays have had a certain vogue or currency among us is legion. There is a feeling sometimes that we might cheerfully spare a few of our critics if their places could be filled with poets or novelists or dramatists of equal power. True, Lowell and James and Howells have given us creative work that will outlast their criticism, but there is reason to believe that the first two of these, at least, would have done more and better original work if their critical faculties had been less highly developed. When we confine our attention to the kind of criticism that passes current among us, we discover, however, that not many Daniels have come to judgment, and that the art of literary appraisal, like others of the arts, languishes in this dry American atmosphere. There are men connected with the faculty of letters in some of the universities

who practise the art with more deftness and greater scholarship than some of those whose writings are more in evidence. When Prof. George E. Woodberry, from his chair at Columbia, gives us one of his admirable literary biographies or a sketch of a particular period in American literature, like his delightful essay in the current Harper's on *The Knickerbocker Era of American Letters*, praise is due to his publishers. We shall grumble a bit, to be sure, over his bloodless estimate of Poe and *The Scarlet Letter*; but we forget these misdemeanors when we read his sketches of Irving, Cooper, and Bryant, and realize anew the worth of *Knickerbocker*, *Leather Stocking* and the *Blue Gentian* as literary creations. There is something delicious, moreover, in his characterization of some of the minor writers of the *Knickerbocker* era: "To name one of them, there was Willis; he was gigantic in his contemporaneousness. He is shrunk now, as forgotten as a fashion-plate, though once the cynosure of the literary town. He was the man that Irving, by his richer nature, escaped being, the talented, clever, frivolous, sentimental, graceful artifice of a man, the town-gentleman of literature." Professor Woodberry concludes his paper with some judicious words upon contemporary Grub Street, Borough of Manhattan, that deserve to be quoted in full. From the "preachment" of Theodore Parker to that of Mr. Hearst—what a plunge!

Thought, reflection, meditation, except on political and social subjects, does not flourish; that brooding on the life and experience out of which the greatest literature emerges has not been found, whatever the reason may be, and in fact it is rather a matter of original endowment than of the environment. The literary craft, however, if it lacked genius, has been characterized by facile and versatile talent, and its product has been very great in mass and of vast utility. In no other city is the power of the printed word more impressive. The effective literature of the city is in reality, and has long been its great dailies; they are for the later time what the sermons of the old clergy were in New England, the mental sphere of the community; and in them are to be found all the elements of literature except the qualities that secure permanence.

MR. EDMUND
GOSSE AS
GRAVE-DIGGER

The use of criticism has been well exhibited by Professor Woodberry; its abuse has never been more clearly displayed than in an article that Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes to the supplementary *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Asprightly and vivacious style has ever been a characteristic of Mr. Gosse, and to this he adds a facility in forming the "convictions of a lifetime" not even surpassed by Mr. Gladstone; not a bad

equipment for a critic, as such things go, but sadly inadequate when applied to the making of an *encyclopædia*. We may picture to ourselves the future student and consuler of *encyclopædias* referring to Mr. Gosse's article a score of years hence in the hope of extracting from it a missing date or the title of an obscure romance of the closing years of the nineteenth century. It will be small consolation to the student who fails to find either of these needed facts recorded to learn that in this period there were "a multiplicity of talent and many encouraging signs of the general vivacity of fiction." Such happy generalizations have a worthy and recognized place in book-reviewing; they save the writer much painful investigation and do not weary the reader with too extensive a display of erudition. In sweeping condemnation of the modern novel he is not slothful:

When we proceed to examine this vast productivity rather more closely, we are at once struck by one conspicuous characteristic. The recent history of the novel has no continuity; its succession is without method or development. It is true that the tendency of literature can only be observed with difficulty within the narrow limits of two decades; still, even within that period, it ought to be possible to trace some significance in a phase of activity represented by considerably over 20,000 separate works. The curious analyst, however, will only be baffled if he seeks for a guiding thread running through the prose fiction that lies between the death of George Eliot and the opening of the twentieth century. Not only is there no animating spirit in its production, but it is even shaken by every false wind of transient and passionate caprice. Fashion follows fashion without reason or excuse, for the gusts of taste and distaste that convulse the modern novel have scarcely any relation even to the passing fashions that affect society; they are manufactured for the moment in the offices of commercialism, and pass at once into exhaustion. We are thus confronted with the really regrettable fact that this form of representative and pictorial literature, which of all others ought to preserve the characteristics of the time, and hand on the natural lineaments of contemporary people to the remembrance of their children, has largely ceased to represent or depict anything of importance in British national life and character. Observation and consistency, its saving graces, are no longer preserved in any just proportion to the multiplicity of its energies. The novel of commerce has neither morality nor tendency; in the sifting fire of criticism it falls into ashes.

But it is when he reaches the sage conclusion that the present age is a "period of great literary funerals" that we recognize the gleeful spirit of the grave digger in this British *encyclopædist*. He would deny the premature shades of contemporary authors even the slender consolation of a decent tombstone in the *Britannica*, and as he consigns William Watson,

Anthony Hope, et al., to the silence of oblivion we hear his mirthful chuckle echoing the tune-ful clods he heaps upon their coffins.

COAL AND ANARCHY

Thankful as we are over the settlement of the coal strike, the gravity of the situation has made a deep impression upon the public. The obduracy of the two contesting parties has carried the warfare on throughout the summer, and millions of innocent people have been threatened with suffering while an adjustment of the dispute has been pending. The President, in a well-meaning effort to bring about a truce, even though temporary, called representatives of the two sides together. The operators were unanimous in declaring that they were not only willing, but anxious, to mine their coal, and could do it but for the interference of the union by violent and illegitimate means. The miners, through their spokesman, failed to reply to this, but offered to submit to an arbitration of their difficulties. This had long since been declined by the operators, who contended that they could open and work their mines if given adequate protection. In answer to this Governor Stone promptly ordered out the entire militia of the State. Tardy as his action was, it was a virtual acknowledgment that the region was in a state of tumult and anarchy. With a record of nineteen deaths, due to the prolongation of the strike, with newspapers teeming with accounts of intimidation, violence, and lawlessness, the cause of the strikers has become secondary, and the cause of the possible sufferers, through a famine of coal, has become paramount. Public opinion in this instance has been on the side of law and order, no matter who was hit.

MITCHELL'S ERROR

The fact is that Mr. Mitchell, as spokesman for the miners when he went to Washington, did just the wrong thing. Denounced by every one of the coal operators present as a passive agent in the outrages which had taken place in the coal region, Mitchell had not a word to say in reply. This fact, coupled with the failure of the various district unions to stop the lawless acts of the strikers, convinced people of Mitchell's insincerity and his inability to speak for those whom he represented. Had he stood up at the time and denounced the barbarism that has been shown in the treatment of non-union men in the coal region; had he promised his personal endeavors in trying to stop the reign of anarchy there and pledged his people to it,

at any cost, he would have made a master stroke in behalf of his people. As it was, he lost an opportunity, such as is seldom offered to a labor leader, and as a result, even journals of moderation, like the New York Times, have pilloried him and his followers as in the following:

His part in the conference was a disappointment, and his answer to the terrible indictment of the United Mine Workers by the speakers who described the reign of terror which had come from the efforts of its partisans to discourage and intimidate those willing to work in and about the mines was a shifty and dishonest evasion of the truth and a repetition of the silly falsehood that most of the lawlessness has been provoked by criminals brought into the district to act as Coal and Iron Police. His offer to resign his position if the men charged with murder were named and their crimes proved was not at all impressive. It deceived nobody and did not support the contention that the miners' union has been maligned in holding it responsible for the condition of anarchy which has obtained in the coal-producing counties since midsummer. Such flip-pant juggling with grim and terrible facts at a time when the public nerves are under extreme tension and the patience of all classes is strained to the breaking point will gain no friends for the union and will destroy what little confidence remains in Mitchell's honesty and disinterestedness.

How can any sane man think for a moment that organized labor can afford to shield crime and deny facts which are of public record and susceptible of easy and immediate proof? So far from correcting the popular view of the conditions now existing in the coal region, created by the daily telegraphic advices of many weeks and confirmed by the specific statements of the operators who reviewed the situation for the information of the President, Mr. Mitchell's evasive and apologetic reference to those who are disgracing the name of labor and involving the cause of the United Mine Workers in irretrievable ruin had precisely the opposite effect. That he fell into it willingly, and even eagerly, shows very clearly that he has not risen above the plane of the demagogue and that the labor movement must wait for its Moses until a greater than Mitchell shall come to lead it out of the wilderness of its present confusion and bewilderment.

THE CONCENTRATION OF WEALTH

That wealth and the power of wealth are increasing in this country has not been disputed. Mr. Carroll D. Wright opens an interesting discussion of the subject in *The Independent*, with statistics that show the actual increase in fifty years, as follows:

Census year.	Wealth.
1850	7,135,780,228
1860	16,159,616,068
1870	30,068,518,507
1880	43,642,000,000
1890	65,037,091,197
1900	*94,000,000,000

* Estimated.

He maintains, however, that this increase is very widely distributed among all classes of society, and produces the reports of savings banks and building and loan associations in support of this view:

In 1860 there were 278 banks, according to the returns of the Comptroller of the Currency, these banks having 693,870 depositors, their deposits amounting to \$149,277,504, the average due each depositor being \$215.13. Distributing this great deposit over the population of the country in 1860, it is found that the average per capita was \$4.75. At the present time the number of such banks is 1,007, the number of depositors being 6,358,723, their deposits amounting to \$2,597,094,580, and the average due each depositor being \$408.30. Distributing the amount of deposits over the whole population, the average per capita is \$33.45, as against \$4.75 in 1860. According to careful investigation, about 50 per cent. of the deposits in the savings banks belong to wage earners. This is a vast sum, and shows an exceedingly gratifying feature of the general distribution of wealth. Building and loan associations have total assets of \$581,866,170. This is in addition to the amount of deposits in the savings banks, and with few exceptions these assets are the property of small holders.

For purposes of comparison, we will quote from The Chautauquan some recent statistics in regard to the growth of industrial combinations:

According to a census statement, on June 1, 1900, there were 183 industrial combinations in the United States, with a total authorized capitalization of \$3,607,539,000, nearly all of which was issued. The total value of the product of these combinations was \$1,661,295,364, but from this there had to be subtracted the value of hand trades and neighborhood industries. The product of the combinations proper was found to be equal in the year 1900, to more than 20 per cent. of the total gross products of the manufacturing gross products of the country. The plants controlled numbered 2,200, of which 174 were idle in the year named. The combinations employed an average of 399,192 wage workers, receiving \$194,534,515 in wages. The salaried officials numbered 24,585. The official figures are well supplemented and reinforced by the results of an inquiry made by the New York *Journal of Commerce*, into the growth of combinations during the year 1901. It seems that the reported consolidations for that year alone represent a total capitalization of \$2,805,475,000—an amount considerably in excess of the total for 1899, the first year of the "trust" boom, and about three times the total for 1900.

It will be seen that the consolidations for a single year represent a capitalization in excess of the total deposits in all the savings banks of the country, and but a trifle less than the annual increment of wealth in the United States. These consolidations represent always the surrender of the control and influence of individual property holders into fewer and fewer hands, and the consequent concentration of the power of wealth in a small group of financiers whose

names are in everybody's mouth, and whose personal acts and decisions affect for good or ill the fortunes of millions. No one will pretend that this state of affairs tends to the stability and preservation of our democratic institutions. There are those who, like Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, recognize the growth of an American aristocracy and rejoice in it. He says:

"In the long run, great fortunes controlled by individuals and transmitted for generations in a single family lead to the establishment of what is, in fact, if not in name, an aristocracy. For an aristocracy is always based upon either power or service, or more generally upon the combination of these two. In the old days, power in its last analysis meant physical force, and hence the founders of the older aristocracies were warriors, soldiers of fortune, who carved out for themselves by the edge of the sword a permanent place in the social and political system. In our days the greatest source of power is wealth; and hence upon it and upon the service for the people which it can perform a new aristocracy is rapidly arising."

But to thoughtful Americans, the growth of an industrial Council of Ten, with arbitrary powers affecting the employment or discharge of a vast army of workmen, who, in their turn, are induced by class interests and class prejudice to make an absolute surrender of individual rights to the authority of their unions, presents a double menace to the liberty of the individual that bodes ill for the peace and perpetuity of the Republic. That better economic conditions must prevail is the hope and belief of all; but through what agencies they will be brought about, and what measure of relief they will bring, it is too soon to predict.

H. G. WELLS
ON
HUMAN DESTINY

The imaginative author of The War of the Worlds, The First Man in the Moon, and other scientific extravaganzas has done some strenuous thinking in a serious vein, and is not averse to confiding his speculations to the public which has hitherto amused itself with his extravagant fancies. In a recent semi-serious work, *Anticipations*, he set forth a very unattractive vision of the future, in which the principles of advanced *modernité* were carried to their logical conclusions. Under the title of *Mankind in the Making*, he is contributing to the *Cosmopolitan* a series of papers embodying a new philosophy of life that promises some novel results if it is carried out to its ultimate consequences. With a faith fashioned on the principles of evolution, he seeks to formulate a central dogma on which to found what he calls his New Republic, and finds its germ in the reproductive instinct of the race. The

motive of all religions he says is to "shape general activities to the form of a 'public-spirited life,' and at last, when the life of every day is summed up, 'to leave the world better than we found it.'" The possibility of achieving this desirable result lies not in ourselves, but in our children. "Directly the discovery is made—and it is, I firmly believe, the crowning glory of the nineteenth century to have established this discovery for all time—that one generation does not follow another in facsimile, directly we come in sight of this reasonable persuasion that each generation is a step, and each birth an unprecedented experiment, directly it grows clear that instead of being an eddy merely, we are, for all our eddying, moving forward upon a wide voluminous current;" then the conclusion is forced upon us that reproduction is the one great fact and duty of life. "The serious aspect of our private lives, the general aspect of all our social and co-operative undertakings, is to prepare, as well as we possibly can, a succeeding generation which shall prepare still more capably for still better generations to follow. * * * Just as far as our light upon the general purpose goes, just so far goes our responsibility to shape and subdue our wills to the making of mankind." The acceptance of this philosophy of life will remodel some of our most cherished convictions and make whole classes of human activities useless obstructions to progress, tending toward "sterility, futility, death, and extinction." In the author's view it tends to the repudiation of loyalty to kings and of national patriotism; it breaks down party fealty and the sentiment of tradition. "We are here to get better births and a better result from the births we get; each one of us is going to set himself immediately to that, using whatever power he finds in his hand." In the view of the reader it may entail still more remarkable consequences, the unfolding of which must be left for the conclusion of Mr. Wells's new series of papers.

THE CONQUERED BOER

The problems which confront South Africa, now that the war is over, are many and hard of solution. England expected a rush to South Africa after the settlement of hostilities, which might have solved many difficulties, but this rush has not taken place. Agriculture has not proved attractive to English emigrants, and the farms are left to be repopled by the Cape Dutch and what remains of the Boers. The

mines, the only other source of wealth, do not allure the white men unless as overseers or managers, and Kaffirs must be used to work them and are difficult to handle, so that only one-third of the mines have thus far been put into working order again. The Boers are likely to keep up their traditions. They are stubborn and tenacious, and have a host of notions to fall back upon which will not make it easy to get along with their conquerors, so that the final outcome is difficult to foresee. The Boer must be reckoned with as a prominent factor in any scheme of reconstruction. As a fighter he was a success, and was able to maintain a gallant defense against the invading army of England, but as a subject under English dominion, it is difficult to read his character clearly enough to see whether he will make the best of a bad situation, or, like the Indian, cherish an undying hatred of the conqueror.

COLUMBIA'S REVOLUTIONARY PROPOSAL

President Butler of Columbia, at the opening of the college year on October 6, made an address in which the needs of the university were dwelt upon, and later, in his annual report, a rather novel suggestion was offered to the trustees, which was that Columbia should make a departure hereafter and grant the degree of Bachelor of Arts after a two years' course of study only, and the Master of Arts degree after a four years' course of study, thus shortening the time in which a college degree may be obtained by two years. Revolutionary as the proposal seems, it has manifestly been carefully thought out. In President Butler's own words, he believes—

That public opinion will not long sustain a scheme of formal training which includes a kindergarten course of two or three years, an elementary school course of eight years, a secondary school course of four years, a college course of four years, and a professional or technical school course of three or four years, followed by a period of apprenticeship on small wages or no wages at all.

Four years is, in my opinion, too long a time to devote to the college course as now constituted, especially for students who are to remain in university residence as technical or professional students. There remains a line of action, namely, that of basing admission to the professional and technical schools of the university upon a shortened course in Columbia College or its equivalent elsewhere. This I believe to be the wisest plan for Columbia University to adopt, as well as the one whose general adoption would result in the greatest public advantage. There is no valid reason why the college course should be of one uniform length for all classes of students.

My own belief is that Columbia University will

perform the greatest public service if it establishes two courses in Columbia College, one of two years and one of four years—the former to be included in the latter—and if it requires the satisfactory completion of the shorter course, or its equivalent elsewhere, for admission to the professional and technical schools of the university. The policy outlined would, I think, largely increase the number of students seeking a college education, and many who might enter one of the stronger colleges for the two years' course would remain for four years.

The college, as we have it, is peculiar to our own national system of education, and is, perhaps, its strongest, as it certainly is its most characteristic, feature. For all of these reasons I am anxious to have it preserved as part of our educational system, and so adjusted to the social and educational conditions which surround us that a college training may be an essential part of the higher education of an American, whether he is destined to a professional career or to a business occupation.

People, as a rule, will agree with President Butler that the present courses are unnecessarily long and arduous; and that a distinction should be thus clearly drawn between the B.A. and M.A. degrees seems sensible. At the present time the M.A. degree means little or nothing, being granted upon any slight excuse to Bachelors of Arts one year after graduation. The objection that it cheapens the B.A. degree is upset by the fact that it greatly enhances the value of the Master of Arts degree and will distinguish at once the professional from the non-professional graduates. It is needless to say that should Columbia open such a two years' course it is likely to be popular, and, if it proves a success, that other universities will be forced to follow her example. From a business point of view, it would appear to be a suggestion well calculated to assist financially in the difficult problem Columbia has on her hands. Such has been the growth of the university that her necessities mount up to no less than ten millions of dollars—and her needs to fifteen millions. The sums are mentioned casually by Dr. Butler in his first annual report.

UNIFORM ORTHOGRAPHY

Horace, the Latin poet, says that custom has the power of deciding and the right of forming the standard of correct speaking; hence the oft-quoted dictum, "Usus est norma loquendi." Very closely akin to speaking is the spelling of the words spoken. Where shall we find the power of deciding and the right of forming the standard of correct spelling? You may take up two different reputable newspapers or magazines, or two books issued by two different publishing houses, and the probability is that you will find more than one difference in spell-

ing. Is the printer's devil or the proof-reader the authority? Again, is the standard to be sought in this English-speaking country or in the land of the birth of the English tongue? In England precisians abominate such forms as "labor," "honor," "color," "splendor," and they write "rumour," while they have "horror." On this side of the Atlantic certain publishers use the English form, "labour," "honour," etc., while the majority give us what the British call "an Americanism." Some "standard" authors of England write "connection," while others equally "standard" use "connexion," and here the two forms are recognized. In the birthplace of the English tongue "theatre" and "centre" are required in correct English, and although "metre" becomes "meter" in composition, as in "gasometer," the former spelling is held to be the true form for the word when standing alone. Here you may frequently see "theatre" in the same journal as "center" and "meter." In British schools it is taught that when words ending in "double l" are compounded each drops one "l," hence we get "skilful." In America you must use "skillful," if you would be thought correct. The termination "ize," as in "recognize," is almost universally in vogue, but our "cousins" generally employ "ise." An English writer uses "practice" as a noun and "practise" as a verb; an American writing the English language makes no difference between the two parts of speech. The diphthongs "æ" and "œ" are here usually contracted into the single letter "e," or used indiscriminately; but the British are careful to retain the diphthongal form, and it would indeed be a poor journal that did not possess the two as permanent letters of their "fonts."

Now, all this may seem to some as a very indifferent matter. They may argue that in this "land of freedom" we may spell as we like. They may even go so far as to think that each one of us may have his own way of representing sounds, as the man had his own way of reading, who held the newspaper with the bottom of the page upwards. But liberty is based upon law, the free are the law-abiding. Without law there is always tyranny. What are authors to do who look upon literature as a sacred thing? One who, perhaps, has studied philology with enthusiasm and is an "authority" on spelling, sends a carefully-prepared manuscript to the publisher only to receive a "proof" with his spelling changed. He corrects it and returns it to that invisible autocrat who has charge of

"traditions of the office," and when the book reaches the author he sees such forms of words as make him feel ashamed. There can be no license in matters of spelling. The republic of letters is wider than any boundaries of oceans and mountains. There can be no English "English," American "English," Canadian "English," or Australian "English." Above all, there ought not to be a multitude of invisible autocrats, each with a will of his own on the subject of spelling, who, from their little dens, stir up riots in the republic. We are ready enough to smile at the letters of Chesterfieldian days, in which a word might be written half a dozen ways in a single page; but the laugh would be upon this twentieth century if a Martian should come to Terra and undertake to learn English from text-books issued from different publishing houses in different English-speaking countries. By all means let us have a "norma scribendi."

AMERICAN CARICATURE

The comic art that fills so large a space in our newspapers excites the wonder of the spectator as often as it excites his smile. That artists who are afflicted with so many bright ideas should choose to express them so crudely would cause astonishment even if it were not known that they could do better; but occasionally we see a drawing from the pencil of Davenport or McDougall, or Nelan, to mention but these of a dozen or more of equal merit, that lets us see the real power of the man. We compare it with the daily extravaganza that bears his initials in the yellow journal he draws for and are dumbfounded. The difference is due no doubt to that trifling element of care which enters so little into the daily sketch and forms so large a part of any satisfactory drawing. It must be the yearly engagement that is at fault. The contract to furnish one good cartoon a day for 365 days in a year must weigh on the spirits of the men chained to such drudgery, and when we appreciate what it means we wonder, not that they do so ill, but that they turn out so large a product. The columns of our daily journals would gain much in appearance if they made less frequent demands on their caricaturists. In the total there is a very great amount of cartoon work produced in the United States whose character would be improved some hundreds of per cents if the quantity could be reduced by half. There is seldom a lack of original ideas in the work of the cartoonist; it is the habit of taking pains that he has forsworn in the interest of speed. The trick of

expressing an idea by a trifling symbol is common to most caricaturists, and unfortunately they are not always considerate in their choice of symbols. Thus the tutelage of our island colonies has come to be expressed by all cartoonists by the figure of a half-clad, misshapen African child, in utter disregard of the feelings of Cubans or Porto Ricans or Filipinos, who must resent the imputation in such a caricature. It seems probable that American caricaturists have done more to cultivate the ill-will of our West Indian neighbors in the last three years than Congress could repair in a decade. The caricature of public men is often carried beyond the bounds of decency; but this is a trifling evil as compared with the daily wounds inflicted on the vanity of those whose good-will we have every reason to cultivate. Yet our caricaturists on the whole probably express more fully and freely the American temperament than artists of any other craft or guild. The very distortion of the mirror they hold to nature throws the characteristic vices and virtues of our people into greater relief, and expresses as nothing else could the national sin of exaggeration. While we may not always point with pride to the work of our caricaturists, it is usually possible to draw a wholesome moral from it.

THE LOVE OF NATURE

The appearance of a new edition of Thoreau's *Walden*, with an introduction by a well-known naturalist, is a striking indication of the strength of that love of Nature which is rapidly growing up among us. It is not Thoreau's eccentricity, or his hatred of all that was insincere, that recommends his writings to the many who fall under his influence and regard his works as American classics, but it is his intense love for Nature combined with a remarkable faculty for getting closer to her than is possessed by the majority. Emerson says of him, "It was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him. He knew the country like a fox or a bird, and passed through it freely by paths of his own . . . His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw with a microscope, heard with an ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard." The words are true to-day of many who found their first inspiration in Thoreau's writings. And, assuredly, there is nothing more refining, more conducive to happiness and restfulness, amid the hurry and bustle of life, than getting close to Nature. The many thousands who

annually steal away from crowded city streets to camp in forest or by lake and stream, to watch the moods of scenes, to hold companionship with beast and bird and insect, to revel in the beauty of herd and tree, or to wander by ocean's brim and listen to what the "wild waves are saying," bear testimony to this. To Nature, with her voices and silence, her variety, simplicity and yet mystery, her beauty, appealing alike to painter and poet, we owe much of all that softens the rigor of human lot and makes life worth living. In the field of literature alone, some of the choicest spirits have been characterized by this faculty of "observation which seems to indicate additional senses." Shakespeare has enumerated as many flowers as would fill a moderately sized garden, and about most of them has added some terse but pithy epithet that shows he knew them intimately. Goethe, in the warmth of his affection for flowers, could penetrate beyond the mere form and see the evolutionary principle of their structure.

Burns, with a mountain daisy or a field mouse before him, could philosophize with marvelous tenderness on the world around him; so could gentle Wordsworth with celandine, daisy and daffodil. Shelley, also, could sink the bitterness of Queen Mab in the presence of a soaring skylark, and could dream of wild flowers as simply as a child asleep among the blossoms of May. Tennyson saw all the pathos of a long earnest look in "careful robins watching the delver's toil." But why multiply instances, of which American poets furnish abundance? He is happiest, calmest, purest, most observant, who lives closest to Nature, in fellowship with her wildlings. Coleridge had drunk deeply of the pure fountain of Nature's providing when he wrote in his *Ancient Mariner*:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

TWO WONDERS OF MODERN LOCOMOTION

In these days of hurry and bustle, rapid locomotion, or, to use the more modern phrase, rapid transit, has become a problem which many are engaged in solving. Not so very long ago "a mile a minute" was the goal at which all aimed, and fearful results were anticipated by the timid. This has been passed and the anticipations were not realized. Now, if the news from Lockport, N. Y., is correct, two miles a minute are easily attainable. A

dispatch says: "A new and useful improvement in gearing has recently taken place here. The machine promises to give railroads the 125-mile-per-hour locomotive and to give ocean steamships a power that will overcome the momentum of an ocean greyhound in one minute instead of the five minutes now required to reverse a large steamship. The new engine is, properly speaking, a mechanism devised to increase the power and speed of any reciprocating type of engine. Doing away with the crank and rods, it increases the power by means of a spiral shaft, cross-head, and stub shaft, which gives a leverage hitherto unknown in any type of engine. There is no change made in the steam cylinder, except to put in two piston rods instead of one. The two-to-one engine has run 4,000 revolutions per minute, moving the piston head 2,000 times, something that has never been accomplished with a reciprocating engine." The next thing will be to devise a car that will bear the increased pressure without retarding the speed, and then the journey to the Pacific Coast will be cut down to one-half.

Not satisfied with, marvelous speed on the surface of the earth, man is seeking to travel beneath the surface of the water. The submarine vessels designed for warfare are to be turned to the purposes of peace. The inventor of one of the most successful submarine torpedo-boats intends to build one that will cross the Atlantic, its capability of being submerged promising safety from storms. The *Denver News* says:

Goubet, the famous French inventor of submarine craft, is designing a boat which he expects to send across the Atlantic, fully half the voyage to be made under the surface. His latest submarine looks like a huge almond, but it is a pigmy compared with the *Gustave Zédé*, the torpedo-boat made for the French government. The shell is a single bronze casting, twenty feet long and five feet in diameter. Its resisting force is such that it may safely sink to a depth of 300 feet. It has room for only its engines and a crew of two men. It has an electric battery which lasts eight hours and will carry the boat forty-eight miles. If the engine collapses the boat may be rowed by hand. She carries in steel tubes enough compressed oxygen to keep the lungs of the crew supplied for thirty hours. As the oxygen is used the air pressure within the boat rises. The excess is forced through the bottom, together with the animal exhalations that fall. American marine and submarine engineers say that the problem of ventilating such a vessel and of giving a bountiful supply of air to passengers and crew while she is submerged is a most simple one.

Some may ask with regard to these two applications of inventive genius, "What is the practical value?" We may not at first see what

advantage it is to travel at a speed of two miles per minute, with all the attendant dangers usually associated with rapid locomotion; nor what we can gain by passing from continent to continent in a vessel that can be submerged at will; but sooner or later advantages will accrue. It was so when the locomotive invaded the sphere of the stage coach, and the steamship that of the sailing vessel. It is so now when the automobile threatens the utility of the horse, for already Dr. Gatling has devised an automobile plough which will plough, harrow, and sow fifteen times the area that can be dealt with by one man, and complete in one operation that which demanded several. Where is the limit of human ingenuity and resource? Who dare assume the rôle of Mother Shipton and predict?

**A CRITIC
OF EVOLUTION** In our last number we quoted an article from the Contemporary

Review on Natural Selection, in which the author proved an easy negative from the records of the rocks. Scientific literature, especially as it appears in the columns of the English reviews, is full of such dashing controversial articles by means of which Darwin and Spencer have been wiped off the earth a score of times, and yet somehow the belief in an orderly process of evolution goes on ripening in the brain of man and all our latter-day science shapes itself more and more in harmony with this fundamental postulate. Of methods and processes there has been some shifting of ground in latter years. Herbert Spencer, to whom evolution owes far more than it owes to Darwin, never committed himself unreservedly to the Darwinian view of natural selection. "Survival of the fittest" was his phrase, and this he counted but one of the aids to the development of species, not its sole cause. The "sudden appearance," as geological records go, of considerable variations from the parent stock would not lessen the belief of an evolutionist in the essential reasonableness of the development of higher forms of life from lower forms in the ordinary processes of nature. We are too familiar with "sports" in both animal and vegetable life about us not to see room for many missing links. The influence of diet in the production of physiological and morphological changes has been so often demonstrated, is in fact so familiar a fact in the daily experience of mankind, that it needs but to direct our attention to it to find fresh evidence of the struggle of nature for the production of even higher and fitter forms of life. The North American

Review for October publishes a paper by the late Professor S. L. Schenck, of Vienna, on the Mechanical Development of Sex in Animals, which, while not written in support of evolution, deals with facts that are very suggestive to the evolutionist. The possibility of producing a variation in the sex of the embryo by richer or poorer feeding of the parent suggests the possibility of other and greater physiological changes through the influence of nutrition. There is a vast field of research and experiment open here to the student that must in time shed light on some of the vexed problems of variation of species. Meanwhile the evolutionist will not be dismayed by such attacks as that of Mr. Johnston. The progress of science is not likely to be hindered by many such articles.

**NEW DEFINITIONS
OF ELECTRICITY** It was but yesterday that the wave theory of light and electricity were believed to have been

demonstrated by Clerk Maxwell through one of the finest bits of scientific reasoning in the language. To-day the tendency is back to the older fluid theory of Franklin. The change has come about through the revelations of that wonderful Crookes tube which had already upset some of our notions respecting the solidity of matter. It is twenty years since Sir William Crookes advanced the theory that the peculiar fluorescence within the vacuum tube when an electric discharge passes through it was due to the incandescence of minute particles of matter traveling at an incredible speed. Professor J. J. Thomson, the successor of Clerk Maxwell at Cambridge, has found a way to measure the speed of these particles, or corpuscles as he has called them, reviving the old corpuscular theory of light advanced by Sir Isaac Newton, and to measure their weight and mass as well, in other words to demonstrate their reality. The study of these corpuscles has upset current notions of electricity as a vibratory force and introduced the idea that it is atomic in structure, in other words a form of matter, probably the fundamental form, the stuff of which the universe is composed. The minutest particle of matter that had hitherto been measured was the atom of hydrogen which served as the unit of weight for all other atoms in the laboratories of the chemists. The bits of flying matter in a Crookes tube were shown to be not more than a thousandth part of the weight of an atom of hydrogen, and the theory has been advanced that all the chemical elements are composed of different combinations of these minute corpuscles. The researches

of Professor Thomson have shown that these corpuscles bear a high electrical charge. Knowing the total charge of a Crookes tube, and having found a means of counting the number of corpuscles in a tube, it was easy to calculate the charge of each corpuscle, which was found to be always the same. This is, therefore, nature's electrical unit which Professor Stoney has labeled an electron. What, therefore, is the relation of this electrical charge, the electron, to the corpuscle? This is a riddle over which the scientists are at present puzzling their brains. Are they identical? All our definitions of matter must ultimately be resolved into terms of force. Must all our conceptions of force be expressed in terms of electricity? The identity of gravitation for instance with magnetism—there are many tempting speculations that hinge on the solution of this riddle. Will it ever be solved?

THE MUNICIPAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF ART

Municipal encouragement of art is an unfamiliar phrase to most Americans. It stands for something so foreign to our ideas of municipal activity that we give the statement unwilling credence when we are informed that in England boards of aldermen and town councils have actually voted money for esthetic improvement. The movement began years ago, when certain hard-headed manufacturers of Britain discovered that their wares were unsalable in certain markets owing to their ugliness. The Prince Consort was profoundly impressed by this idea and lent his royal encouragement to the Crystal Palace exhibition and later to the foundation of the South Kensington Museum, which in time became the parent of many similar institutions in the provincial cities. The Municipal School of Art at Manchester antedates this influence, for it traces its origin to an art school established in 1838 in imitation of the London School of Design; but in common with all the others, it owes much to the impulse that set in motion the Crystal Palace show. A handsome structure was erected for the accommodation of the school in 1881. In its beautiful exhibition hall may frequently be found loans from the South Kensington Museum added to its own rich collection. The number of pupils in its day and night classes exceeds fourteen hundred, and its influence for art grows broader and more effective every year. At Birmingham was founded the first strictly municipal school of art; in the central building and branches over five thousand pupils are now accommodated. The earnest spirit and

practical effort of both pupils and teachers form one of the most significant features of the Birmingham movement, and already the students of the school have repaid to the municipality a portion of the obligation incurred by their co-operation in the decoration of the Town Hall. In many smaller cities and in the capital much is being done under municipal direction for the education of the masses in the principles and practice of art. It is rightly felt that the maintenance of England's lead in international trade depends in large measure upon the artistic skill of her designs, and under the pressure of this need great strides have been made. Much remains to be accomplished, but enough has already been achieved to warrant the statement that municipal encouragement and direction have proved a decided benefit to England, securing in much larger measure the advantages that in this country have been left to private initiative. When we have learned the lesson of honest government in American cities it will be high time to take up the question of municipal art schools.

NATURAL HISTORY LITERATURE

The popularity of Nature Study is evident from the frequency with which papers on the subject appear in our journals and magazines. There are few persons who do not feel pleasure in handling a beautiful flower or in watching a bird, but the systematic study of Nature has not yet permeated the mass of the population to the extent it is desirable it should, because of its value as a means of recreation as well as of education. Now, one of the first requisites in creating an interest in the things we see is a name for each object. Few will care to watch the mode of life of plant or animal without asking by what name it should be remembered. Every time we add a new name to our memory we are increasing the population of our mind. What we want, therefore, is some means of naming the things we see, and of locating them in the scheme of creation of which we ourselves are part. Hence works on botany and zoology. Unfortunately, however, many of the existing ones, admirable, beautiful even as they are, cost so much as to place them beyond the reach of many to whom the study of Nature would be a source of unflinching pleasure. And, on the other hand, when the cost is within the reach of such, the books themselves are too general and lacking in system to be of value in training a young naturalist or satisfying the needs of an adult observer.

In this matter, at least, we may take a lesson from England. The number of books published there on natural history is "legion"; and these include not only such as are of service to expert naturalists, but also such as appeal to the masses who desire to know something of the things around them. And yet the latter are sufficiently scientific to lead on the student to higher fields and are written by persons well known for skill in their special departments. If we go to some large book store in this country and ask for the botanical and zoological departments, we shall be struck with the number of English works.

These books are useless, for the most part, to the American student. Is it, nevertheless, too humiliating to take them as models, both as to execution and cost? and so provide a cheap, yet trustworthy, literature on this important subject. The existing Nature Libraries may well remain as editions de luxe for those who can afford them, but let us have something that can reach the millions.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF VAUDEVILLE

Five years ago when a woman wished to do something outré she went for ten minutes to a vaudeville performance. The next day, in bated breath, she told her nearest friend of her wonderful experiences. But things are different in these days. Vaudeville has ceased to be the outcast of the drama, and has become thoroughly respectable, more respectable, in fact, than its half sister, the modern comic opera. It can now be had in any shape, and at any price. From the fifty-cent table d'hôte sort that you get at the continuous houses to the two dollar, distinctly à la carte sort, found at such performances as the Rogers Brothers or at Weber & Fields in New York. The Weber & Fields stock company, composed of an "all-star" cast, is really a rather remarkable organization. It is true that much that they do is broad, and that their humor at times is apt to be of the gymnastic order. But, in spite of all this and all the rest that may be said against them, there remains the fact that the Weber & Fields' company to-day are on one side lineal descendants of the old Aristophanic comedy, and, on the other, go straight back to the beginnings of vaudeville.

Briefly put, their performances consist of two parts—the first being merely a hodge-podge of better-class vaudeville, the second, however, being travesties of modern plays and foibles. Keeping this in mind, let us look

back for a moment at the origin of vaudeville. The word "vaudeville" was, in its original form, *val de vire*, and meant "valley of vire." It was a drinking song merely of more or less licentious character and took its name from the dwelling-place of its composer, Oliver Vasselín, who lived in the beginning of the fourteenth century. In time the term "*vaux*," an old French form of "*val*," was substituted, and the song was called *Vaux de Vire*, and so by corruption came to be *Vaux de ville*, and hence vaudeville. Meanwhile it had changed in character and become political and satiric in nature. By the end of the reign of Louis XIV. a significant innovation came over it. It was introduced into what was known as the "*théâtre de la foire*," the theater of the fair, that is, the theater held at the fairs. Of its character now Le Sage, who wrote of the fair, says, "It was characterized by vaudeville, a kind of poesy peculiar to the French, esteemed by strangers and most suitable to produce sprightliness, put forth ridicule, and correct customs." Notice how closely this definition of three hundred years ago applies to Weber & Fields to-day. These comedies were thus a curious mixture like the old improvised Italian comedy with its buffoonery, its coarse jesting and its song. It was characteristic of vaudeville that it had but one act. "The scenes ought to be short, the dialogue quick and full of quips." So vaudeville developed into little one-act plays, and these plays developed into diverse "genres," the two principle of which were the parodying vaudeville and the anecdotal vaudeville. It is not necessary to go on and show how further transformation took place. It may be said, however, that Scribe stiffened it almost into drama. That after him it degenerated again, finally got a cheap significance, and is now coming back to its own. Thanks to the very life itself on the stage, the playlet is again predominant. What probably has most induced this is the fact that the ordinary vaudeville team being man and wife, there comes a time when their children grow up, and it is necessary to incorporate them into the act, and so a little play is built in which they all take part. There are several examples of this on the stage to-day. In some instances we find three and four-act plays with the vaudeville interspersed between the acts. This is not, however, real vaudeville. For the real thing one must go to such a place as we have mentioned, where he will find it well acted, with rare skill in color effect, and charm of costume, and intelligence of interpretation.

A Case of Multiple Personality

— By J. Allen Gilbert, Ph.D., M.D. * —

Mr. X. was admitted to the U. S. Marine ward of St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, Ore., under the care of Dr. J. O. Cobb, February 20, 1902. After apparent recovery from the injury for which he was admitted he continued to act queerly for over a month, manifesting symptoms which could not be accounted for by mere concussion of brain, as indicated by the history of the accident and symptoms on admission.

History of Present Illness.—Fell from a barge onto a log in the water eight to ten feet below. Struck head on left occipital protuberance. Stunned for a short time. Rallied and crawled up on the logs. He was taken ashore and started to town. Walked part way; on street car the balance of the way. After boarding the car and riding a short distance nothing more was remembered till in the hospital about three weeks later.

The patient's life being largely a blank since the accident, and inasmuch as he had unwittingly collected and signed a receipt for his wages, and not knowing what else of importance he may have done, with the patient's consent I hypnotized him to ascertain his actions during the period which was a blank to him. In hypnotizing him it was impossible to get control of his eyes until after the arms and hands were under control. Fixation with the eyes made them hurt, and even with the eyes shut, manipulation of them gave flashes of light. This was likely due to the blow from the fall on the visual area of the brain. It was also impossible to hypnotize him while lying down, because of dizziness and flashes of light. Hypnosis was induced slowly but successfully in about one-half hour. While in the hypnotic state, in muffled voice, in response to questions, he gave in detail his life during the time subsequent to the accident. Subsequent investigation verified his statements in every detail so far as memory could serve, for no notes were taken, inasmuch as multiple, or even double, personality was not suspected at this time. To close the hypnosis I suggested that he would awake when I counted five, having previously

suggested that at the end of the counting he would wake and feel perfectly well in every regard. To our surprise he awoke with a start, the very picture of fright, trembled like a leaf, demanded where he was, knew neither Dr. Cobb nor myself, and, all in all, was a picture of mental distress. The patient was quieted, and on questioning him it developed that we had before us a case of double personality. He gave his age as eighteen years, never had been in Portland, spoke of events which he said took place "yesterday," and on questioning it was found that he thought it was September, 1898. All time and events since then were an utter blank. Subsequent developments proved that this date was 1899 instead of 1898. Previous to 1899 he had a lapse into another personality which lasted about a year. Hence the dropping of a year. Mere mistake in dates, however, may account for the mistake without reference to the lapse previous. He said that "yesterday" (*i. e.* Friday, Sept., 1898) he had a fight with his father in Glenrock, Wyo., and on being told that he was in Portland, he asked whether it was Portland, Ore., or Portland, Me. The patient being somewhat disturbed in mind, he was put in the ward to quiet down and get acquainted with his new surroundings. He knew none of his companions in the ward and had to be shown his bed, hat, and belongings in general—in short, he was a stranger in a strange land.

At 4 P.M. on the same day (April 2) the following history was taken from him, told in a perfectly clear-headed and intelligent way:

Born December 15, 1878 or '79—not sure which. Born at Nemaha City, Neb. Mother died when three years old. One brother, one half-sister, one stepsister, father, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, and a stepmother, giving their names and addresses. Moved to Nebraska City shortly after birth and then to St. Paul, Neb. Ran away from home when fourteen years old and went to relatives on mother's side. Omitting details in this writing, he went to Bloomington, Omaha, Ashland, and finally to Lincoln, Neb., and enlisted for the war with Spain. Went as far as Chickamauga and took sick with a fever of some kind.

*Medical Record.

The present article can give only the major facts of the case. A full account, presenting the detailed history and development of the case, may possibly appear later in a separate publication.

Cannot remember how he got back to Nebraska, but the first he could remember he was working in Oxford, Neb. During this lapse, I learned subsequently, he had been hunted for desertion—the desertion, however, not being true desertion, for he changed personalities in camp and left, not knowing that he belonged to the army. Omitting details again, he went to Oxford, Mascot, Holdrege, and Glenrock. While here his father and stepmother quarreled and in his attempt to interfere he and his father quarreled. During the quarrel, it seemed to him, his father hit him on the head with something. That was the last he could remember until he woke up here in Portland. There was no headache in this personality. Perfectly well in every way. Refused to take medicine because he said it was nonsense for a well man to take medicine. He never saw but one steamboat in his life and that was on the Missouri River. It must be remembered that the patient has lived in Portland since last August. On questioning he knew nothing of Portland, nothing of his house which he and a chum had built, and nothing of the chum or anything related to him. Although he had never seen a steamboat except one on the Missouri River, in another self he had fired on the steamer Columbia between San Francisco and Portland and had become very seasick. Furthermore, numbers of river steamers and ocean liners are to be seen daily in the Portland harbor on the very beach of which he has lived since August. Absolutely no clue could be hit upon by which to connect him with the life he lived in Portland. Letters on his person were strange to him and their contents worried him.

The next day, April 3, with his consent, he was hypnotized, so as to be thrown into his former self again in order to ascertain the events of his life since September, 1899. Hypnosis was again slowly induced. When completely under the hypnotic influence no answers could be elicited from him at all. By shaking him after suggesting his Portland life to him he roused, but in a delirious state, raving with headache, complained of two red men who twisted his head and begged to be taken back to the hospital, supposing he was down town. This was evidently the stage in which he was at times after the accident on the barge. No persuasion could quiet him, and to satisfy him we told him we would take him back to the hospital. On opening the door into the corridor leading to the ward, his surprise and alarm at finding himself in a strange building threw him into a frenzy of terror, and all we could do

was to take him back to the dressing-room where we had been. Here he quieted down and went to sleep on the dressing-table. After about ten minutes I cleared my throat. He started up in a fright and began chasing rats on the bed. Again I quieted him. After sleeping a few minutes, without perceptible stimulus, he started up again, but, on seeing me, said in a perfectly calm way, "Where is Dr. Cobb? Did I tell you what I did since the accident on the barge?" (Dr. Cobb had been unavoidably called away after he fell asleep on the table. With the exception of these ten or fifteen minutes there were always from one to six witnesses beside myself.) He was back again in the self in which he was before the accident on the barge and knew absolutely nothing of the twenty-four hours which he had just passed in a different personality.

I felt sure of a third personality and hypnotized him, April 24, to throw him into said suspected personality. He was successfully thrown into it, and when he roused from hypnosis into the third state he was again a stranger to us and his surroundings. Acting on the difficulty experienced in gaining his confidence when he awakened the first time in a strange personality, I had written letters at that time explaining his condition and also a note which he signed to act as corroborative evidence of our friendliness, should he in the future wake and be a stranger to us. These letters were carried continually in his pocket, and were valuable aids in keeping the man's confidence in the different personalities. Some time was thus spent in reassuring him, after which the following history was taken, unessential details being omitted in this report. When questioned in regard to Chickamauga and his experience there, he said he did not belong to the army there, but there were a great many soldiers all over the fields. He said, "I was awfully sick and I haven't got over it yet." In this personality he suffered continuously with pain in his head and abdomen. He was a typical tramp throughout, beating his way on trains, and working only enough to support life when it could not be done otherwise. He described in minute detail his wanderings.

Frequently, in relating his experiences in the three different lives, he would come to a certain point in the narration, stop and say, "I can't remember what took place then; the next I remember I 'woke up' at such and such a place." In narrating the experiences of a different life he would pick up the interval which he forgot in the other life and carry you to the

point where he said he "woke up" and then say "I can't remember what took place then, the next I remember I woke up at such and such a place." Thus the story of each life contained numerous unfilled gaps which would be accurately filled in by experiences in another life. By taking the three lives and writing the stories as they dropped and picked each other up, thus filling up the gaps of each, I was able to fill out almost completely his entire life from 1879 to 1902. There still remained a number of gaps, which I have been unable to fill out. Thinking that perhaps these gaps might be filled in by getting a still more complete history of the three lives, on April 26 he was thrown by hypnotism into each of the three lives successively and questioned closely in regard to the lapses without avail. The histories given were not related by him while hypnotized. Hypnotism was used merely to accomplish the transfer from one personality to another, and the history was then taken during full consciousness in the ensuing personality.

Once of his own accord and twice by hypno-

sis he passed into a state which could not be connected with the other three and in which he was in a state of semi-delirium. The subject became impatient and resented the frequent hypnotizing, and so it was decided to attempt by suggestion during the hypnotic state, accompanied by repeated consecutive narration of the events of his different lives, to unite them into a unitary consciousness. The attempt was made April 28, and proved gratifyingly successful. For a day or two he was still unable to recall a short period immediately following his lapse at Chickamauga, but later that came to him with full vividness. On April 30, after having been hypnotized and the suggestion made that he would remember even the events comprising the gaps as yet unfilled, he was able to fill in the gap preceding the waking on the bluffs above Kansas City and the one preceding his waking in Liberty. The other gaps still remained a blank to him. Nor did the uniting of his three selves into a conscious unity insure against subsequent lapses.

The Literary Work of Émile Zola

By William Foster Apthorp*

Regarding Zola purely as a creative artist, as a writer of prose fiction, one finds that his career is naturally subdivided into three distinct periods. These are:

- I. The preliminary, or tentative.
- II. The Rougon-Macquart period.
- III. The didactic, or propagandist.

The works belonging to the first period comprise four volumes of short stories and five novels. In the short stories Zola, like the young Tennyson, tries his hand at a great variety of styles. The earliest ones, the two volumes of *Contes à Ninon*, are, for the most part, in the lightest, daintiest, imaginative vein, often bordering on the Grimm or Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales; at times there is a vein of satire running through them; once or twice you even come upon full-fledged politico-social allegories. With the two volumes entitled respectively *Nais Micoulin* and *Le capitaine Burle*—as French volumes of short stories are generally named after the first story—we come upon more solid matter; but

the experimentalizing spirit, the intentional striking out into a variety of veins, is still unmistakable.

The five novels are of two sorts: *Les Mystères de Marseille* and *Le Vœu d'une morte* are hackwork, written to order for pay. *La Confession de Claude* has a certain autobiographical importance, and is not without moments of power, grewsome as it is. But in *Thérèse Raquin* and *Madeleine Férat* the true Zola stands confessed. If Zola had written nothing else, *Madeleine Férat* would have marked him as well apart from the common herd of novelists.

About this time, and for some years later, Zola was strongly under the immediate personal influence of Gustave Flaubert, being one of what was then known as the "Flaubert set" in Paris. It was at Flaubert's that he met most of his literary contemporaries—Alphonse Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, Henry James, and others.

The force of Flaubert's influence is shown especially in Zola's style during the earlier part of his second period; he founded his prose upon

*Boston Evening Transcript

Flaubert's, a thought too obviously at first, perhaps, and it took him some time to let his own individuality get the upper hand in this matter. Still he could not have had a finer model; neither was there ever any real danger of his imitating Flaubert very long.

What I have called the second period of Zola's career as a productive artist embraces the whole of *Les Rougon-Macquart*—which connected series of twenty novels is generally regarded as the work of his life. The serial idea was clearly taken from Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*. But Zola obtains a far stronger cohesive force than the mere re-appearance of certain characters in different volumes of the series from the principle of heredity—in which Claude Bernard's book had interested him deeply. The sub-title of the *Rougon-Macquart* series is: "Natural and social history of a family under the Second Empire." At first this matter of heredity occupies the foreground; the chief interest in the earlier novels of the series resides in the conflict or co-operation of heredity and environment in forming human character. After a while, though, Zola plainly loses interest in this matter, and lets the question of heredity drop to a secondary position. His interest in ethics and sociology becomes stronger and deeper; he insensibly and gradually assumes something of a didactic, moralizing tone. But it is not uninteresting to know that the whole scheme of this vast undertaking was elaborately drawn up beforehand, even down to some minute details, and that Zola departed from his original plan only in two or three instances. Before beginning any of the novels themselves, Zola carefully drew up the complete genealogical tree of the *Rougon-Macquart* family—the *Rougons* being the legitimate, the *Macquarts* the illegitimate, branch—covering five generations. There the name of every member of the family is set down, accompanied with indications of hereditary traits, social position, occupation, cast of character, etc. The only changes made in the whole work were the introduction of three new members of the family—*Angèle Rougon* (in *Le Reve*), *Jacques Lantier* (in *La Bête humaine*) and *Victor Rougon*, "dit Saccard" (in *L'Argent*). These three were not mentioned in the family tree when it was first published as frontispiece to *Une Page d'amour* (the eighth novel of the series). The fact that he had made no allowance in earlier volumes for the birth and existence of these newcomers does not seem to have troubled him—as, indeed, why should it? Of all the twenty novels, *Le Reve* was probably the only afterthought.

To conceive and carry out such a work as *Les Rougon-Macquart* bespeaks very uncommon intellectual force as well as genius. And, when we contemplate the subjects treated in these twenty novels, we begin to see what an enormous scope the man's mind had. Among other themes we find the influence of the coup d'état upon provincial life and politics in France (*La Fortune des Rougon*, *La Conquête de Plassans*); the social influence of the priesthood, notably upon women (*La Conquête de Plassans*); the connection between religious and erotic mania (*La Faute de l'abbé Mouret*); the methods of government of the Second Empire (*Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*); the saloon in sociology (*L'Assommoir*); the social evil (*Nana*); the corruption of the bourgeoisie (*Pot-Bouille*); the rise and progress of the department store (*Au Bonheur des Dames*); the labor question (*Germinal*); agriculture and the peasantry (*La Terre*); art and artists (*L'Œuvre*); stock gambling (*L'Argent*); the overthrow of the Empire (*La Débâcle*). Remember, too, that, in addition to the treatment of these and other themes, there is a constant and profound study of human life and character, and an almost as constant care for dramatic interest, for the unfolding of what is commonly called "a story."

In the career of nearly every great artist you come upon a certain point where original vigor of inspiration begins to wane, and perfection of technique to take its place; intellectual force and grasp keep on growing stronger and stronger, but, the "sacred fire," the poetic power, burns less and less fiercely. Such a point is to be come upon in Zola's career—say, just after the writing of *Nana*.

With his third period Zola enters distinctly upon the field of conscious tract-writing; there is still a basis of dramatic story, still conspicuous care and abundant power in character-drawing; but the propagandist purpose shimmers through, the novelist's art is harnessed to the social philosopher's chariot. In this final period fall two connected series of novels: "*Les trois Villes*" and "*Les quatre Évangiles*." The first of these consists of three books: *Lourdes* (the city of mystical superstition); *Rome* (the city of ecclesiastical authority and power); and *Paris* (the city of light and progress). The hero of all three books is *Pierre Froment*. "*Les quatre Évangiles*" was to have comprised four books, their heroes being respectively *Pierre Froment's* four sons: *Mathieu*, *Luc*, *Marc* and *Jean*. Here are the titles: *Fécondité*, *Travail*, *Vérité* and *Justice*. Of

these only the first two are as yet published; *Vérité* is now publishing in the feuilleton of the *Paris Aurore*; Justice was probably hardly begun at the time of Zola's death. It was with this last-named book that he avowedly meant to close his labors.

Exactly what was Zola's most characteristic attitude in literature? It is not easy to say. Of course, he labeled himself a "naturaliste," a term which may mean a good many things to as many minds; and the world at large is ever prone to judge men, like wine, by their labels. A "naturaliste" Zola undoubtedly was to a very considerable extent; but, though he thoroughly believed that art is a bit of nature viewed through the medium of a temperament, believed in naturalism as the predestined and naturally evolved literary formula, the fittest literary tool, of the second half of the nineteenth century, and though he did his best to stand forth as the uncompromising champion of naturalism as long as he lived, there was still that in him which prevented his being wholly and unconditionally a naturalist in his productive work. He himself more than half admitted this. He once wrote that the influence of Victor Hugo and of the romantic movement of 1830 had been so enormous in France that no one could entirely escape it, and that "it will take over a generation more to bleed out to the last drop that romantic blood which Hugo instilled into our very veins!" From first to last, Zola's naturalism has been more or less counterbalanced by a streak of unconquerable and uneliminable romanticism.

In the matter of character-creation, character-drawing, of artistic synthesis in general, I have never come across Zola's superior anywhere. He is not only lifelike, but impresses one as having enormous quantity of being. No novelist that ever put pen to paper can show a finer museum of real-seeming, sharply individualized and typically significant characters than Zola. There is hardly a character in all *Les Rougon-Macquart* that does not show the author's genius in one way or another. His children are worthy of standing beside Victor Hugo's.

As for his greatest book, there are two between which it is hard to choose: *L'Assommoir* and *Nana*. There are other great ones, aye, very great: *La Fortune des Rougon*, *La Curée*, *La Conquête de Plassans*, *L'Œuvre*—but none seems to me to come quite up to the level of these two. Of the pair, *Nana* shows the finer intellectual quality, the larger intellectual scope; *L'Assommoir*, the higher poetic

faculty, the greater depth of emotion. Upon the whole, I should say that *L'Assommoir* was the greater of the two; I know of no greater book in prose by anyone. As Zola himself said of it, it is a book "all soaked in compassion," full of tenderness, of loving reverence for beauty—spiritual as well as physical—but inexorable as Fate herself, and full of the inexorability of ugliness, of vice not cured of its deformity. A book strong as steel, strong as the eternal rocks, yet tender as mother's love. For elemental poetic force—which can go hand in hand only with truth and reality—I know of nothing comparable to the scene between Gervaise and the Croque-mort since Shakespeare.

Surely Zola was one of the greatest moralists in the annals of prose fiction. This will be recognized in time—when the fog of prejudice, of long intellectual and religious habit, shall have been burnt off by the sun of Truth. It is even beginning to be recognized now; only a month or two ago I heard a young *littérateur* (a Harvard man), whose tastes run rather toward the exquisite in literature, say, with full conviction: "Oh, Zola can never shock me; his earnestness of moral purpose is too evident for that!"

Except the loss of Justice the thing most to be regretted in Zola's untimely death is that he did not write more criticism. What he did write is both admirable in quality and was immensely needed at the time it appeared. He was as much a critic "of the future," as he was a novelist. He was one of the first to try to look at a thing—to try, not invariably to succeed—solely for what it was in itself, to discard all "standards of criticism."

Personally Zola was, in one way, pretty much what you would expect from his books; in another, very different. A little, mercurial man—not over five-foot-four, I should say—with particularly fine dark eyes, in which the rather tired look of the hard worker was noticeable; a curious combination of nervous vivacity and repose, having a way of sitting, or rather, of cuddling up at the bottom of huge arm-chairs, and looking up at you from below as he talked. A fluent, facile talker in tête-à-tête, politely bent upon not letting you feel that you were a bore, but still having no intention of being imposed upon in any way. Apparently without egotism, not talking of himself nor his books; but ready to answer questions—as concisely as possible. A high-foreheaded, bullet-headed man; his intellectuality very patent, altogether unmistakable. All this was as might have been expected.

Contemporary Celebrities

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER

Commander R. E. Peary, of the United States Navy, bears the distinction of having attained the most northerly latitude reached by any American and the most northerly land latitude reached by any one. For sixteen years he has engaged in Arctic exploration, four of which years were spent in attempts to reach the pole. In his own words his work is thus briefly summed up: "It is now sixteen years since I started my exploration in the Northern wilds, having visited Dasco Bay in 1885. In 1891 I went out again, and I may say that I have been at it ever since. It is two years since I discovered that Greenland is an island. In May, 1900, I reached the most northerly point in Greenland and started down the eastern coast. Then I have charted Cape York, the Whale Sound region, Hay Sound, Princess Marie Bay, the land north of Hager Land, and the east coast of Greenland, besides correcting many inaccuracies in previous charts. In four of my sledge trips, in 1892, 1894, 1900 and 1902, the distances I traveled would have carried me to the pole if I had started from a point on the 83d degree, and there would be nothing to prevent

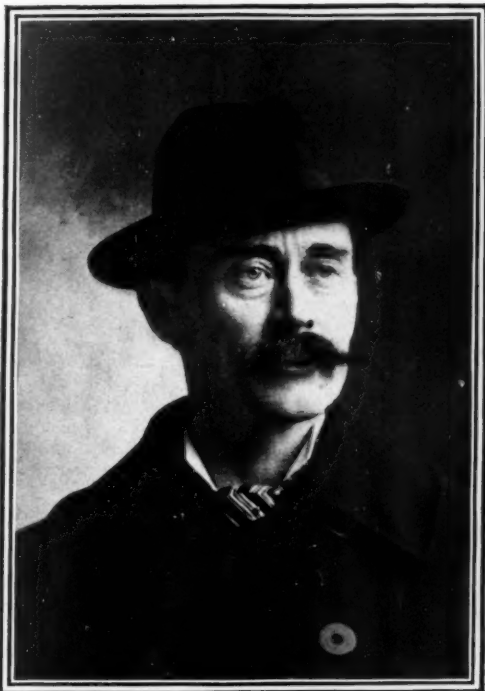
me from wintering at such a point, for once there I would become acclimated. It is just as easy to live on the 83d degree as on the 63d or 73d degree." Commander Peary's "Farthest North" is eighty-four degrees, seventeen minutes, reached in April of this year. His long work in the north has been earnest and most valuable, and the contributions to science resulting from his expeditions of the first importance. It

was he who discovered that Greenland was an island, rounding its northernmost point and charting its coasts. He recovered the instruments, Arctic library, and other impedimenta abandoned by the Greely expedition, which he brought back on the *Windward*, together with a valuable collection of natural history specimens, many of them hitherto uncollected. A skeleton of a two-horned nar-whale, killed by a member of his party is absolutely unique.

The title and rank of commander were bestowed upon Lieut. Peary on his return to this country as a recognition of his services. He entered the navy in 1881 as a civil engineer, and, with the exception of four years spent on the Nicaragua survey, he has been constantly in the North, his present leave of absence bearing date from May 1, 1897. The many sacrifices which this notable explorer has made to do his work in the frozen north are not likely to pass without further notice. The National Geographic Society, whose headquarters are Washington, D. C., have elected him to an honorary fellowship, while the Scottish Geographical Society have extended him an invitation to visit Edin-

burgh and receive from it a gold medal—the highest honor in its bestowal.

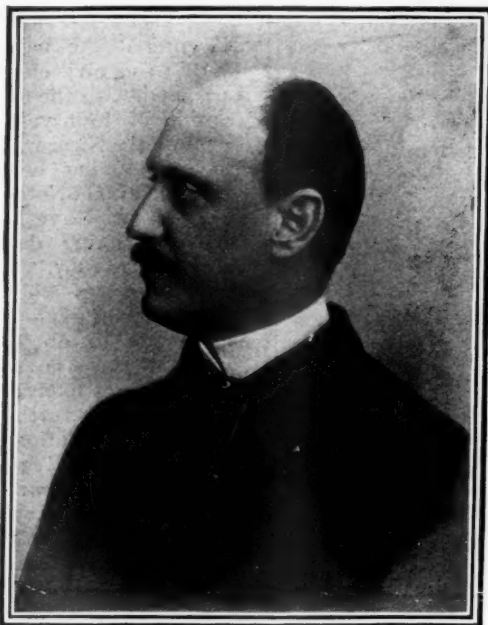
Therefore, while Commander Peary failed to reach the Pole, his explorations in the Northern regions can in no wise be considered a failure. The primal value of Arctic research lies not so much in reaching the exact Pole itself as in the increased knowledge of life and conditions in the extremely high latitudes.



Courtesy of *The Man and Express* Copyright by Rockwood, N. Y.
COMMANDER R. E. PEARY

**NEW AMBASSADOR
TO GERMANY**

To Charlemagne Tower, who succeeds to the position left vacant by the present Ambassador to Berlin, comes the long-deferred fulfilment of a wish expressed years ago to the President. When, in 1897, Mr. Tower entered upon his diplomatic career, he made known to President McKinley his desire to be sent to the post in the German capital. But Mr. Tower was totally inexperienced in the way of the diplomatist, and it was only because of a desire to confer some honor upon the Union League Club, of Philadelphia, and at the earnest solicitation of his friend, the late John Russel Young, who was also a dear friend of Mr. Tower, that the President sent Mr. Tower to the important post of Minister to Austria-Hungary. Two years later he was promoted to St. Petersburg. Mr. Tower has a great number of friends in Berlin, where his wife made a most favorable



Courtesy of The Review of Reviews.

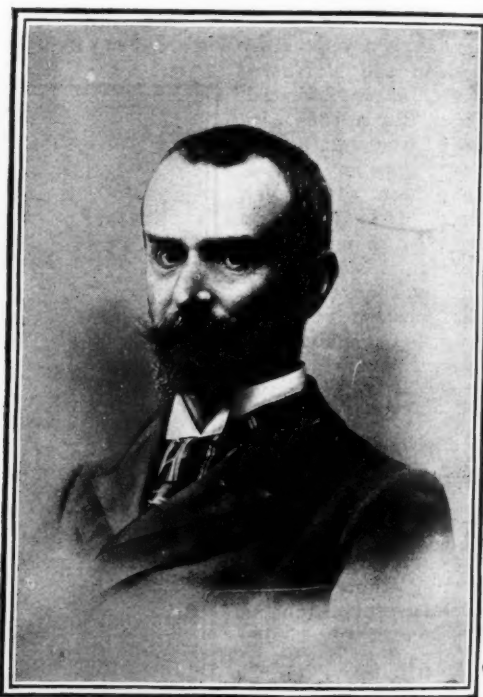
CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, AMBASSADOR TO GERMANY

impression upon her presentation at court some years ago. At St. Petersburg, on the other hand, life is apt to be a trifle dull for an American, who finds but few of his countrymen around him and who can scarcely find much pleasure in the enormous State functions at which sometimes three thousand people sit down to supper.

Mr. Tower was born in Philadelphia in 1840, of wealthy parents. His fine education, based on a course at Harvard, was rounded out by many years of travel and study, and finally the study of law. He is, as well, a practical business man and a successful railroad financier.

**THE FRENCH
AMBASSADOR**

The appointment of M. Jean A. Jules Jusserand, successor to M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, will bring to this country not only a distinguished diplomat, but an accomplished litterateur as well. M. Jusserand was born in Lyons in 1855, and at the age of twenty-



Courtesy of The Mail and Express

M. JEAN A. JULES JUSSERAND, FRENCH AMBASSADOR

three years entered the department of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He early received an appointment as Consul in London, which he held for a number of years, later becoming the Counsellor for the French Embassy in London. This he left after three years, going, in 1890, to be Minister to Denmark. M. Jusserand has resided at Copenhagen ever since, and his post at Washington will be the first to advance him to the rank of Ambassador. Like the English Ambassador at our capital, M. Jusserand married an American. Many books have come from

his pen, his literary career having commenced during his consulship in London with the publication of the *Théâtre en Angleterre depuis la conquête jusqu' aux Prédecesseurs immédiats de Shakspeare*. His most notable work, *La vie nomade et les routes d'Angleterre au XIV siècle*, published in 1884, and crowned by the French Academy, ran through large editions in the English translation.

As much as Americans must regret the recall of M. Cambon, whose services during the Spanish war are still remembered, a better successor than M. Jusserand could not have been found.



Courtesy of The Mail and Express

PROF YASKIAKA OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY

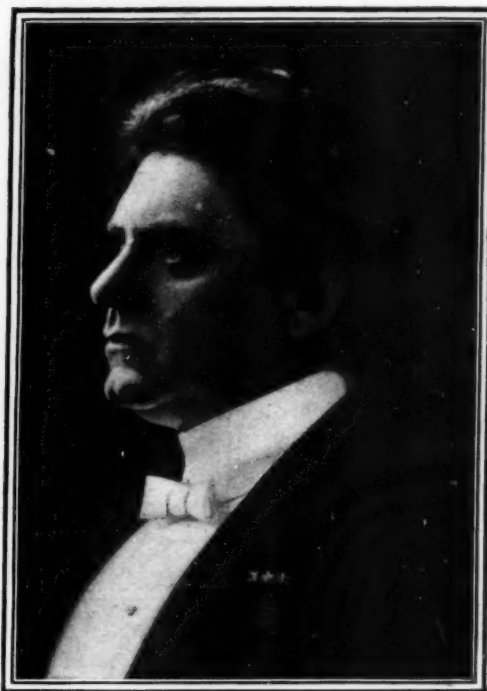
**TO TEACH
JAPANESE TO
AMERICANS**

To Prof. Yaskiaka falls the distinction of being the first instructor of the Japanese language to be elected to an American college. The University of Chicago, feeling a need of instruction in this Oriental tongue, will avail itself of Prof. Yaskiaka's services in instructing the many students at that institution who are preparing to become missionaries in Japan. Doubtless these will experience some difficulty in mastering a language which so differs from English as to have two different forms of speech—one for writing and one for speaking. This introduction of a Chair of Japanese into the University of Chicago recalls the new professorship of

Chinese which begins this year in Columbia University. Both are a side light upon the increasing importance of the Orient in a literary and a financial way.

**A NOTED
MANAGER**

Pre-eminent among the managers of American theaters is Heinrich Conried, the lessee and manager of the Irving Place Theater in New York. Mr. Conried's artistic career commenced abroad, in Austria, where he was born and educated. After a thorough classical education he decided upon the stage as a career, and made his début in Vienna. He was well received and the years that followed brought increasing success. His first venture in a managerial way was the result of the financial failure of the company with which he was playing, his co-actors electing him to manage their productions, which for the rest o



HEINRICH CONRIED, IRVING PLACE THEATER

the season they would make at their own risk. Young Conried was entirely successful in this, and as an outcome received an offer from Adolph Nuendorf to come to this city and be chief stage director at the Germania Theater. In 1878, the next year, the actor starred in

plays presented in the large Eastern cities, and in the last part of the year became artistic manager of the Thalia Theater. In 1882 he became its manager. The following season saw wonderful productions at the Thalia. Finances were not successful, however, and Conried became artistic director at the Casino which house he made famous for its beautifully staged and rendered operettas. It was in 1892 that Mr. Conried took charge of the Irving Place Theater, where he has been ever since. His success and the high quality of the performances under his direction have gained him universal recognition and a unique standing as an authority on classical Teutonic plays. He has received the decorations of numerous royal orders and is much in demand on the lecture platform of the four or five largest universities in this country. It is to him that America is indebted for the production of the classical German plays such as those of Goethe, Schiller and Lessing in their original language. It is also to him that we are indebted for the best examples of that remarkable output of literary German plays by Sudermann, Fulda and Hauptmann. Mr. Conried has shown beyond the possibility of doubt that there is both artistic and financial success in serious plays when they are intelligently produced. There is a lesson for the American public in a visit to the Irving Place Theater.

THE PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY

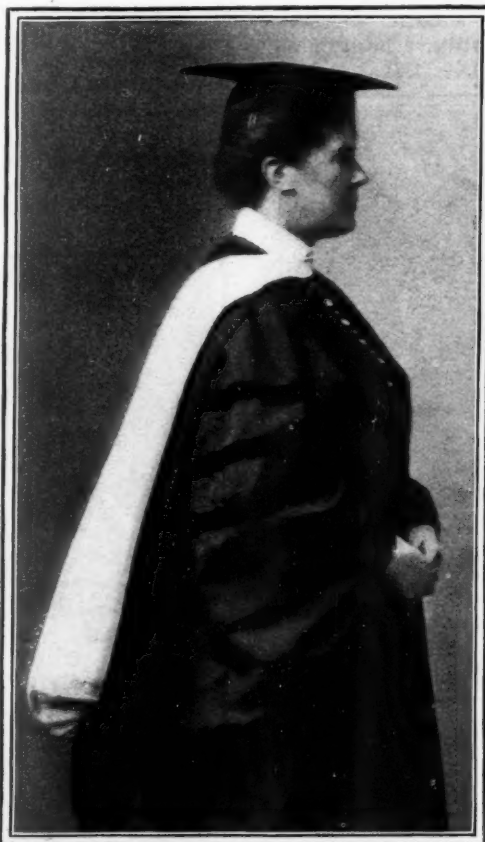
The growth of women's colleges as distinct institutions, conducted solely for women and principally by women, has brought to prominence a small group of notable women at the heads of the larger institutions. One of the best-known

members of this group is the President of Wellesley College. Miss Caroline Hazard exemplifies in a remarkable way those qualities which go to make up the successful woman president. Scholarship, tact, executive ability and business acumen are the essentially important attributes to this trying position, and all these Miss Hazard has in abundance. Curiously enough Miss Hazard is not a college graduate, but has attained to the wider, more catholic scholarship, which exceptional early tutoring, years of later study, practical literary and administrative work and much travel have brought her. Her many excellencies are thus appreciated by her colleague, the Dean of Smith College, who declares that: "To be a thoroughly equipped woman of business, and yet to be without the offensive business manner, to be uniformly gracious, tactful, intelligent, and broadly sympathetic to the best in scholarship, is her almost unique attainment."

THE AUTHOR OF CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA Mascagni was the

name that packed the Metropolitan Opera House with eager lovers of music during an early week in October. This, his first tour in America, was not an occasion to be missed. As one sat looking over the sea of faces that seemed to float upon the music that

came obedient to his baton one's wonder grew and grew, and admiration for the young composer knew no bounds. When, in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the strains of the famous *Intermezzo* died away and the audience, for a moment absolutely silent, broke incontinently into a tumultuous uproar of applause, yet above which rose the excited "Pietro! Pietro!" of the patriotic Italians—one felt that here, in truth,



Courtesy of The Outlook

MISS HAZARD, PRESIDENT OF WELLESLEY



PIETRO MASCAGNI

was genius. His biographers say that Sgr. Mascagni started life as a poor boy. It cannot be true. For how can one characterize as poor him whom nature has endowed so richly?

It is the commonest thing in the world for every comedian to think that he can play tragedy. It is scarcely less common for him to attempt it, and it is commonest of all for him to fail in his attempt. Very few indeed have been the actors who were great masters of both the sock and buskin. David Garrick is probably the best example on the English stage—is indeed almost the only example. It was, therefore, with a raising of the eyebrows that the public heard two years ago that Mr. E. H. Sothorn, an actor famous in light comedy and a rather young man, announced a production of Hamlet. There were many "I told you so's" prepared for his first night and début as a portrayer of tragedy, but few found expression. Mr. Sothorn produced a profound sensation. The reading of his lines was musical in quality and intelligent in interpretation. His conception of the character and its portrayal was clear cut and rich in its suggestion. Not since the days of Edwin Booth has there been seen a finer Hamlet upon the stage. And it should be borne in mind that

Mr. Sothorn is a young man yet, and that he has not fixed his interpretation of the great Shakespearean rôle.

Mr. Sothorn is a man distinctly of ideals. In a peculiar way his influence upon the drama is great. Not often do you see him rushing into print with dicta or preaching, but there is many a struggling young dramatist who has come to look upon him as a friend. Moreover, by the very class of plays which he produces and by the plans for future production, he has given a dignity and worth to his work. Already he has produced Hamlet. This he followed last year by *If I Were King*, a romantic poetic play distinctly above the commonplace. This year he has promised, in addition to the two plays above, a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Taking all things into consideration, it may be said that Mr. Sothorn bids fair to be the greatest actor in America.

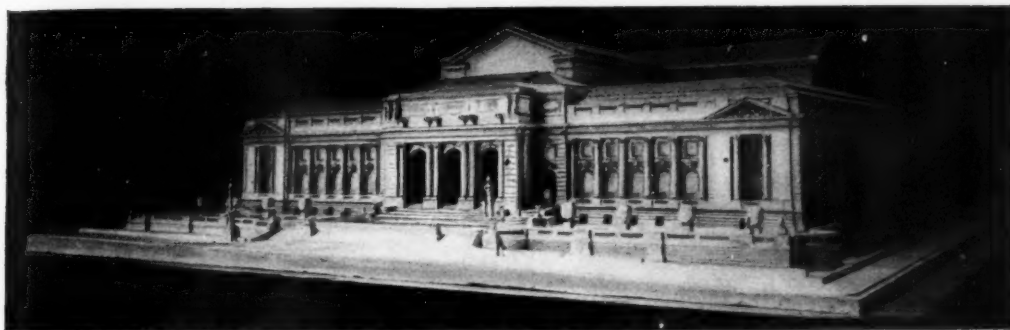


E. H. SOTHERN



Courtesy of The World's Work

THE CENTER OF COMMERCIAL ACTIVITY IN AMERICA—LOOKING NORTH ON BROAD STREET



Courtesy of The Mail and Express.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, ARCHITECT'S MODEL

The Transformation of New York: Making a Greater and a Grander City

In a city of three millions a new building or a new piece of engineering construction must be of exceptional beauty, importance or greatness to call forth more than passing notice. What in smaller centers would prove of absorbing magnitude in this city dwindles to something the size of the proverbial needle in the proverbial haystack. Therefore when magazine and periodical vie with each other in describing a great renaissance of building it is almost sure that such a renaissance is of an extent to approach the wonderful. And wonderful is the word that springs naturally to the lips in speaking of the marvelous engineering feats and architectural activity now progressing in New York City. The world has scarcely before witnessed anything like the change which has come over this city in the last quarter of a century. Mr. A. D. F. Hamlin, in a thoroughly worthy discussion of Architectural Art in the Forum, gives, perhaps, as good a resumé of this tremendous activity as can be found. Mr. Hamlin says:

Twenty years ago there were but four tall office buildings in New York, the Tribune, Morse, Mills, and Post Buildings. There were five or six churches possessing some architectural interest other than that of relative antiquity—St. Patrick's Cathedral, Trinity and Grace Churches, St. George's, the Temple Emanu-El, the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and St. Thomas'. These, with the old churches of St. Paul's, St. Mark's, and St. Peter's, the City Hall, the Custom House, the Sub-Treasury, the Tombs Prison, the Post-Office, the Grand Central Station, Cooper Union, and the Vanderbilt houses

on Fifth Avenue, were the chief architectural monuments of the city. The Metropolitan Museum of Art consisted of one small building, of little architectural merit; the American Museum of Natural History of another, much like it. The Cathedral of St. Patrick had not yet received its beautiful spires; Grace Church had a spire of wood; Columbia College had recently built what is now the Berkeley School on Madison Avenue and Forty-ninth Street, and one wing of the School of Mines; the library on Forty-ninth Street and the School of Mines building on Fourth Avenue were under construction. The World Building fire had recently cleared the ground for the new edifices that were to arise from the ashes on Park Row.

Since those primitive days New York has been transformed. It is still ugly and untidy in many parts, but it is at the same time now a wonderfully interesting city architecturally. In its lower section a new and mighty city has arisen, imposing in its mountainous silhouette, splendid in the decoration and equipment of its mercantile palaces. The first of these great buildings to arise in 1882 were the Washington Building, the Produce Exchange, and the Potter Building, precursors of that mighty host of gigantic structures that have made the new skyline of lower New York so impressive. With the advent, in 1891 or 1892, of the steel-frame system the multiplication of these structures received a great impetus. To-day the methods and the standards of building that prevailed in 1882 appear like those of a remote antiquity and are utterly discredited. One has only to compare recent hotels like the Waldorf-Astoria with the Windsor, dating from 1872—a flimsy shell of brick filled with wooden floors and stairs and stud-partitions, yet long accounted the finest hotel in the city—to appreciate the revolution in our standards of building.

During these twenty years nearly all the more important places of amusement in the city have been built, and most of the old ones burned or torn down.



Courtesy of The World's Work

THE ARCH OF ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL

The Metropolitan Opera and Madison Square Garden head the list, but more recent edifices surpass them in elegance.

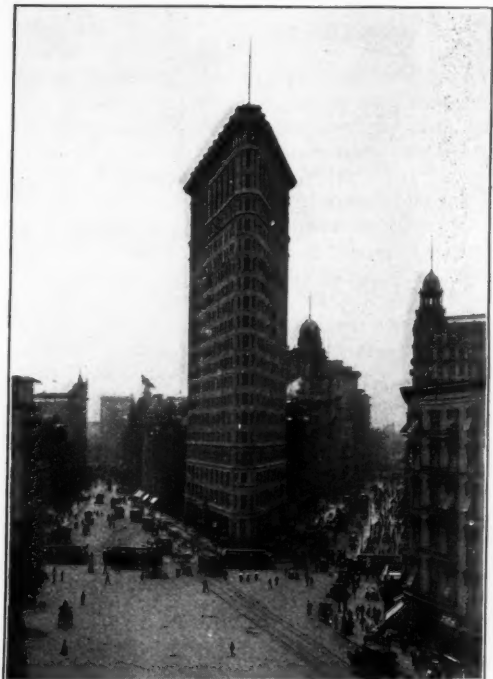
If we turn to ecclesiastical architecture the change is almost as remarkable. From the spire of St. Patrick's to the majestic beginnings of the huge Cathedral of St. John the Divine the list includes scores of beautiful churches of less importance only because of less size, marking the advance of taste and skill in this difficult department of architecture. In the field of civic and public institutions a similar gain is to be recorded. The new Columbia buildings, St. Luke's Hospital, the new Mount Sinai Hospital, the Emigrant buildings on Ellis Island, the Custom House, the Appellate Court on Madison Square, the new Hall of Records, the palatial Stock Exchange, the great Public Library—these are a few of the recent architectural embellishments of the city completed or under way. The two noble museums of which our city and country are so proud—the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art—have taken on their present stately aspect wholly within the last twenty years, and in large part within the last five years. Other enterprises of equal importance are projected and promise early realization.

In the building of residences, including hotels, apartment houses, and clubs, the advance has been fully as striking. Such examples as the Waldorf-Astoria and the many huge and ornate apartment

hotels now rising on upper Broadway; the palatial homes of the great clubs, such as the Century, Catholic, Metropolitan, University, and Union Clubs, the Bar Association, and many others—all these record a like progress from small things to great, a like increase of splendor, a like advance in solid, durable, thorough construction, and, in the main, a substantial improvement in architectural character. The Tiffany block on Seventy-second Street (1883), the Villard houses on Madison Avenue (1883), the extension of the Vanderbilt house from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-eighth Street, the Astor and Gerry mansions on Fifth Avenue, the Carnegie residence, and the residence of Mr. W. A. Clark now building on Fifth Avenue—these are merely conspicuous by size among hundreds of beautiful and sumptuous residences built within the last few years.

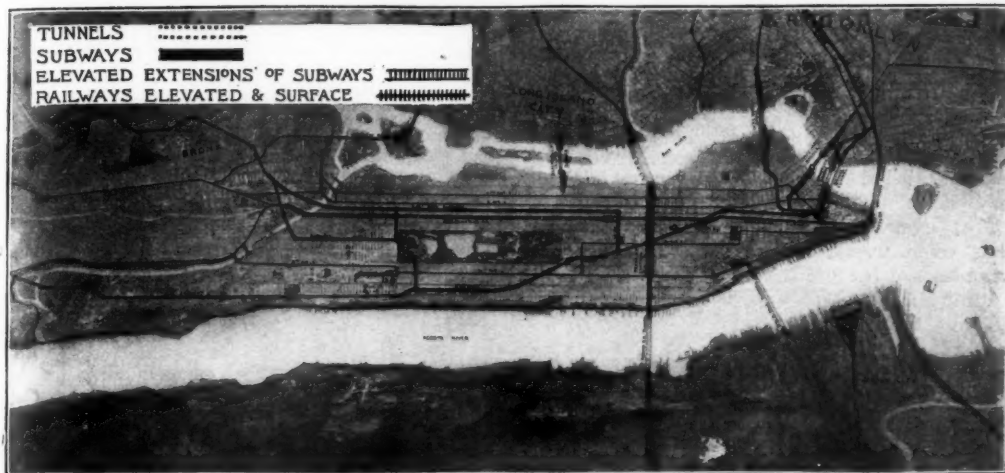
This in a general way will convey something of what has been done. But it takes actual figures to give anything like an estimate. In the New York Herald a short time ago there appeared a very concise table showing the amount of private improvements now going on in New York City:

Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel and station, Seventh to Tenth Avenue,	
Thirty-first to Thirty-third street	\$50,000,000
Hudson River tunnel, Morton street, New York.....	8,500,000
Carnegie libraries (sixty-five)	5,000,000
New Custom House, Bowling Green..	4,750,000



Courtesy of The World's Work.

THE FAMOUS "FLAT IRON" BUILDING



Courtesy of The World's Work.

TRANSPORTATION LINES NOW ENTERING OR TO ENTER MANHATTAN ISLAND

New York Central Railroad, Mott Haven station and Park avenue improvements	\$43,750,000	Theater for Heye & Harris	\$400,000
New Post Office, up town	2,500,000	Union Club Building, Third avenue, northeast corner Fifty-first street.	1,200,000
Manhattan "L" power house and electrical equipment	16,000,000	New building for the Republican Club, West Fortieth street	350,000
Interurban Street Railway extensions and betterments	15,000,000	New building for the City Club, West Forty-fourth street	300,000
New Chamber of Commerce Building, Liberty street and Liberty place ..	1,500,000	New building for the Progress Club, Central Park West and Sixty-third street	350,000
New Stock Exchange, Broad and Wall streets	2,000,000	New building, Sons of the Revolution, in West Fifty-fifth street (estimated) ..	150,000
New New York Historical Society Building, Central Park West and Seventy-seventh street	800,000	Residence for Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Central Park West and Ninetieth and Ninety-first street	2,500,000
New Y. M. C. A. Building	500,000	Residence for Mr. Charles M. Schwab, Riverside Drive	2,500,000
New Lying-In Hospital, Second avenue Cathedral of St. John the Divine (site \$872,000; cost to date \$2,000,000) ..	15,000,000	Residence for Senator W. A. Clark, Fifth avenue and Seventy-seventh street	2,500,000
Hotel Terminus, Forty-second street, southwest corner Park avenue	2,500,000	Residence for Captain De La Mar, Madison avenue and Thirty-seventh street	500,000
Hotel St. Regis, Fifth avenue, southeast corner Fifty-fifth street	2,000,000	Fuller Building, Fifth avenue, Broadway, Twenty-third and Twenty second streets	4,000,000
Hotel (unnamed) southwest corner Fifth avenue and Fifty-fifth street ..	2,500,000	Knickerbocker Trust Company Building, northwest corner Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street	1,000,000
Hotel Ansonia, Broadway, Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth streets ..	2,000,000	Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Building, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street	1,500,000
Hotel Plaza, Fifty-ninth street (site of present Plaza Hotel)	7,000,000	Times Building, Broadway, Seventh avenue, Forty-second and Forty-third streets (estimated)	750,000
Hotel Knickerbocker, southeast corner Forty-second street and Broadway ..	3,000,000	Hanover Bank Building, southeast corner Pine and Nassau streets	2,000,000
Hotel Astor, west side Broadway, Forty fourth to Forty-fifth street	3,000,000	No. 42 Broadway (estimated)	1,000,000
Hotel at Broadway, Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth streets	1,000,000	Thames Court Building, No. 115 Broadway	5,500,000
Hotel, women's, Madison Ave., Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth streets ..	750,000	Trust Company Building, southeast corner Fifth avenue and Sixtieth street (estimated)	1,000,000
Hotel Webster, West Forty-fifth street ..	750,000		
Theater for Klaw & Erlanger, West Forty-second street and Seventh avenue	350,000		
Theater for Daniel Frohman, West Forty-fifth street	350,000		

It is to be noted in reading this enumeration that it does not include the vast municipal undertakings which meet one on every side. But it does mirror in a way something of the magnitude in comparison with which even the building of the pyramids pale into shadow. So vast are these operations that New York looks unfinished. Huge caverns stare at one everywhere. Débris and building material are seen at every corner. The streets are but crusts over trestle work. The air pulsates with blasts. In an admirable article by M. G. Cuniff and Arthur Goodrich in the *World's Work* both the spirit and importance of this are vividly portrayed.

A little sunny-haired girl was looking through the dingy window pane of a downtown surface car in New York. On every side buildings were being torn down and the ugly framework of new structures was going up. The dinning of hammers, the shouts of the men, the rumbling report of a blast, the wheezing of drills, and the litter and obstruction everywhere gave the impression of a great quarry and a mammoth workshop.

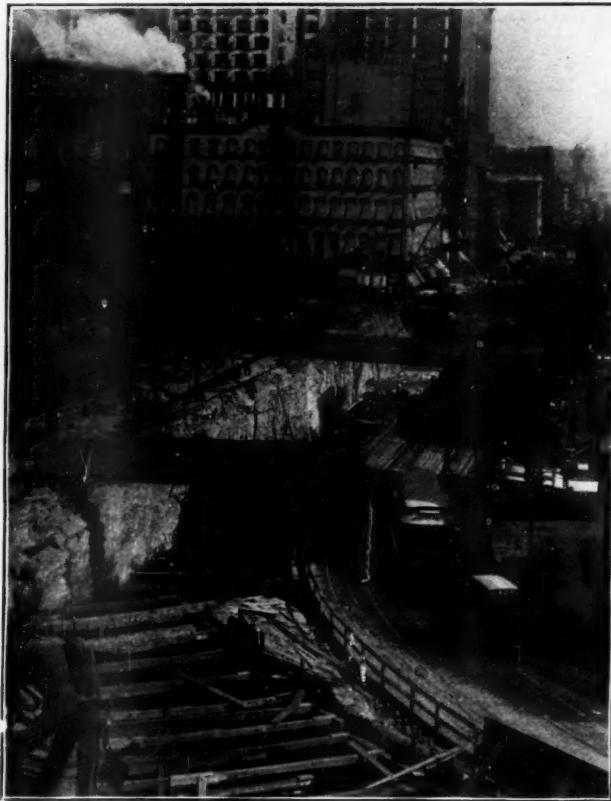
"I hope it will be a real nice city when it's all done," said the little girl.

Such is the impression that New York just now makes on anybody—a torn-up place, a city in process of complete rebuilding. A few years ago it seemed to be well nigh completely built, and was, as cities go, well made, convenient, and not wholly ugly. Long lines of low business blocks downtown tapered off to the hotels and homes of the upper district. Down the streets ran a vast network of electric cars, cable cars, horse cars, elevated trains and stages in a system planned to meet the needs of generations to come. Across the river hung the big Brooklyn Bridge, and plying back and forth numberless ferries carried vast crowds from home to business and back again. Meanwhile the city

unconsciously developed like the dragon in the story, which, at the last, could scarcely squeeze itself into its own cavern. Then came the period of structural steel, when it became possible, and in New York profitable, to raise buildings twenty or thirty stories high—the era of the "skyscraper."

Without preconceived action began the tearing down of old New York. Brick and timber and stone filled the streets along with the big steel girders for the new constructions. This went on up-town and down-town till there is a wide line of desolation and destruction from the Battery to the Bronx. It is as if a cyclone had expended its force

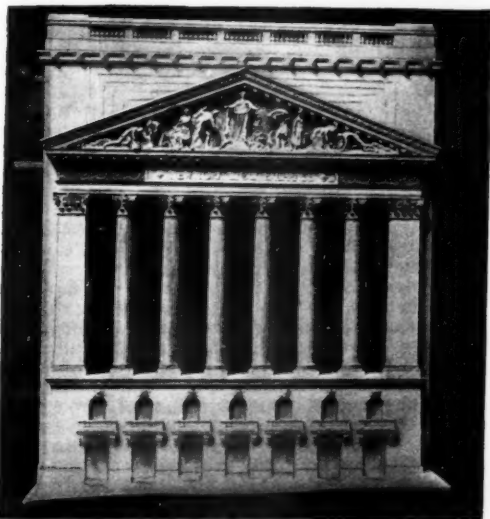
upon the city or as if a hostile fleet had bombarded the island. But rising out of the devastation here and there is the ugly framework which presages the newer city, built of steel and concrete upon a rock, artificial stone, when no real stone is there. Monstrous office buildings with thirty stories above ground and with five stories beneath the street level, each accommodating more busy people than all the main streets of many an inland town, fill the lower end of the island, their unwieldy tops standing up like distorted church steeples out of the cluster of older blocks. Up-town vast apartment structures spread out over acres of ground and, rising fifteen or twenty stories, house individual cities of people. Down through the city from end to end, digging and



Courtesy of The World's Work.

A TYPICAL VIEW OF SUBWAY EXCAVATION

blasting and drilling, thousands of men are building the greatest subway in the world, which will cost more than \$50,000,000, cutting through rock, mining underground and throwing havoc to right and to left all along its course. Stretching out across the East River is the new bridge—larger than the older Brooklyn Bridge—which will cost \$15,000,000. It is only one of several which are projected. Up at Jerome Park a new reservoir, which will cost \$15,000,000, is being hurried to completion, and further out is the growing Cornell Dam. New piers are being built all along the water front for the foreign trade which is

Courtesy of *The Architectural Record*.

FACADE OF THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE

only just beginning and of which New York will be the central port. Small parks are being made to give the concentrated population of the lower districts breathing space. A speedway and boulevards are furnishing open roadways to replace the truck-crowded main thoroughfares. The new Bronx Park indicates a general expansion of taste.

Down in the narrow south end of Manhattan below Fourteenth Street is crowded the day's work of thousands whose homes are across the Hudson in New Jersey, across the East River on Long Island, across the Harlem River in the Bronx, on Staten Island, along the shore of the Sound and the Hudson, and in the seven miles or more of island above Fourteenth Street. Every morning the tide of workers flows down the long city streets or over miles of mainland and across rivers to the business district. At night the tide ebbs back. The concentrated newer city must be built primarily for convenience, and the vaster engineering tasks under way are those designed to facilitate transportation.

The new subway is the most tremendous undertaking of the kind ever attempted. The Boston Subway seemed wonderful, but compared with this new engineering feat it is insignificant. The New York Subway will run through twenty-four miles of some of the busiest streets in the world; it will burrow through hills; it will tunnel under rivers; it will emerge to send its tracks out upon elevated viaducts; it will connect with steam roads which stand ready to take up the relay.

Starting in the heart of Brooklyn, third-rail electric cars will shoot at fifteen miles an hour or more under the East River and up Manhattan Island almost to the city limits of New York. The route is Y-shaped—some cars will diverge at 104th Street for the great Bronx Park, far to the northeast; others will follow the branch that runs straight north to the Harlem Ship Canal at Kingsbridge. Mean-

while, up and down the stem of the Y, through the busiest part of Manhattan, will fly expresses as fast as thirty-five miles an hour. Beneath the river, under roaring metropolitan thoroughfares, out into the open on lofty viaducts, the cars will hurry passengers to meet the Long Island Railroad in Brooklyn, the New York Central at Forty-second Street, or perhaps the projected New York and Portchester or some similar road, planned to carry them to the Connecticut State line. By 1904 a worker at the crowded lower end of Manhattan Island will be able to reach a distant home with speed and comfort. The "rush hour" will no longer have its former terrors.

The people of New York city, too, own the system; for it is the city that is building the Subway. The Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners, appointed in 1894, after drawing up plans—the work of William Barclay Parsons, chief engineer, with George S. Rice as assistant engineer, and a corps of subordinates—accepted the bid of Contractor J. B. McDonald and began the work under a most advantageous arrangement. The city by the sale of bonds pays the Rapid Transit Construction Company thirty-five million dollars for building the Subway and the necessary tunnels and viaducts north of the City Hall loop. The company gives the city a bond. Sub-contractors do the work. It is costing nearly a million a month. When the Subway is finished the company will equip it and run it for fifty years, gradually repaying the thirty-five millions advanced by the city, and then the city, paying a fair price for equipment, will take over the property. The section south of City Hall, including the tunnel, will be similarly arranged for. The credit for the thorough organization and the rapid consummation of the project belongs chiefly to Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, Mr. Alexander E. Orr, and their associates of the Rapid Transit Commission.

Since March 24, 1900, the actual work has been upturning the whole city. In some places temporary surface-car lines have been built to allow the blasting of a veritable canyon beneath, on almost every section of the work bridges for cars hang over great bustling chasms, all thunderous



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE NEW CUSTOM HOUSE



Courtesy of The World's Work

A SECTION OF THE NEW VIADUCT, RIVERSIDE

with the din of labor; up-town are mines running down so deep that a fatal avalanche in the tunnel at the bottom left no traces at the surface. Beneath a corner of Central Park another tunnel is daily boring its way through solid rock; in another place the Subway dives well under the present Park Avenue Subway, to be undermined shortly by the tunnel from Long Island City yet further down—a honeycomb of tunnels, a new New York underground. In one place piers for a viaduct now wait for the iron superstructure at a valley so deep that the true Subway emerges on both sides far up the hill. At the Harlem River work has recently begun on a tunnel so close to the river bottom that an entirely new engineering feat will be attempted—the construction of a river tunnel by caissons from above. At a Broadway corner the Subway route shaved so close to a gigantic statue of Columbus that the figure required the support of iron beams. But in the main the work has been done by the “cut and cover” method: the workmen dig or blast a great trench drift out to one side, and then erect the steel beams and pour the concrete that are swiftly transforming a great unsightly gash to a neat rectangular tunnel, trim and snug—not unlike the Subway below the malls of Boston Common.

Nor will there be in the completed underground avenue the stained walls and the damp air that other tunnels know. The long rectangular box is not only floored in alternate layers of concrete and waterproofing, but walled and roofed with the same impervious material, and because it cannot leak it needs no other ventilation—in this it is unique—than will be supplied by the shuttle-like rush of a thousand buzzing cars. Outside the walls and on the roof is the maze of water, gas, and sewer pipes once in the roadway. By no means the least engineering feat of the sub-contractors has been the hanging, and bracing, and final disposing of them. Engineers came from afar to watch successful attempts at blasting rock from under pipes which were to remain undisturbed; it had never been done before.

Yet the Subway is but a link in the vast transportation scheme. Not only will a Staten Island tun-

nel to Brooklyn and a Hudson River bridge or tunnel be built when capital is ready, but work is now going forward on a tunnel from Long Island City, a cantilever bridge, not far from the tunnel, across Blackwell's Island, and a third suspension bridge to Brooklyn, as well as the second Brooklyn suspension bridge whose gray steel towers already support a temporary footway. Of all these thoroughfares, moreover, radiating spokes from the busy Manhattan workshop, only the tunnel is due to private enterprise; the three bridges will stand as creations of a public commission and the Bridge Department of the City of New York.

The “new bridge,” so called, officially known as No. 2, is most in the public eye; it ranks with the Subway as a spectacular feature in the city's incompleteness. Ferry passengers crane their necks at the spidery structure; and from the old bridge Brooklynites gaze morning and evening over to the scrambling figures at work on it. Completed, it will be to most bridges of its length as the flat side of a plank to the edge—its claim to distinction is its width. There are bridges longer, though from anchorage to anchorage it measures nearly 2,800 feet; there are bridges higher, though it rises 335 feet, and a mast 134 feet high could clear its main span by a foot; there are longer spans, though it springs 1,600 feet from tower to tower; but there is no other long bridge so wide—118 feet. Across a double-decked structure will pass on the upper deck two streams of foot passengers and two files of bicycle riders, and on the lower two processions of wagons and six strings of cars, two elevated and four electric. The four lines of electric cars, requiring two loops at the Manhattan end, will balance the structure and evenly distribute the load; on the old bridge during rush hours one side of the structure is weighed down by a line of heavily loaded cars, while a similar line of “empties” run along the other.

The two other bridges already begun—No. 3 and No. 4—are under the supervision of Engineer R. S. Buck, of the Bridge Department. No. 3 will cross the East River just above the old bridge. No. 4 will have its piers on Blackwell's Island. Both will offer accommodations similar to those of the “new” bridge, but whereas No. 3 is a suspension bridge a few feet wider and, including approaches, a quarter of a mile longer, No. 4 is a cantilever structure, a trifle smaller. No. 2 is costing fifteen millions; No. 3 will cost sixteen; No. 4 but twelve and a half. No. 3 will reinforce the old bridge and the new; No. 4 will serve the Long Island districts further up the river.

Close to the fourth bridge private capital is competing with public capital in the great transformation. The engineering firm of Jacobs & Davis, who built the gas tunnel under the East River, have begun for the Long Island Railroad a two-tube steel tunnel that will rush the passengers of the Long Island trains from the present terminal in Long Island City beneath the river and well below Thirty-third Street to connections with the Subway and on to Herald Square. Electric cars and swift elevators will make the transit as lightning-like as possible. Dwellers on Long Island who now must wait for ferries and fume in crawling surface cars will be picked up as they reach the steam terminal, shot under the river, lifted up to the Subway level at Park Avenue and Thirty-third Street, and then bowled up or down town with touch-and-go

rapidity. So much of the bewildering transportation problem has already been worked out.

But not content with this, the Pennsylvania Railroad, which owns the Long Island Road, has evolved plans that the near future will undoubtedly see carried out. At Greenville, New Jersey, almost opposite the end of Long Island, great docks and piers have already been provided for; roads or franchises through Brooklyn and beyond along the island have been secured, and also permission to bridge across Ward's and Randall's Islands to the Bronx. What does it mean? That trains will be run from Washington or Philadelphia, or even from the West, to the Greenville terminal, ferried to Brooklyn, sped around that Borough and over the new bridges to the mainland in the Bronx, and so away through Connecticut to Boston, a vast improvement on the present car ferry. A tunnel under the Narrows from Staten Island is also on foot.

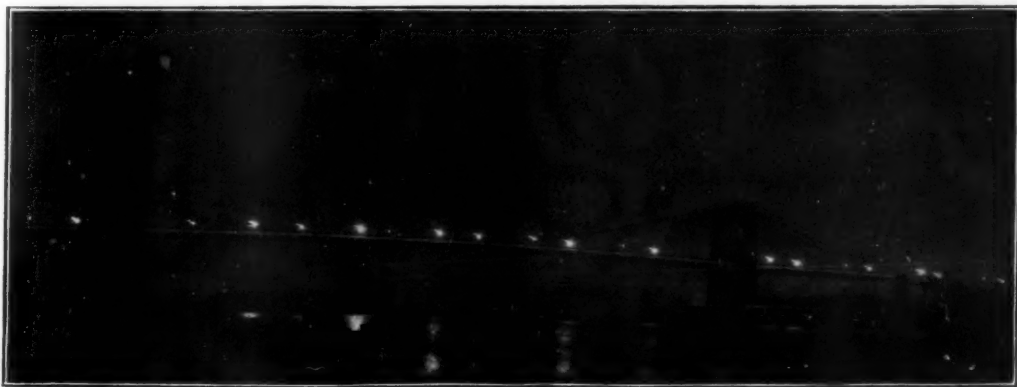
While the growing population of Manhattan is becoming concentrated yearly, the greater city expands far down into New Jersey, up into New York and Connecticut and over into Long Island. Brooklyn, with its houses worn with traditions, its clubs, its parks, its churches, constantly extending further out upon the island, is becoming more and more a city of homes. For dozens of miles north, south, east and west land is gradually increasing in value, as the men who work in the rush of the city reach out for the homes and the quiet of the country. Eventually Manhattan Island will be a great rampart of steel and stone, which each morning from every side, across bridges, through tunnels, by train, by boat, on foot, hundreds of thousands of men and women will storm, and at night will drift back to rise next day to renew the fight. For New York must always be the amphitheatre of struggle. It is because the struggle has become more swift and strong that New York is being rebuilt.

A word yet remains to be said concerning certain buildings. The so-called "Flat-Iron" building, standing where Twenty-third street, Broadway and Fifth avenue form a flat-iron figure, has already sprung into fame because of the daring engineering that went toward its successful completion. As Mr. Gustav Kobbé says, "built of steel, tapering to a razor-like

edge at the apex of the triangular plot, this skyscraper resembles nothing so much as a prow of a ship. Aptly enough it might be called 'the prow of civilization.' Behind it lies the commerce of the greatest city of the New World, the ship whose stokers are 'Captains of Industry,' whose motive power is supplied by the brains of a million men whose cargoes are the product of the world."

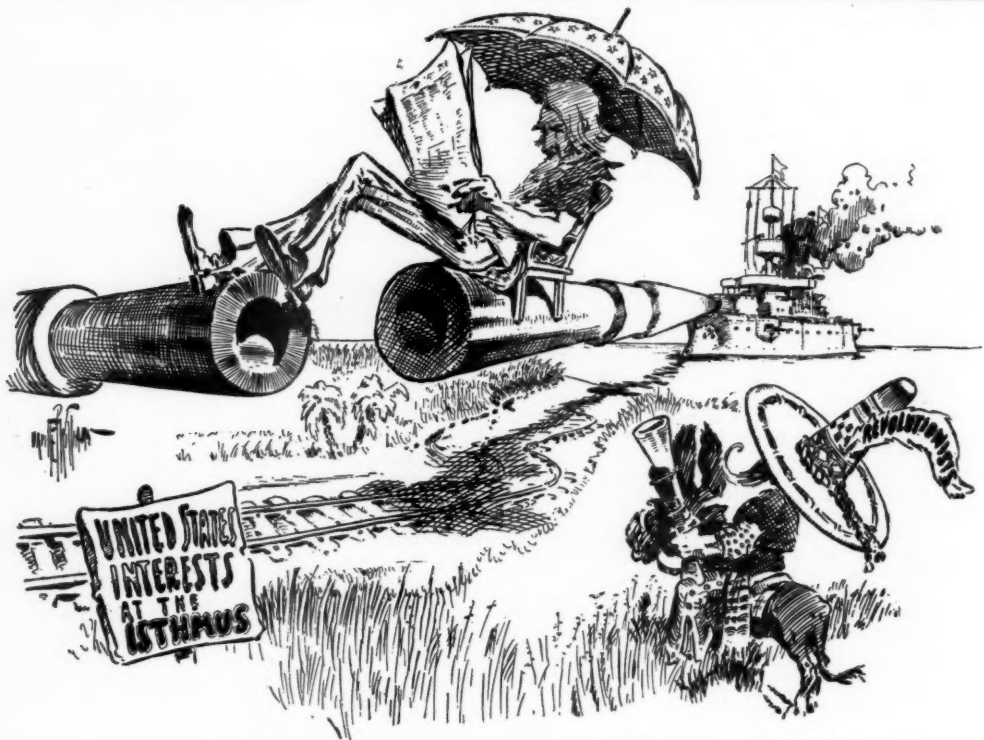
The new Stock Exchange is another structure of decided importance. The *Architectural Record* praises it as "decidedly the most important and perhaps the most interesting piece of architecture now under construction in New York, occupying the site of the old one and the spacious addition secured by the demolition of the Western Union Telegraph Building adjoining. The frontage, of something like 140 feet, thus secured would make any building noticeable and noteworthy that occupied it. But the effect of the apparent magnitude is greatly enhanced by the largeness and simplicity of the architectural treatment, the huge scale, and the unmistakable monumental character."

Space will not permit the description of such buildings as the New York Public Library, New Custom House, and New Chamber of Commerce—structures of exquisite beauty and beautiful adaptability. New York City is not only becoming a greater city each day, but a grander city. Beauty and the esthetic side of life are being more and more exemplified. She is building both wisely and well. The strength of centuries is going into her work and the beauty of poetry and music is hovering over it. A city already the pride of the New World, and one soon to rank in beauty and greatness with the best of the Old World.



Courtesy of *The World's Work*

Cartoons upon Current Events



THERE WON'T BE MUCH TROUBLE—BOSTON HERALD



RIVAL DISCORDS—PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN



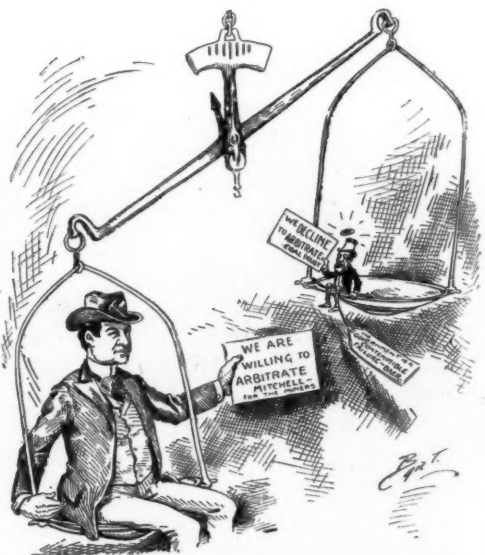
BEYOND CONTROL—BOUND TO MAKE THAT RIGHT TURN—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



IT'S A GENTLEMAN'S GAME AND THEY ALL STAND PAT—CLEVELAND PLAIN-DEALER



TIME TO TAKE IT OFF THE FIRE.—N. Y. HERALD.

HE MAY NEED IT FOR FUEL THIS WINTER—
CHICAGO CHRONICLE

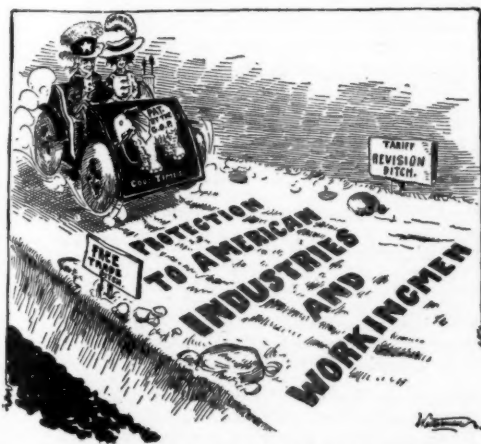
AS THE PUBLIC SEES IT—MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL



A CHANGE MADE—BROOKLYN DAILY EAGLE



NOW GIVE US COAL!—NEW YORK WORLD



KEEP IN D' MIDDLE OB D' ROAD—OHIO STATE JOURNAL



IF 'TIS A DREAM, THEN LET ME SLEEP TILL SPRING—WASHINGTON STAR

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

BEATING THE BAND..... JUDGE

A band of gold,
A plighted troth—
Now time has rolled
He's in the broth.

A legal fee,
A jury, and
A court decree
To beat the band.

FIGURING IT UP..... JOSH WINK..... BALTIMORE AMERICAN

The Captain strode the quarterdeck;
The crews were at the guns;
The powder-flames leaped fiercely out,
Like as the lightning runs.
Afar the fortress rose, all grim,
And bellowed in reply,
Till smoke and fire and thunder sound
Shook both the sea and sky.
And the Captain took
His little book,
And figured away, while his fingers shook:
"2 into 10 goes 16 times,
And the square of 12 is 4;
79 is the cube of 6,
And my deck is wet with gore.
53 is the G. C. D.,
And 7 plus 2 is 5—
And my ship is shot to a battered hulk,
And I haven't a man alive!"

The other Captain, in the fort,
Stood sadly on parade;
The gatlings, siege and other guns
A fearsome racket made.
They boomed across the troubled waves,
Against the swooping ships,
And as their echoes thrilled the air
The Captain bit his lips.
And he also took
His little book
And figured it out with a worried look;
"6 per cent. of a dozen men,
And the sine of 18 more,
All bisected by 25,
And the arc of 34;
3 plus 8, to the decimal,
And the tare and tret," he said,
"Combined with the subdivided sum,
Shows all my men are dead."

Thus each side lost and each side won,
And each side fought the fray,
And now they're figuring upon
The powder bills to pay.
Grim war is awful, at its best,
But who will lose or lick
If he relies entirely on
The old arithmetic?

WHEN VULGARITY CEASES. . . S. E. KISER. . . CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD

A man who had wisdom and culture,
Who could fathom the splendors of art,
Whose soul was the soul of a poet,
Who could play a true gentleman's part,
Who had wit and who laughed at the manners
That the crass and the vulgar display,
With a smile of derision, sat watching
A parvenu eating, one day.

The man who had millions, who never
Found out that his manners were bad,
Who loudly and vulgarly boasted
Of the big wads of money he had
Used his knife to scoop up his potatoes
And chewed like a pig at a trough,
While the man with the learning and culture
Looked on from his corner to scoff.

When the man with the millions had eaten
He turned to the one who was wise
And loudly made offers to aid him
In his pitiful struggle to "rise"—
Led him forth to the marts to make money—
And the man who had culture was proud
To be seen with the one who was vulgar
And to pass at his side through the crowd.

PING-PONG..... WESTMINSTER GAZETTE

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the challenge cup
If ping with pong combine.
The craze that in my soul doth rise
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the rôle of pinger up
If thou'lt be pongstress mine.

THE HYPHENATED AMERICAN.... JAMES J. ROCHE.... SMART SET

A wonderful power has the hyphen small,
Like a chain-shot fired at the social wall;
For nothing and nothing make all-in-all,
When you join the two with a hyphen.

You don't need money, you don't need sense,
To be a person of consequence;
You go to the top of the tallest fence
If you spell your name with a hyphen.

Now Brown is a man you may neglect,
And Jones is held in no more respect;
But Brown-Jones stands among the elect,
For he spells his name with a hyphen.

And when he takes as his lawful mate
Miss Robinson-Smith, it is safe to state
That the Robinson-Smith-Brown-Joneses are great,
In a double degree of hyphen.

Oh, the one-em dash hath a virtue bold
More potent than pedigree or gold
For making the newest of families old—
The all-ennobling hyphen!

A Side Light on American Greatness

Some of Our "Infant Industries"

The purpose of this compiled department is to give some idea of certain American industries, not usually, or, at least, not so widely, vaunted in the newspapers. Compared to such a vast undertaking as the manufacture of steel they will seem petty indeed, but they are quite as vital to the development of the country. Moreover in light of the renewed agitation upon the tariff question, they have a present importance. We mean therefore to give, from time to time as shall seem expedient, a resumé of these so-called "infant industries."

DISTRIBUTION OF INDUSTRIES.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin on the localization of industries, which shows that, measured by the value of products, more than 85 per cent. of the collar and cuff manufacture is carried on in Troy, N. Y.; more than 64 per cent. of the oyster canning industry in Baltimore; more than 54 per cent. of the manufacture of gloves in the adjoining cities of Gloversville and Johnstown, N. Y.; more than 48 per cent. of the coke manufacture in the Connells-ville district, Pennsylvania; more than 47 per cent. of the manufacture of brassware in Waterbury, Conn.; more than 45 per cent. of the manufacture of carpets in Philadelphia; more than 45 per cent. of the manufacture of jewelry in Providence, R. I., and the adjoining towns of Attleboro and North Attleboro, Mass.; more than 36 per cent. of the silverware manufacture in Providence, R. I.; more than 35 per cent. of the slaughtering and meat packing industry in Chicago; more than 32 per cent. of the manufacture of plated and britannia ware in Meriden, Conn.; more than 24 per cent. of the agricultural implement industry in Chicago, and more than 24 per cent. of the silk industry in Pater-son, N. J.

The number of wage-earners engaged in slaughtering and meat packing in South Omaha, Neb., constitute 90 per cent. of the total number employed in all industries in the city.

The iron and steel industry form 89 per cent. of all the industries in McKeesport, Penn.; the pottery industry, 87 per cent. in East Liverpool, Ohio.; the fur hat industry, 86 per cent. in Bethel, Conn.; the glass industry, 81 per cent. in Tarentum, Penn.; the cotton goods industry, 80 per cent. in Fall River, Mass.; the boot and shoe industry, 77 per cent. in Brock- ton, Mass.; the silk manufacture, 76 per cent.

in West Hoboken, N. J.; glove manufacture, 75 per cent. in Gloversville, N. Y.; jewelry manu- facture, 72 per cent. in North Attleboro, Mass., and the collar and cuff industry, 69 per cent. in Troy, N. Y.

BET SUGAR.....CHARLES MOREAU-HARGER.....OUTLOOK

This nation has a "sugar-beet belt." Its limits are defined by climatic conditions chiefly, though even within its boundaries great variations exist. This belt includes southern New York, the northern parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska; the southern half of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Min- nesota; sections of Colorado, Kansas, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and the coast side of California. Within this territory, however, may be found a vast amount of soil on which the industry will not flourish, owing either to the land itself or to its surroundings, while in other States of like lati- tude may yet be discovered suitable conditions.

Unlike many other industries, in this case the farmer does not lead and the manufacturer follow. Before a community produces beets it must be assured of a sugar-factory; and, like- wise, a factory, with its cost of \$600,000 to \$1,000,000, would be a failure if it did not have beets enough for its full consumption. From thirty-five hundred to five thousand acres of beets annually are necessary to make a factory profitable, and there is always a mutual under- standing before one is erected. Contracts are made with farmers, and, in the newer lands, assistance is given to colonists to insure the raising of beets in large quantities.

Properly conducted and under favorable cir- cumstances, sugar-beet production is profitable. Take it, for instance, in the Upper Arkansas Valley in eastern Colorado, where are located some of the largest factories of the nation. The soil and sunshine seem made for sugar produc- tion, and the melting snows of the Rocky Moun- tains send down abundant water to moisten the fields. Farmers there have netted \$125 an acre in a single year. Three men can care for ten acres, except in the weeding season, making the labor bill small.

The average production of the United States last year was 9.6 tons per acre, selling at the

factory for \$48 to \$54. The average cost of production was \$30 an acre on land not moistened by irrigation, and exclusive of the State bounty given in several commonwealths to encourage the industry. The bounty is usually about \$1 a ton for beets of a given sugar content. The net profit, \$18 to \$24 an acre, is more than the producer of wheat or corn receives, and is upon fully as stable a price return.

The season of 1889 was the first in which this country produced more than 1,000 tons of beet sugar; it had risen to 12,000 tons in 1892-3; to 40,000 tons in 1897-8; to 73,000 tons in 1900-1; and 184,606 tons in 1901-02. The crop to be harvested the coming autumn will doubtless make 250,000 tons. The cane-sugar product of this country last year was 311,328 tons. But while these figures seem large, it should be remembered that we imported from other countries last year (including Hawaii and Porto Rico) 2,146,699 tons, and that the nation's consumption of sugar has doubled in the past eighteen years. Only 175,083 acres were put into beets last year, their product being 1,685,688 tons of beets, with an average sugar content of 14.8 per cent.

There is invested in the industry \$30,000,000, and the farmers received \$8,437,000 last year for their beets. The Department of Agriculture estimates the needs of the nation for the present year at 2,500,000 tons of sugar, of which Porto Rico and Hawaii will produce 400,000, and the sugar-beet and cane growers 500,000 tons more, leaving 1,600,000 tons to be imported from abroad. To supply the needs of the nation five hundred factories are needed, and it is believed by many that eventually these will be obtained. Michigan leads in the industry, having seventeen factories; California has eight, Utah six, Colorado six, Nebraska three, New York two, Minnesota, New Mexico, Wisconsin, Washington, Oregon, one each—a total of forty-seven. The Agricultural Department reports that forty-two of these were in operation last year.

On the manufacturer's side there is promise of abundant profits. Sugar is a staple; this nation will not for many years manufacture enough for its needs; hence, violent price-fluctuations are improbable. Henry T. Oxnard and W. B. Cutting, directors of the American Beet Sugar Company, said, in a letter written in 1899, that of their Nebraska plants, "Grand Island in 1898 made a profit per ton of beets of \$2.89 on a tonnage of 18,546 tons; Norfolk made a profit of \$4.50 per ton on 31,000 tons,

and Chino a profit of \$5.06 per ton on a tonnage of 47,302 tons." Regarding another factory, they say that, based on operations in Nebraska and California, the average price paid for beets is \$4; that \$3 will cover the entire cost of manufacturing a ton of beets into sugar (producing about 250 pounds), giving a total of \$7. Selling the sugar at 4 cents a pound gives a profit of \$3 a ton.

THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY.....NEW YORK POST

Like all new countries with plenty of land, the United States started in as exporters of food products and importers of textiles, and while this continues to be the general line of our international trade, the strides that our manufacturers have made in supplying the home market have been phenomenal. We still export little in dry goods. In cotton our natural advantage for export purposes is the greatest, and although our exports are destined to grow rapidly, especially in China and the far East, as yet only one-eighteenth of our spindles, it is estimated, are employed in the foreign trade. Practically speaking, we do not export woolen goods, silks, or linens; of linens, indeed, we manufacture relatively little for our own consumption. The development of the coming decade will doubtless be marked by a further lessening of the importation of woolen goods, silks, and cottons, already very small, and a considerable increase in the exports of the coarser cotton fabrics. Linen will probably remain at a standstill in its relation to our trade since, as a world product, it is steadily declining in importance.

The present duties on linen manufactures are said to be very satisfactory to those interested in the business, even though most of the standard grades of these goods are still imported, and may continue to be. We manufacture here a fair grade of toweling, and seem to succeed particularly in the crash-towel which is used very largely in the kitchen. Very good flax toweling is made at Millis, Mass., by a process of degumming, which is kept secret. We also produce a high-grade linen thread for use in the manufacture of shoes. Some of our cotton-mills, according to the statistical returns, are doing a good business in the manufacture of what pass as linen fabrics, but are in reality a mixture of linen and cotton.

Wool holds a place in the industrial economy from which it is not likely to be dislodged. Woolen manufacturers seem to be generally prosperous, in spite of the high duties on their raw material, and aside from an occasional

strike. It must be acknowledged that any industry which cannot obtain its raw material in the free markets of the world labors under a disadvantage, and particularly is this so with wool. The growers have always promised to give the wool manufacturers a sufficient quantity and quality, but they have never done so. They began promising this with the tariff of 1867, but have continued remiss on both points to the present day. The chief trouble is in the quality of American wool for the better grades of fabrics. It makes an excellent warp, especially the wool grown in Ohio, but the necessary material for fine spinning for pliable and soft goods cannot be obtained in this country in any quantity. It has to come from Australia and the Argentine Republic, and pay exorbitant duties. Wool for face-finished goods is not obtainable in this country, but must be had from the warmer regions of the Southern Hemisphere, including South Africa.

Silk manufacturing has probably increased more in proportion in the decade than any other textile industry. We now manufacture two-thirds of our total consumption of silk goods in this country, and of ribbons almost our entire consumption. Silk is immeasurably less of a luxury now than twenty years ago; every year silk dresses are worn to a greater extent by persons of moderate means, and this has been largely brought about by inventions which have enabled manufacturers to use what was formerly waste. Reeled silk used to be made of the waste cocoons, and it was considered a product of relatively little value. But now machines have been devised for converting these cocoons into a very durable material for fabric, by a system of opening and carding.

While the United States has not yet made great headway in clothing the rest of the world, its progress in textile industries appears remarkable when it is considered how large a part of the world's clothing we wear right here at home. We have one-fifth of all the cotton spindles of the world, and consume nearly one-third of the world's product of cotton, as Census Office experts compute. In silk, of which we consume all that we manufacture, we use more than any other single country, and the value of what we spin is exceeded only by France. While France does not use quite so much material as we do, the greater amount of labor employed in the finer grades which she manufactures brings her product to a figure above our own. We are not importing much woolen cloth, or much cotton; what we do

bring in each line is chiefly novelties and a few finer grades. The amount of silk imported has already been alluded to. Our exportation of cloth is practically limited to cotton. It is thus apparent how near we come to clothing ourselves.

RICE CULTURE.....S. A. KNAPP*

Rice production in the United States is limited to the South Atlantic and Gulf States, where, in some sections, it is the principal cereal product. For nearly one hundred and ninety years after the introduction of rice into the United States, South Carolina and Georgia produced the principal portion, while North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana grew only a limited amount. Within the last ten years Louisiana and Texas have increased the area devoted to rice to such an extent that they now furnish nearly three-fourths of all the product of the country.

For fifteen years prior to 1861 the annual production of rice in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia had averaged more than 105,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice. Of this South Carolina produced more than three-fourths. But the industry in these States was wrecked by the war, and changed labor conditions, lack of necessary capital, and other causes have since prevented its full restoration. From 1866 to 1880, inclusive, the annual production of the three States averaged a little less than 41,000,000 pounds, of which South Carolina produced more than one-half. Since 1880 the average annual production has been, in round numbers, 46,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice, of which North Carolina produced 5,500,000, South Carolina 27,000,000, and Georgia 13,500,000 pounds.

Coincident with the breaking out of the Civil War began the development of the rice industry in Louisiana. For a number of years the product was small, but during the seventies the industry began to assume large proportions, averaging nearly 30,000,000 pounds for the decade and exceeding 51,000,000 in 1880. In 1885 the production of Louisiana reached 100,000,000 pounds, and in 1892 182,000,000 pounds; but these were years of exceptionally large crops. The average crop of the State since 1880 has been, in round numbers, 86,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice.

The great development of the rice industry in Louisiana since 1884 has resulted from the opening up of a prairie region in the southwestern part of the State, and the development

* From Farmers' Bulletin No. 110 United States Department of Agriculture.

of a system of irrigation and culture which made possible the use of harvesting machinery similar to that used in the wheat fields of the Northwest, thereby greatly lessening the cost of production. In 1896, however, a new difficulty began to be felt. The varieties of rice which yielded best and were otherwise most satisfactory from a cultural standpoint under the new system proved inferior commercially because the percentage of grains broken in the process of milling was very large, and the proportion of "head rice," made up of the unbroken grains, was low. As the Japanese rices possess superior milling qualities, yielding a high percentage of head rice, it was desirable that they should be experimented with in this country. With this idea in view, the Department of Agriculture, in the spring of 1899, imported from Japan about ten tons of Kiushu rice, which was distributed to experimenters in southwestern Louisiana and elsewhere in the rice belt.

The yield of rice varies with conditions of soil and climate and methods of culture. The commercial standard weight of "rough rice" is 45 pounds to the bushel. The product is usually put up in sacks or barrels of 162 pounds each. In South Carolina and Georgia the average yield is given as 8 to 12 barrels. Good lands properly managed will give a considerably larger yield. The yield in southwestern Louisiana is said by good authority to range from 8 to 18 barrels per acre. In a report made by planters to the Savannah Rice Association, January 28, 1882, the average yield to the acre is placed at 30 bushels, and the annual cost of cultivation, including the interest on the land, at \$35 per acre. In a report made by prominent rice planters to the House Committee on Ways and Means in January, 1897, the average yield to the acre is placed at 32 bushels, and the cost of production is fixed at \$24. If we take the latter estimate, the cost to the planter in the Atlantic States of raising 100 pounds of rough rice is \$1.66, or \$2.69 per sack of 162 pounds. Of course, this is only an average, the cost being much less in some instances and in others much greater.

The outlook for the further extension of the industry is very promising. According to the best estimates, there are about 10,000,000 acres of land in the five States bordering the Gulf of Mexico well suited to rice cultivation. The amount which can be successfully irrigated by present methods, using the available surface and artesian flows, does not exceed 3,000,000 acres. The balance of the land could probably

be brought into cultivation were it necessary, but the cost would, perhaps, be prohibitive at present prices. Three million acres is a conservative estimate of the amount which can be successfully irrigated. The best results require rotation of crops; consequently only one-half of that amount, or 1,500,000 acres, would be in rice at one time. At an average yield of 10 barrels (of 162 pounds) per acre, 1,500,000 acres of rice would produce nearly 2,500,000,000 pounds of clean rice, nearly six times the amount of our present consumption. There is no satisfactory reason why the United States should not grow and mill all of its own rice and become an exporter.

MAKING OF PIANOS.....WASHINGTON EVENING STAR

The first piano known to have been built in this country was made in Philadelphia in 1775 by John Behrent. Ten years later one George Ulschoefer began manufacturing in New York. In Boston, Benjamin Crehore and William and Adam Bent began work in 1797 and 1800, respectively, and, lastly, the manufacture was probably carried on in Baltimore by John Harper as early as 1802. Between the years 1815 and 1825 a great business depression prevailed in Great Britain, and a number of young and skilled English piano makers and artisans emigrated to the United States and began making pianos. Their arrival gave a great stimulus to the industry.

Between 1825 and 1840 several manufacturers, conspicuously Jonas Chickering of Boston, introduced an improvement in their pianos, which has been called the creative feature of the piano of to-day. The frames of all early pianos had been made of wood. Since this alternately swelled and contracted with atmospheric changes, the strings stretched upon it were never subjected to the same strain, and were therefore continually out of tune.

The improvement mentioned above consisted in the use of an iron frame, cast in a single solid piece. This allowed a much greater tension of the strings, with a corresponding improvement in tone quality, for a string stretched to its utmost limit yields its largest, purest and most brilliant tone. In all early pianos the strings were strained hardly to the tension of a violin string. By 1876 frames were made capable of sustaining a string tension of twelve and one-half tons. In that year Theodore Steinway of New York completed a series of metallurgical experiments which had lasted more than six years, and had taken him to many of the leading iron works of Europe.

These experiments resulted in the perfection of a frame capable of sustaining a tension of thirty tons.

The cast-iron frame, perfected by Jonas Chickering of Boston and others, and the method of overstringing, perfected and patented by Steinway & Sons of New York in 1859 and 1862, constitute probably the most important contributions the United States has made to the manufacture of pianos. Both of these improvements have been very generally adopted in Europe, as well as in the United States.

The position of the piano industry in the United States as early as 1851 is indicated by the statement of an English writer regarding the pianos exhibited at the International Exhibition in London in 1851, that "England had far outstripped every other nation, with the exception of America, in the manufacture of pianos." Since that date, as shown by statistics, the progress of the industry has been very great. At the same time, the art of piano making has been brought to great perfection. Almost all the important inventions, within the last half century, by which the tone and durability of pianos have been enhanced and increased have originated with American manufacturers, many of these improvements being imitated in Europe as soon as the details became known. "No grand piano of foreign make has ever been publicly heard in the United States since the advent of Thalberg, now nearly forty years ago; but many first-class American concert pianos have been and

are at present publicly used in the art centers of Europe by the greatest artists."

The manufacturer in the United States has been favored by the abundance of wood suitable for sounding boards, as well as for piano cases. The president of the New York Piano Makers' Association remarked in an address some years ago, "Just as Italian and Tyrolese forests made Amati violins possible in Cremona, so American lumber has made it possible to bring piano making to its highest perfection in this country."

Nearly all pianos made in the United States during the first half of the nineteenth century were square pianos. A species of upright pianos had been made by Loud & Bros. of Philadelphia as early as 1826, and Jonas Chickering, one of the pioneers of the American piano industry, had constructed the first American grand piano in 1840. Up to the year 1866, however, fully 97 per cent. of all the pianos made in the United States were square pianos. Since that date a complete revolution has taken place in the piano industry. The manufacture of square pianos has now almost entirely ceased. The production in the United States in 1900 consisted of 97.4 per cent. upright, 2.5 per cent. grand, and one-tenth of 1 per cent. square pianos. The manufacture of pianos in the United States was formerly confined to New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Between 1880 and 1890 the industry began to assume importance in Chicago, and this city in 1900 ranked next to New York in the value of pianos produced.

The Behavior of Social Wasps

By Minnie Marie Enteman, Ph.D.*

(University of Chicago)

In the tropics of the Old and New World the family of social wasps or Vespidae comprises seven genera, but only three of these, *Polistes*, *Polybia* and *Vespa* are represented in the United States. Of these, *Polybia* is the smallest and rarest, being restricted to California and Florida; *Vespa* is widely known as our common hornet or yellow-jacket, while *Polistes* is smaller and more timid, and its colonies never reach such formidable dimensions as those of *Vespa*.

*Popular Science Monthly.

Here, as in the other genera, the colony consists of three kinds of individuals—males, females and workers or neuters, and is founded usually by a single female, somewhat improperly called the queen. She, with perhaps several other females, is the sole survivor of a colony of the previous season, and has passed the winter in some warm crevice or sheltered corner. During the first warm days of spring she may be seen seeking a suitable nesting-place and, this found, she begins the construction of the nest, so that when, at the end of

six weeks—the first workers emerge, the nest may comprise as many as forty or fifty cells. From this time the workers gradually assume all the duties of the colony except the egg laying, though, as far as I have observed, in a spirit far different from that of the queen.

Thus, one nest, which at the beginning of July was made up of forty-three cells, and represented the work of a single queen or mother, contained at the end of the season only one hundred and twenty-seven cells, the eighty-four additional cells being presumably the product of at least fifty workers which had emerged during the summer months. Toward the latter part of August and early September the males and females appear, and the nests are more and more deserted for the flowers and fruits of autumn. Here the males and females mate, the workers and males linger through the warmer days, while the fertilized females alone survive the winter and lay the foundation of the new colony in the spring.

THE NEST AND ITS CONSTRUCTION.

The nest, as is well known, consists of a single layer of hexagonal paper cells. It is modeled from a soft gray pulp, which is a mixture of fibers of weather-worn wood and a secretion from the wasp's mouth. The little ball of semi-fluid is applied roughly by means of the fore legs, all along the edge of the cell to be extended, making an irregular addition about four times as thick as the cell wall. The wasp then walks back and forth for two or three minutes continually touching the material with her antennæ, and with her mandibles pats and smooths it into shape. This operation extends the wall each time from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch, depending of course on the size of the ball of material at the beginning. In addition to this, the wasp applies a glutinous secretion which renders the paper tough and waterproof, the nests built in the open being more thickly coated than those sheltered from the rain and dew.

THE CARE OF THE YOUNG.

The larvæ, which develop in a few days from the eggs, are fed from this time until the beginning of the pupal stage, both with nectar and proteid matter. The nectar is obtained from flowers, is stored for a time in the crop of the mother or the nurse, and then regurgitated into the mouth of the larvæ. This process may be easily watched in the case of captive wasps. They nearly always make the round of the cells containing feeding larvæ some minutes after

partaking of the sugar solution provided as their store of food. The animal food consists of caterpillars which have been worked by the mandibles into a mass about the consistency of marmalade.

This wasp does not sting her prey. Her habit is to seize the squirming caterpillar in her fore legs, pass it back and forth several times between her mandibles until it is quite limp and dead, and then to roll it deftly into a ball and hold it between the fore legs while she flies to the nest. There, the operation is continued three or four minutes longer, until the malaxation is complete. In distributing the food, the mass is held firmly against the ventral side of the thorax, by means of the femora of the first pair of legs and a bit partly pinched off with the mandibles. Next, the wasp inserts her head into a cell, lightly touches the larva with her antennæ, causing it to stir and open its mouth and then pushes the bit of food into the mouth with the tarsal joints of the fore legs. With the remainder, the wasp now passes to another cell and the process is repeated until the ball of food is used up.

The foregoing constitute the chief activities of *Polistes*, but several other minor performances may be briefly noted. Among these are the stroking and rubbing movements which serve to keep the body clean. They are chiefly six in number: (1) Hanging by the four posterior legs, while doubling the first pair backward over the head and repeatedly passing them forward over the face and antennæ. The latter are thus drawn between the tibæ and the spurs which these bear on their distal ends. (2) Drawing the first pair of legs alternately between the mandibles, and thereby removing any foreign substances accumulated by them during the first step of the process. (3) Doubling the first pair of legs as above mentioned and passing them backward over the dorsal surface of the thorax and the bases of the wings. (4) Hanging by the two anterior pairs of legs and passing the hindmost pair backward over the abdomen and the folded wings. (5) Suspending the body by the first pair of legs and drawing each of the others in turn between the tibial spurs of one of the remaining legs. (6) Drawing the wings alternately on each side between the abdomen and the hindmost leg of that side. These are sometimes gone through in the order given, but not necessarily so; some of the steps may be altogether omitted, although the movements of the anterior usually precede those of the posterior appendages.

Then the wasp makes frequent careful inspection of the cells of her nest. She may return every few minutes in the interval of her other activities, apparently for the sole purpose of satisfying herself that all is well.

Polistes is said also to store honey in the cells from which the perfect imagines have emerged. In the height of the season these cells are used a second time for the development of the young. They are then carefully renovated before the egg is deposited. I have never yet found honey stored in the nests taken, but in two nests which were kept indoors for the purpose of experimentation many of the cells were found to contain a few grains of perfectly transparent, sweetish substance which undoubtedly had been elaborated from the sugar solution forming the food store of the little colony.

THE LARVAL AND PUPAL PERIODS.

The sole activity of the young during the three weeks larval period appears to be the feeding on the elaborated nectar and proteid matter furnished by the mothers or the workers. At the end of this time the larva spins a silken lining and a covering for its cell. This is done by passing the head from point to point of the cell wall while a glairy fluid issues from its mouth and hardens into a delicate silken thread. I have noticed a considerable difference in the form of the cell covering. Under normal conditions, the cell is lengthened by the workers or the queen to suit the increasing size of the larva, but in captivity the wasps cease the work of construction, though they may still continue to feed the larvæ. The cell is therefore too short for the full-grown larva. In such cases it not only lines the cell, but extends the wall with the same silken substance, finally capping it with a dome-shaped cover. This apparent forethought on the part of the larva is entirely accounted for when we see that in spinning its cocoon the larva begins near the bottom of the cell, gradually approaches its mouth and finally stretches as far as possible beyond it. If the cell wall is already sufficiently extended, this serves solely as a lining, if not as, in part, extension to the original cell, providing the space necessary for the metamorphosis.

BEHAVIOR OF THE NEWLY EXCLUDED WORKER.

The study of the newly excluded wasp is extremely interesting and throws some light, I think, on the character of its mental activities. There is at the outset considerable variation observable in its actions. Sometimes the

little worker does not take the trouble to cut the lid of its cell entirely away, occasionally it not only cuts away the lid, but neatly trims the edges of the cell, and very rarely it pushes its head into the cell, as if to satisfy a curiosity concerning the place whence it has come, even making comparisons from the contents of neighboring cells. But I question whether this performance is rewarded by any intelligence.

Emergence accomplished, there ensues a period of quiescence, which for the most part is passed on the back of the nest, and which is probably necessary to the proper hardening of the tissues. Meanwhile the queen does not cease her labors, but makes it her first duty to clean out the cell left vacant by the newly excluded imago and lay an egg in it. Returning, perhaps, a little later with a ball of food, she thrusts it into the face of the worker, but no notice is taken of it, and she proceeds alone with the work of malaxation and distribution. This may be repeated several times before the young worker finally accepts the urgent invitation to take up its family responsibilities. There is no doubt that the worker sees what the queen is doing, and when, after apparently watching her go through the process of malaxing and dispensing the food several times, it comes up to take part of it and do the same, the inference is perfectly natural that the worker is imitating its mother. This idea is strengthened when we observe that it takes the young one about three times as long as its mother to accomplish the task of feeding, and that there is great uncertainty displayed in offering the food to the larvæ. The young worker is apt to waste much time in poking its head into the wrong cells, and running unnecessarily about over the face of the nest.

To test whether the worker learns to do its work by imitation, I removed one nest, whose founder was missing, to a place half a mile distant from any known nest before any of the workers had emerged. After the appearance of four workers, fresh caterpillars were repeatedly offered them. Two weeks passed before this met with any response, whereupon one day they all surprised me by coming up and very eagerly preparing and distributing the food. I have since made sure that the nursing habit is entirely independent of the example of the mother and, further, that its appearance is to some extent variable for different individuals.

In the experiments conducted the past summer, bits of larvæ of the Ribbed Rhagium, a beetle whose eggs develop under the bark of

decaying trees, were offered at intervals to the newly excluded neuters before they had had any association with others of their kind. With slight exception, great trepidation, or rather movements, which I interpret as indicating fear, was shown at the first appearance of the morsel. The wasp retreated precipitately from the proffered morsel, sometimes turning and running away in the wildest manner imaginable. But usually when the bit had been presented for the fourth or fifth time (at intervals of one half to one minute), the wasp would no longer back or run away, but stop and look at it. The next action was to touch it with the antennæ, and finally it was seized and disposed of in the customary manner. Usually the experiment met with success in the way described if performed any time after the first half day of imaginal life. But I have seen a worker, not four hours old, spontaneously go through the same reaction, while others waited several days before manifesting the instinct.

One other note on the feeding habit may be of interest. Throughout the social Hymenoptera the male is the drone of the colony, and usually among the solitary wasps the work of excavating or otherwise constructing and storing the nest devolves entirely on the female. Mr. and Mrs. Peckham recount cases of cooperation of the male with the female of *Trypoxylon* to the extent of guarding the nest and even taking the spiders as they were brought by the female and packing them properly away. In one colony under observation this fall the males eagerly took portions of dead larvæ from one another, and crushed and turned them in their mandibles; and, in one instance, when the malaxation was complete, one of them carried it over the nest in the same searching manner as the female, and finally fed it to a larva. This is the only recorded instance among the Vespidae known to me, but it is likely further careful observations would show similar aberrations of instinct.

THE LOCALITY STUDY.

Several days usually elapse before the young *Polistes* makes its first essay into the world. When it does appear, the impulse to fly is strong, though in most cases it soon spends itself. That is, if in captivity, the wasp will repeatedly beat itself against its prison walls and steadfastly refuse to perform any of the reflexes it may have shown prior to this time. If at liberty, the impulse usually carries it a short distance, perhaps two or three feet from the nest, where it spends a considerable amount

of time running about in an inquiring way. This alternation of short flights and strolls may last for an hour or more, and the wasp extends its examination of surrounding objects to some distance, before it returns leisurely and, as if by accident, to the nest. There is no such apparent purposefulness in the procedure as has been described for the solitary wasps.

It may be profitable here to reflect on the factors of the extremely useful feeding habit. The whole appears to be a complex of reactions which are at first quite separate and distinct. The first step is the perfection of the process of malaxation and distribution of the food, and is taken before the wasp feels the impulse to leave the nest, or has had any opportunity of finding food for itself. Next comes the familiarizing with surroundings. This at first has apparently no relation to food-seeking, yet in course of time, and aided probably by the olfactory sense, the wasp naturally comes upon something edible and, after extracting the juices, it may be well that it tries to distribute the food on the spot. This being impossible, there is a second alternative, that is to fly, and if flight takes it back to the nest, the rest of the procedure is probably carried out. Repetitions of this chain of actions causes it to occur oftener and with greater constancy, until the habit in all its complexity is well established.

It is well known that usually the wasp flies straight out from the nest, and does not return by the path it took in leaving. And while it appears that the first "locality studies" are the desultory wanderings just described, there are, nevertheless, circumstances where *Polistes* makes the swift survey of the objects surrounding her nest, which has been described by Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, for many of the solitary wasps. I observed this in numbers of instances where the wasps were set free after having been left in captivity long enough to habituate themselves to their new surroundings.

It would be interesting to speculate on the meaning of the various actions described above. What sense best serves *Polistes* in finding its way about? Does it actually see and make a mental note of the various factors of its environment? Or does a mere blind following in response to other sense impressions, namely, the olfactory, serve its purpose? Theory is fascinating, but with the slight data at command, it is hardly profitable. Observation shows that the wasp instinctively flies toward the light; its course is also materially affected by currents of air, such as draughts in a room where it is held captive. Mechanical response

to these two influences will, in this case, usually serve to liberate it without the use of any other sense or faculty. Again, the antennæ seem to play an important rôle in orienting the insect. Accidental loss of one antenna in one case retarded the finding of the nest. Further, the flight in circles, when leaving or approaching the nest, might be interpreted as due to the difference in stimulation of the antennæ of the two sides—the side toward, and the side away from, the nest.

In summarizing these observations, it may be said that, although they are perhaps hardly extensive enough to warrant definite conclusions concerning wasp intellection, they nevertheless indicate several things:

1 All wasps possess the instinct of fear. This is especially strong the first few days after

emergence, but is readily overcome by the frequent appearance of the awe-inspiring object.

2. The feeding instinct is evidently called forth in response to olfactory impressions. These responses become more precise as they are repeated.

3. Once established, under favoring conditions, separate reactions combine to form complex habits.

4. In a sense, the wasp remembers. This is indicated by the manner in which it accustoms itself to the sight of strange objects, and by its behavior when a change is made in its nest or surroundings.

5. It shows considerable individual variability, both as to time and manner of its response to stimuli.

6. Wasps do not imitate one another.

When Acting Becomes Reality

By Clara Morris*

How often we hear people say, "Oh, that could only happen in a play!" and yet it's surprising how often actors receive proof positive that their plays are reflecting happenings in real life.

When Mr. Daly had *L'Article 47* on, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, for instance, the key-note of the play was the insanity of the heroine. In the second, most important act, before her madness had been openly proclaimed, it had to be indicated simply by manner, tone, and gesture; and the one action of drawing the knee up into her clasping arms, and then swaying the body mechanically from side to side, while muttering rapidly to herself, thrilled the audience with the conviction of her affliction more subtly than words could have done. One night, when the act was on, I had just begun to sway from side to side, when from the auditorium there arose one long, long agonizing wail, and that wail was followed by the heavy falling of a woman's body from her chair into the center aisle.

In an instant all was confusion, every one sprang to his feet; even the musicians, who were playing some creepy, incidental music, as was the fashion then, stopped and half rose from their places. It was a dreadful moment!

Somehow I kept a desperate hold upon my strained and startled nerves and swayed on from side to side. Mr. Stoepel, the leader, glanced at me. I caught his eye and said, quick and low, "Play! play!"

He understood; but instead of simply resuming where he had left off, from force of habit, he first gave the leader's usual three sharp taps upon his music desk, and then—so queer a thing is an audience—those people, brought to their feet in an agony of terror, of fire, panic, and sudden death by a woman's cry, now at that familiar tap, tap, tap, broke here and there into laughter. By sixes and sevens, then by tens and twenties, they sheepishly seated themselves, only turning their heads with pitying looks while the ushers removed the unconscious woman.

Later that evening we learned that the lady who had cried out had been brought to the theater by friends who hoped to cheer her up (Heaven save the mark!) and help her to forget her dreadful and recent experience of placing her own mother in an insane asylum. Learned, too, that her very first suspicion of that poor mother's condition had come from finding her one morning sitting up in bed, her arms embracing her knees, while she swayed from side to side unceasingly, muttering low and fast all the time,

*From *Stage Confidences*. By Clara Morris. Boston, Lothrop Publishing Co. Copyright, 1902, by Lothrop Publishing Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall. All Rights Reserved.

Poor lady! No wonder her worn nerves gave way when all unexpectedly that dread scene was reproduced before her, and worse still before the staring public.

On election nights it is customary for the manager to read, or have read, to the audience the returns as fast as they come in from various points, showing how the voting has gone.

An election was just over, when one evening a small incident occurred during a performance of Miss Multon that we would gladly have dispensed with. In the quarrel scene between the two women, the first and supposedly dead wife, in her character of governess to her own children, is goaded by the second wife into such a passion that she finally throws off all concealment and declares her true character and name.

The scene was a strong one, and was always looked forward to eagerly by the audience.

On the evening I speak of the house was packed almost to suffocation. The other characters in the play had withdrawn, and for the first time the two women were alone together. Both keyed up almost to the breaking point, we faced each other, and there was a dead, I might almost say a deadly pause before either spoke.

It was very effective—that silence before the storm. People would lean forward and fairly hold their breath, feeling there was a death struggle coming. And just at that very moment of tensest feeling, as we two women silently measured each other, a man's voice clearly and exultantly declared:

"Well, now, we'll get the returns read, I reckon."

In one instant the whole house was in a roar of laughter. Under cover of the noise I said to my companion, who was showing her annoyance, "Keep still! keep still!"

And we stood there like statues, utterly ignoring the interruption, there was a sudden outbreak of hissing, and the laughter stopped as suddenly as it had burst out, and our scene went on, receiving even more than its usual meed of applause. But when the curtain had fallen I had my own laugh; for it was funny, very funny.

In Boston there was an interruption of a different nature. It was a matinee performance. There were tear-wet faces everywhere you looked. The last act was on. I was slipping to my knees in my vain entreaty to be allowed to see my children as their mother, not merely as their dying governess, when a tall, slim,

black-robed woman rose up in the parquet. She flung out her arms in a superb gesture, and in a voice of piercing anguish cried:

"For God's sake, let her have her children! I've lived through such loss, but she can't; it will kill her!"

Tears sprang to the eyes of every one on the stage, and there was a perceptible halt in the movement of the play. And when, at the death scene, a lady was carried out in a faint, we were none of us surprised to hear it was she who had so far forgotten where she was as to make that passionate plea for a woman whose suffering was probably but a faint reflection of her own.

An odd and somewhat touching little incident occurred one evening when we were in the far Northwest. There was a blizzard on just then, and the cold was something terrible. I had a severe attack of throat trouble, and my doctor had been with me most of the day. His little boy, hearing him speak of me, was seized with a desire to go to the theater, and coaxed so well that his father promised to take him.

The play was *Odetta*. The doctor and his pretty little son sat in the end seats of the parquet circle, close to the stage and almost facing the whole house. The little fellow watched his first play closely. As the comedy bit went on he smiled up at his father, saying, audibly, "I like her—don't you, papa?"

Papa silenced him, while a few people who had overheard smiled over the child's unconsciousness of observers. But when I had changed my dress and crept into the darkened room in a robe de chambre; when the husband had discovered my wrong-doing and was driving me out of his house, a child's cry of protest came from the audience. At the same moment the husband raised his hand to strike. I repelled him with a gesture and went staggering off the stage; while that indignant little voice cried, "Papa, papa! can't you have that man arrested?" and the curtain fell.

One of the actors ran to the peep-hole in the curtain, and saw the doctor leading out the little man, who was then crying bitterly, the audience smiling and applauding him, one might say affectionately.

A little bit later the doctor came to my dressing-room to apologize and to tell me the rest of it. When the curtain had fallen the child had begged: "Take me out—take me out!" and the doctor, thinking he might be ill, rose and led him out. No sooner had they reached the door, however, than he pulled his

hand away, crying: "Quick, papa! quick! you go round the block that way, and I'll run round this way, and we'll be sure to find that poor lady that's out in the cold—just in her nighty!"

It was in Camille, one Friday night, in Baltimore, that for the only time in my life I wished to wipe an animal out of existence. I love four-footed creatures with extravagant devotion, not merely the finely bred and beautiful ones, but the poor, the sick, the halt, the maimed, the half-breeds or the no breeds at all; and almost all animals quickly make friends with me, divining my love for them. But on this one night—well! it was this way. In the last act, as Camille, I had staggered from the window to the bureau and was nearing that dread moment when in the looking-glass I was to see the reflection of my wrecked and ruined self. The house was giving strained attention, watching dim-eyed the piteous, weak movements of the dying woman; and right there I heard that (—h!) quick indrawing of the breath startled womanhood always indulges in before either a scream or a laugh. My heart gave a plunge, and I thought: What is it? Oh, what is wrong? and I glanced down at myself anxiously, for really I wore so very little in that scene that if anything should slip off—gracious! I did not know but what, in the interest of public propriety, the law might interfere. But that one swift glance told me that the few garments I had assumed in the dressing-room still faithfully clung to me. But alas! there was the dreaded titter, and it was unmistakably growing. What was it about? They could only laugh at me, for there was no one else on the stage. Was there, not indeed! In an agony of humiliation I turned half about and found myself facing an absolutely monstrous cat. Starlike he held the very center of the stage, his two great topaz eyes were fixed roundly and unflinchingly upon my face. On his body and torn ears he carried the marks of many battles. His brindled tail stood straightly and aggressively in the air, and twitched with short, quick twitches, at its very tip, truly as burly an old buccaneer as ever I saw.

No wonder they giggled! But how to save the approaching death-scene from total ruin? All was done in a mere moment or two; but several plans were made and rejected during these few moments. Naturally my first thought, and the correct one, was to call back "Nannine," my faithful maid, and tell her to remove the cat. But alas! my Nannine was an

unusually dull-witted girl, and she would never be able to do a thing she had not rehearsed. My next impulse was to pick up the creature and carry it myself; but I was playing a dying girl, and the people had just seen me, after only three steps, reel helplessly into a chair; and this cat might easily weigh twelve pounds or more; and then at last my plan was formed. I had been clinging all the time to the bureau for support, now I slipped to my knees and a prayer in my heart that this fierce old Thomas might not decline my acquaintance, I held out my hand, and in a faint voice called "Puss—Puss—Puss! come here, Puss!"

It was an awful moment: if he refused to come, if he turned tail and ran, all was over; the audience would roar.

"Puss—Puss!" I pleaded. Thomas looked hard at me, hesitated, stretched out his neck, and working his whiskers nervously, sniffed at my hand.

"Puss—Puss!" I gasped out once more, and lo! he gave a little "meow," and walking over to me, arched his back amicably, and rubbed his dingy old body against my knee. In a moment my arms were about him, my cheek on his wicked old head, and the applause that broke forth from the audience was a balm of Gilead to my distress and mortification. Then I called for Nannine, and when she came on I said to her, "Take him downstairs, Nannine, he grows too heavy a pet for me these days," and she lifted and carried Sir Thomas from the stage, and so I got out of the scrape without sacrificing my character as a sick woman.

My manager, Mr. John P. Smith, who was a wag, and who would willingly give up his dinner, which he loved, for a joke, which he loved better, was the next day questioned about this incident. One gentleman, a music dealer, said to him: "Mr. Smith, I wish you to settle a question for me. My wife and I are at variance. We saw Camille last night, and my wife, who has seen it several times in New York, insisted that that beautiful little cat-scene belongs to the play and is always done; while I am sure I never saw it before, and several of my customers agree with me, one lady declaring it to have been an accident. Will you kindly set us right?"

"Certainly," heartily replied Mr. Smith; "your wife is quite right, the cat-scene is always done. It is a great favorite with Miss Morris, and she hauls that cat all over the country with her, ugly as he is, just because he's such a good actor."

Determining Sex in Animal Life

—By Late Professor S. L. Schenck*—

On examination of the various assertions recently made on the subject of influencing the development of the sex, it will be found that in most cases one fact is especially prominent, arguing that it is possible to combat and successfully overcome all the different casual moments. According to the theories hitherto prevalent, these causes may be explained in the most diverse ways. It is, however, certain that the many existing theories may be partly or entirely disproved. Only the theory founded on the nutrition of the parent individual may claim to have been confirmed by many undeniable facts. Those who most hotly oppose this theory are still forced by the facts hitherto published to allow that nutrition is a means toward the development of a particular sex—if not for all species of animals, yet for a certain class. The significance of nutrition and organic exchange in the discussion of this question is always of the highest importance to the formation of sex. Anyone who has the opportunity of studying the conditions of organic exchange in the parent and obtaining the result in figures will soon be able to remark differences in the totals of these columns worthy of attention. It will be found that these show a greater capacity for the consumption of nitrogenous substances in connection with the male sex than in the case of those ova which develop into female individuals.

A number of observations are here briefly adduced, which may assist in confirming the principles of our theory on Influence on the Relative Proportions of the Sexes, and the dependence of these on nutrition and organic exchange.

On the announcement of my publication, a treatise by Dr. Ludwig Cohn, in Königsberg, appeared, in which this question was discussed from the standpoint of biological and statistical experience. He seeks to disprove modern ideas, and takes a negative view of every branch of the subject. This principle of negation cannot, however, be observed in the question of the nutrition of the embryo. He is here compelled to take into consideration the observations on plants, first made by Knight, namely, that those grown in a well-

manured soil produce a superfluity of female forms.

As regards many animals of inferior classes, we are in a position to testify to facts, proving that there is an undoubted influence on the formation of sex by means of nutrition. Firstly, the experiments of Landois on caterpillars of the *Vanessa urticae* genus bear witness to this. He succeeded in producing male and female specimens at will by a first abundant and afterward scanty scheme of nutrition. The effects of nutrition on the sex of bees has been noticed constantly. Larvæ placed in queens' cells and well nourished become queens, while those hatched in workers' cells and badly nourished become sexually imperfect workers. In the case of stag beetles, various rudimentary deformities are found. This phenomenon is strikingly noticeable in circumstances of insufficient nutriment during the larva period. In the case of scanty nutrition, it is usually the males that preponderate and are imperfectly formed.

Observations have also been noted in the case of the higher animals, showing that scanty nutrition is favorable to the development of males. Ploss asserts that the proportion of male births rises and falls with the price of food. According to this author, more boys are born in the Kingdom of Saxony in times of agricultural depression. In Paris, in the years from 1841 to 1850, the fluctuating price of grain is said to have been noticeable in the same manner. In reference to these phenomena, Rolph characterizes males as a "hunger generation."

A remarkable preponderance of boys in the country, in comparison with the inhabitants of towns, and the same among mountaineers, has been often proved (Ploss, Conradi, Giron, Horn). The conditions of nutrition, and especially the organic exchange of the parent individual, have an influence on the formation of sex, not only among the lower animals, but also in the case of the higher species, and also of man. The fact is well known to huntsmen that, in years of plentiful forage, females predominate in the hunting districts, especially among mammalia; this has been vouched for constantly.

In eggs parthogenetically developed, among crustaceans as well as insects, the influence of

*North American Review.

nutrition on the determination of sex may be seen in a remarkable manner. Not the nutrition alone, but certain circumstances connected with it, are especially worthy of notice. *Artemisia salina*, a small salt-water crab, is influenced by an alteration in the quantity of salt in the water, so that in consequence of dilution it produces a preponderance of male offspring.

Maupas, and later Nussbaum, occupied themselves with the rearing of *Hydatina*. It was found by experiments that more males were produced by keeping the animalculæ in cold water, but when this was heated to from twenty-four to twenty-six degrees, Centigrade, a numerous generation of females was the result. In the reports of the *Monde Médical* (Vol. VIII., No. 2, Paris, 1898) mention is made of a contribution by Le Dantec to the *Comptes Rendus*. In the course of his studies on heredity, the above-mentioned author came to the conclusion that the sexual differentiation of two *Plastidæ* of the same genus could not be caused by any difference in their chemical composition, and that it must, therefore, arise from their molecular dissimilarity. By the use of Pasteur's nutritious fluid, in which a solution, saturated with pro-tartrate of ammonia, is employed as an aliment, the nutrition has an influence on the *Plastidæ*, particularly in the determination of sex. Hence Le Dantec declared himself ready to adopt the theory formulated by myself.

Mary Treat, of Vineland, N. J., called attention to an interesting fact observed by her in the early seventies of last century. In this experiment the determination of sex appeared especially dependent on the supply of food. Hence results were obtained by artificially influencing nutrition. Thirty-four males and one female were produced from a so-called "male" box, in which male specimens of *Papilio asterias* were bred by means of underfeeding. Out of seventy-nine specimens, fed by Mary Treat in the above-mentioned manner, with a view to the production of males, only three females were found, the others proving to be males. An entire exclusion of the female sex was not attained, a fact which coincides; generally speaking, with the experiments of other writers. I am acquainted with similar experiments on silk-worms, among which a large preponderance of males was effected, but it was difficult entirely to prevent the production of females in a single experiment. It appears that the complete exclusion of one sex from a brood very rarely occurs. It is also probable that all these

animals have not equal capacities of assimilation, so that a difference in the latter may easily occur, inferior nutrition having the same effect on one specimen as abundance on another.

The idiosyncrasy of the individual has an influence on the production of a certain sex, hence he has the tendency, through the course of successive lines of descent, to generate particularly one or the other sex. Lorenz asserts, from his genealogical studies, that entire families appear predestined to the generation of female offspring, and that in some the tendency to male, in others to female, births repeats itself from generation to generation. One also meets with the tendency of many families to produce always male or always female first-born through long lives of descent. Generally speaking, it is only possible in the case of reigning families to determine which sex has predominated in succession through a long line of generations. One fact is certain, that it is only in the rarest cases that one sex occurs exclusively, without the presence of the other if only in very small numbers.

In the study of the heredity of sex, in my opinion, the following points must be remarked. It is not to be supposed that in offspring only one class of the progenitors' idiosyncrasies are to be regarded as hereditary. One cannot admit heredity of sex, without almost conceding the heredity, in the individual concerned, of many other anatomical or physiological signs shown during development. These inherited characteristics are perhaps necessary, as the active principles involved in the determination of sex might not otherwise take effect.

A mutual dependence in the formation of the different physiological functions of the individual during development appears to be as certain as is the fact that in the post-embryonal existence of an adult the various vital physiological functions of an organism must act in a definite connection toward each other. If features, color of the hair and eyes, shape of the hands, and other peculiarities are transmitted to descendants by heredity, why should not the capacity for nutrition and organic exchange be looked upon as hereditary also?

The time will come when numbers alone will not be considered in the genealogy of different families, but after obtaining a sufficient number of data, it will be possible to observe other conditions affecting these cases, such as the manner of nutrition and organic exchange. The heredity of these latter appears to be a fact worthy of notice.

How Danny Mourned for Missie

By Alfred Ollivant

The following story is taken from Mr. Ollivant's latest book.* The grim Laird has allowed his lonely young English wife to accept from an admirer, Andie Campbell, the gift of a beautiful sheep dog, which she calls her "babe," on condition that the difference between manslaughter and murder be strictly observed. Trained by his mistress, Danny soon acquires as keen a sense as Robin, the henchman, has of this distinction between "gamey and tamey" fowl; but Deborah Awe, the old house-servant, abiding not this "he-male doag," calls all killing murder, and continually urges His Honor to enforce upon Danny the extreme penalty of hanging. Soon after one of these "bloodying" escapades of Danny's Missie falls sick and her "babe" is inconsolable. He tries to enter her room and is caught several times by the Laird and is finally given over to the care of Robin who locks him in the woodshed. Here Danny grieves and Robin in pity for him thinks to appeal to his "bloodying" spirit by catching rats and offering these for Danny's prowess.

The fourth day of his captivity found Danny, full of secret business, carried far into the night. In the morning, unaccountably, he had missed a rat, and, marking the way of its escape, had discovered a hole and rotten board in the side of his prison-house. All day thereafter, in the absence of his jailer, he had wrought with earthy muzzle, delving hands and spurning feet; and when Robin entered had sat upon the earth-heap to hide it, mourning with reproachful eyes. Nor would he come forth to the slaying, though Robin tempted him with rats, pig-fat, three-legged, and succulent, "such as a three-month's puppy would kill," said Robin. "Give him time!"

Robin watched him a while miserably; then he went forth and came to the kitchen, to the Woman who sat within, idle for once.

"You have killed my Danny!" he gulped; "and I aye tell't ye."

The Woman lifted her face, nor seemed to understand.

"Get out your blacks, man Robin," she said suddenly. "The Lord has had His will of her." Robin looked at her with startled eyes.

"Is she away?" he whispered.

The Woman began to speak as one telling a tale in a dream; in short sentences with long pauses, dry-eyed and with sodden voice.

"Then his Honor went—him bein' but a

man and unable to bear; I was left with her.

Then she just lay a bit."

Her fingers began picking at her apron listlessly.

"Then she whispered me—and I bent—and it was to will his Honor to me—to mend him, and mind him, and see he changed his feet. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

Hereyes were downcast, watching her fingers, and she went on soddenly:

"Then she opened her eyes, and whispered me. And she was gettin' far, but I heard—And I was to give her dear love to Danny—'And don't girn at him, Deb,' says she: And she looked at me, and she was crying. And I swore to it. . . . Then she just lay a bit."

"Toward sunset she began to stir, and I do think she would be waiting Danny home from bloodying. 'Don't be cross, Massa,' she says, frightened like. 'We can't help it.' Then she opened her eyes, and saw me and laughed like and whispered: 'It is I am girning, I think, Deb.' . . . Then she just lay a long bit."

The Woman's throat was haggard, and her face gray as the evening without.

"Then she smiled—and she just said—'Good night, Deb. Kiss', and I kissed her. . . . and she was away . . . Just, Good-night, Deb,' she says. 'Kiss' . . . and I kissed her, and she was away."

And Robin, who for all his rude tongue had the heart of a woman, stood in the door, his back to her, shaken with sobs. Long he stood so; then turned, dim old man, with swimming eyes.

"Danny is dead," he announced.

The Woman looked up and into her dull eyes crept a gleam of joy.

"Has he followed her home?" she said.

"He cares no more for the killing," said Robin. "He cares no more to live."

The woman flamed forth upon him with sodden bitterness.

"He has killed my Missie," she cried. "That should be killing enough for him for one while."

The flame died out. She was all gray again. Her hands fell to her lap, and set to their idle

*Danny. By Alfred Ollivant, New York. Doubleday, Page & Co.

business once more; and she began again in that dull dream-voice of hers—

"And 'Good-night, Deb,' she says. 'Kiss' . . . And I kissed her; and she was away."

Two days later at noon Danny stole out of his prison-house with earthy muzzle, and made for the house and his Love. He passed close by to Robin; but that old man stood at the bee-skeps, bowed figure of woe, whispering, and saw him not.

So he came to the house swiftly and unseen, by way of the kitchen, and then along dim, mouldy passages. The hall was strangely dark as he entered it, and there was an unwonted stir of people. At the foot of the stairs was a drift of fair white flowers piled deep, unfamiliar in that gaunt hall as a heap of lilies on a bleak hillside; and dimly seen through the heart of them a shining slab of oak.

Threading his way amid strange legs, clothed in black, and still smelling of the tailor's iron, he sped up the stairs to the door of his Love.

It was shut, and he called to her through the crack at the bottom, low and very tenderly as was his way, and waited for the sound of skipping feet, the little laughter, and flash of half-hidden ankles as of old when she came to admit him of mornings, home from his foray with Robin in the dew.

In a passion of expectation he waited, watching the crack with ardent eyes; now thrusting at the door with impatient paw, now crying a soft call, now taking a little eager turn down the passage as though to seek help, returning again to snuffle, shiver, and cry to her to come.

Then a far door opened.

Down the passage came his enemy of the thunder-brow, like an old blind giant tramping in his sleep, and stumbled against the watchman at the door.

"Eh?" he said—"Eh?" as one lost in a mist of doubt.

"It is Danny, sir," sniffled the woman at his heels. "Will I take him away?"

The Laird opened the door without a word. Danny shot in. With a little glad cry he leaped upon the bed, and then he knew—his Love was gone.

Back he came with a fury of onslaught.

Too late. The door was shut.

* * * * *

At midnight the Woman came to the Laird. He was sitting lonely in the hall, a short cloak about his shoulders. His hands were crossed; the stark face was lifted till the throat of iron could be seen, and his eyes were shut.

"He will not taste, sir!" she gasped, tears in her voice.

The Laird's chin dropped.

"Who?" he asked, with opening eyes.

"Danny, sir. I laid the clout for him at the bedside—as Missie would, and I put his platter on it—as she would, and I called him to it and bid him say his blessing—just as she aye did. And he leapt off the bed, and walked round and sniffed it, and then," she cried in high voice of woe, "he just stood, waggin' a bit and looked at the door and waited."

"He could never touch a morsel tel she bid him," keened the woman; "then he just looked at me and went back to the bed and his silver slipper. And there he lays and looks, and lays and looks, and will not stir for me."

"Let him bide," said the Laird briefly, and he was let bide.

* * * * *

Danny lay at the foot of the bed, quite still, with haggard eyes and chin upon his slipper.

Robin sat down on the bed.

"Mannie," he said, and could say no more for the fulness at his throat.

Danny greeted him friendly, as of old, with faint flicker of ears and slow-moved tail; but he made no move.

Robin edged nearer, and the watchman hud-



dled over his slipper. Robin patted him, and he crouched with leveled ears. Robin laid hand upon the slipper, and Danny pinned him by the wrist, nor broke the skin.

The old man loosed the slipper and Danny loosed his hold; then he licked the wrist where he had pinched it, very tenderly, watching the other with sad eyes.

Robin rose, and went out quickly, down the stairs and through the kitchen.

* * * * *

Next morning when the Woman came to the mourner, he rose wearily, slipper in mouth, and trailed out of the room.

She watched him plodding down the stairs, the slipper tap-tapping from stair to stair as he went; she saw him cross the sombre hall and enter the Morning Room.

Within he stood on the low tapestried chair she had used to sit upon—maidenly white figure with bowed head, the sun in her hair, and her white-and-golden work upon her knees.

Against a little octagon table he leaned and tilted with long muzzle at the work-basket thereon. It fell, and strewed the floor with a thousand little knickknacks.

He leaped down and searched amid the wreckage. Her thimble he took between his teeth, pinched delicately, shook, and snuffed into; a ball of wool he held with one firm paw, hopped round it on three legs, and nosed beneath; then into the gutted basket he thrust his nose, and scratched the bottom of it with diligent forepaw.

"She is not there, Danny," said the voice of the Laird.

Danny looked up and saw him standing in the door, stark shadow of a man; then he snapped up his slipper, and trailed out through the glass door into the green-smelling house of flowers beyond.

And now it seemed that these, her children, drooped palely and without hope.

Round the rim of each flowerpot he sniffed with careful nose. One pale fuchsia that she had loved above all because it ailed, and tended even on that last evening, that hung now brokenly like a love-sick girl, he stayed at. Round it he searched, eager, intent, his tail still low, yet stirring as with reviving hope, nor would abandon it; as though about it still lingered some far faint breath of her ministry.

"She is no there, Danny," said Robin chokily, and Danny looked at him.

In the Morning Room the clock chimed twelve. At that of old his lady would rise and fold away her work; neat, demure, old-maidenly;

then she would skip, cry to him, joyously clapping her hands above his head as he pranced beneath, and hand in hand, as it were, the two would fare forth gleefully into God's morning, until they came to that high headland that thrusts a bare shoulder up into Eternity; and there would lie amid the tides of heaven and look out over the rough-hewn land to Burn-water set at the feet of the far hills and beyond the sea flashing like sheaves of shaken spears.

So now he went to the door and asked.

Robin opened for him, and watched him canter across the silent lawns and lose himself in the heather beyond.

Twenty minutes later he was back in a bustle. Through the hall he shot and up the stairs at three-legged run, to wait outside the door of his Love in a fury of expectancy.

"She is no there, Danny," the Woman cried, but opened to him.

In he thrust furiously, saw the bed lady-forlorn, and stood quite still, as one shocked to death, and the Woman saw the hope die out of him as the soul dies out of a man.

Then he threw up his head as if to howl; but no sound came.

So he stood a moment in the center of the floor, gray muzzle in the air, like a lost soul praying.

Then he turned and trailed out.

All that day he searched about the home-places familiar to them both; in woodland nook, known to those two only, on many a headland private to him and her, in secret glade beside the burn, where she would splash a line in June, and wearied, lie out her length



upon the bank with far-flung arms, amid the fox-gloves, while he, dripping, alert, and clamorous, did doughtily for his lady's sake and his own delight against the water-rats and heathen of the wilderness, but he searched them through; nay, not a meek-eyed wood-anemone that she had once caressed, but he stayed with lifted paw and anxious eye to inquire of it if his lady had passed that way.

Then he carried his search abroad. Once beside the Lake of the Black Dwarf, amid the desolate hills, one who had no lawful business there saw him, the lonely hunter, passing rapidly by, so rapt in search that, seen himself, he did not see.

On the evening of the second day, the Woman in the door of the kitchen peering forth with weary eyes, beheld him coming down Lammermore.

She saw the little figure coming off the hill at swift, unvarying trot. She heard the Laird call and drew her breath; but Danny passed him by, swift, trotting shadow, nor seemed to hear; crossed the lawn, into the kitchen; passed her too, trotting on, haggard, weary, intent; passed Robin, huddled by the fire; down the long mouldy passage, and up the stairs to lie, all travel-stained and ragged as he was, on the mat at Missie's door.

To him, as he lay there, the Woman came, gray with misery for him. A washtub was in her hands, a towel over her arms.

She put the washtub down upon the floor and knelt beside him, unweeping, unspeaking; spreading out her cloth upon the floor and making arrangements with lean, large knuckled hands, as though to give a child a bath, and behind her Robin leaned against the wall, idly swallowing his sobs.

Then the Woman took Danny to do for him as Missie would do, and as she began to wash his mouth, dread feet sounded in the passage, and the Laird stood over her.

The Woman knelt bolt upright. One gnarled hand sought Danny and clutched him to her.

"What's all this rout and washtubs and all?" the Laird asked harshly.

"I am fer washing Danny," said the Woman.

"You are for doing everything in the public passages," said the Laird.

"He was lying outside Missie's door," said the Woman. "I'd no the heart to stir him."

"Why does he want washing?" asked the Laird.

"Missie would aye red him up whiles," said the Woman vaguely.

"She would so," said the Laird, "when he was home from bloodying."

"He has not been bloodying!" cried the Woman quickly.

"Then why wash his mouth?" asked the Laird.

"It mistens the lips," said Robin.

"He may have bloodied a bit in between whiles," said the Woman sullenly. "God made him male."

"He has not bloodied," said the Laird. "I would he had!" and he passed on down the passage, tramping.

Next day was the Sabbath. All the morning he searched diligently and alone. At noon the kirk-bells tolling brought him home.

Now Danny stood before the house with lifted face and waited while the kirk-bell tolled.

The great door opened. On the top of the steps the Laird appeared alone.

Danny looked; then started away of set, miserable purpose.

The Laird swept his short cloak about him, and strode kirk-wards.

Robin and the Woman were left together. And as they stood thus silently, there came toward them floating from on high a far note of wailing.

From far away on the height of Lammermore it came to them, that voice of Lamentation. Over the birchwoods, borne on sorrowful wings, it floated, long-drawn and low.

Down in the village they heard it amid tolling bells; across Burn-water it traveled, anguished still; by the Ferry it lingered, and the boatmen there knew it for Danny mourning his heart away as faithfully as ever did man-lover for his mistress; then it fared forth and lost itself on the comfortless cold bosom of the sea.

"Oh!" cried the Woman, "O! Will you not go to him, Robin?"

"I caan't," cried Robin, tender coward that he was. "I could not bear to see him suffer!" and the tears streamed down his face.

"Oh, you man!" cried the Woman. "I will go my lone," and set forth, her Woman's courage on her.

It was Robin who stopped her.

"The Laird's gone," he said.

The Woman looked up, and saw that it was so. It was an hour before he came back, the gray Laird, striding. His face was like a frost, and Danny in his arms; the haggard eyes and gray face peering.

"It's peetiful—just peetiful!" whined Robin.

Contemporary French Sculpture

By Paul Vitry*

Attached to the Musée du Louvre

It is uttering a sort of commonplace to say that sculpture is an art which has arisen logically out of architecture and must remain subordinate to this master art. Yet, when one casts a glance over an exposition of modern sculpture, whether it be that of the Musée du Luxembourg, the Centennial Exposition, the Decennial Exposition, or the Annual Salon, it seems clear that a complete separation has taken place between the two arts, and that the army of figures of all sorts and sizes which one sees gesticulating with all their might on their socles or pedestals have entirely forgotten their fundamental function of auxiliaries to the art of construction and decoration.

In former times, different as were the esthetics of the Middle Ages and of the century which saw Louis XIV, the works of our Gothic image-makers or of our academical sculptors possessed at least this common feature—the observance of a higher law of harmony, imposed by the work-master who supervised the erection of the cathedral or by the architect who had designed its façade or its ground floor. True, it still happens to-day that the interior or exterior of an edifice is ornamented with alto-relievo figures, but the sculptor, in executing them, is either ignorant of the future destination of his decorative piece (the grave Pensée of M. Gaston Michel was assuredly not

intended by its author to decorate the box-office of the Opéra Comique), or acts as if he were, and seems not to care what place his creation occupies in the fabric of which it ought to form an integral and harmonious portion.

If we now venture into the midst of that army in disarray, of which we have spoken above, and examine the several units composing it, we shall find that never, perhaps, has the French school displayed talents so varied, so supple and, in certain cases, so powerful. Our sculpture has undoubtedly lost that discipline which in past times constituted its harmonious unity; but it may be that its very conquests, its successive emancipations, have been the cause of this. It has become very independent, very complex, and, like every modern art, somewhat forgetful, both of the reason of its existence and of the boundaries fixed by logic to its expression. But are not the architects also a little to blame for not having had the wisdom to utilize and direct this art, which, during the course of the nineteenth century, was undergoing a transformation, and after a period of anæmia was becoming vigorous and free, while architecture remained in the trammels of ancient formulæ?

The present tendencies of this art, left to itself and, as it were, deprived of support, appear, at first sight, rather confused and incoherent; but it is not difficult for anyone accus-



L'ENFANT AU POISSON, PUECH

*Courtesy of The Architectural Record

tomed to analyze, and possessing a knowledge of the antecedents, to detect the several currents that have developed themselves. This confusion and this complexity are common to all the other branches of modern art, and are due to the fact that, in our day, the newschools, new genres, new departures, appear in succession without one replacing another. If ever future historians write that in the France of the nineteenth century romanticism supplanted classicism and was, in its turn, dethroned by realism, which itself had to give way to impressionism or neo-mysticism, they will have formed a very wrong and very incomplete notion of our modern art taken as a whole. To cite only one example, drawn from the domain of painting, it is evident that in the matter of landscapes a distinct reaction against impressionism has now set in, as is shown by the works of such artists as Ménard, Cottet, Danchez and others; but this does not prevent the impressionists from continuing to paint according to the method introduced by them, while certain painters do not seem even to have perceived this innovation, for they still follow the methods in vogue half a century ago.

The same is true of sculpture. The revolution which brought romanticism to the front in the earlier half of the nineteenth century was even less general as regards sculpture than in the domain of painting. Pradier proceeded in the footsteps of Canova, and Pradier's pupils are not all dead to-day. They have themselves made disciples, who imperturbably continue the traditions of classic art. Chapu, who died prematurely, left a few sober, powerful works in this genre, such as *La Jeunesse*, which figures on the monument to Henri Regnault, and *Jeanne d'Arc*, in the Luxembourg. His contemporaries Guillaume and Thomas have also continued to look to antiquity for inspiration in producing their severely classical works, as is clearly proved by the

Les Grecques and the *Mariage Romain* of the one and the *Virgile* of the other.

But alongside of these followers of tradition the example set by the great innovators of the century has not been lost. Rude and Carpeaux, who successfully strove to restore life and animation to our modern sculpture, have been followed by a galaxy of men—Southerners for the most part—who have sought ardently after that thrill of impassioned life which pervaded the works of the sculptor of *La Danse* (in the Paris Opera House) or of *Les Quatre parties du Monde* (in the Luxembourg). Falguière, Mercié, Injalbert, Puech and other lovers of supple, lifelike forms, have broken once for all the old academical cast and renounced all balance and reserve; but in so doing they have contributed perhaps more than anyone else to the breaking away from the venerable laws governing the plastic art as related to monumental sculpture, and their works, extreme and exuberant even when they profess to be decorative, have had the effect of widening that breach between architecture and sculpture to which we have referred above.

Others possessed of more wisdom perhaps, have learned in particular from Rude's teachings, supplemented by Barye's, that firm, cal-



THE RUNNERS, BY M. A. BOUCHER



A BURGHES OF CALAIS, BY RODIN

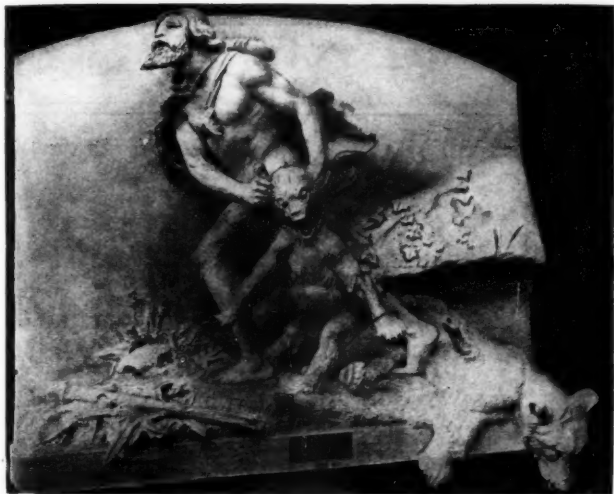
culated precision which results from studying nature. Such is the case with Frémiet, a nephew of Rude's. His style is robust and headstrong; he has never striven very much after the effects proper to decorative sculpture: these effects have come, so to speak, without having been sought for, as witness his series of equestrian statues, his alto-relievos of pre-historical subjects (in the Museum of Natural History), and his animal figures, which, whether they be small or whether colossal, always have a boldness and a fidelity about them which are most characteristic. Many are the animal sculptors who have likewise trodden in the steps of the great Barye and achieved similar successes as the result of conscientious study. Amongst these are Cain, Mène, Jacquemart and, of the younger ones, Gardet and Peter.

Modern sculpture, moreover, has been enriched in other ways besides this conquest of the animal world—the world of untamed nature. At the same time, and indeed even before 1830, the field of modern history had been thrown open to our artists, and Greeks and Romans had ceased to be the only subjects considered worthy of being resuscitated in marble or

bronze. David d'Angers was the most prolific amongst the creators of modern effigies. He was, however, an artist with more ambition than genius; demi-revolutionary, as he was, he could not entirely shake himself free from the classic theory, and future ages will assuredly not ratify the extravagant praises which his contemporaries showered upon him. Since his time the historical or commemorative statue has flourished more than ever. Among the names of artists who have devoted themselves to these resurrections and brought to bear thereon the greatest amount of knowledge and vigor, and shown the truest conception of the past, we again meet with that of Frémiet, to which are to be added those of Paul Dubois, Barrias, d'Aubé, not to mention others. Exact and instinct with life as their works are, however, there is one fault in particular to be found with them (a fault for which we are not sure the sculptor is to blame), namely, that they do not thoroughly harmonize with the features of the public places in which they are set up; and here again we come upon that lack of decorative value and signification which has seemed to us inherent to all our modern sculpture.

The realistic movement has also exercised an influence over our sculptures. After Millet, Courbet and all the landscape school had pictured the poetry of rustic life, there appeared at the Salon farm laborers in marble and shepherdesses in bronze. We still see them to-day, side by side with the Olympian divinities of our persistent classics, scantily-dressed huntresses or disheveled dancing girls, figures of the Middle Ages, or learned professors in frock coats, chiseled by our historical sculptors. But these academical figures—such as Boucher's *La Terre* or his *Faneuse*—conscientiously as they may have been wrought, have precisely the defect of being nothing more than fine pieces of work destined, when the Salon closes, to be placed amidst the dull solitude of some museum, instead of coming into contact with our daily life and playing an effective part in the beautifying thereof.

Dalou, who died recently, was almost the only one amongst us who succeeded in imparting a monumental character to these studies of actual types. Take as examples his *Monument du Chimiste Boussingault* (in the Arts et Métiers College). He also managed, in his *Triomphe de la République*, to combine his love of life and action with a knowledge of composition and equilibrium which reminded one of the best traits of our classical decorators



A MAN OF THE STONE AGE, BY E. FRÉMIET

This last-named work will remain the masterpiece of his career. Dalou was eminently a decorator, and the work he did proves that those qualities which distinguished Carpeaux, his master, and Rude, whose teachings he seems to have assimilated to a still greater degree, find scope even in monumental sculpture on a large scale. He produced some excellent types of this class.

It is also to be noted that this aim has been kept in view to an ever-increasing extent by certain of our modern sculptors. We know of the noble effort made by Bartholomé in producing his *Monument aux Morts* (in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise), in which the profoundest thought and the most touching sentiment to be met with in the whole range of modern art are expressed with such grandeur and such harmony. Amongst the fundamental ideas underlying the irregular, impassioned productions of Rodin, that of monumental effect, is certainly one of the most prominent. His celebrated *Porte de l'Enfer*, incarnating his early ambitions, the realization of which, however, was long delayed, while not recalled to one's mind by his *Balzac* or his *Bourgeois de Calais*, surely explain and justify the simplifications and the accentuation of expression which distinguish the second named work, the roughnesses of the last named, and the excessive enlargement of some of his busts.

Let us conclude this rapid survey of contemporary French sculpture, several departments of which we have necessarily passed over (that of portraiture, for instance, univer-

sally cultivated in all the groups and almost everywhere with equal success), by mentioning that highly promising work given to us three years ago by the young sculptor Emile Derré—the *Chapiteau des Baisers*. It is with pleasure that we find in it, as we have found in Bartholomé's work, but in a different spirit, that accord between the deep, delicate sentiment which characterizes the productions of modern genius and the decorative perception by means of which our sculpture, alert and many-sided as it may be, can alone recover its *raison d'être* and, so to speak, its equilibrium.

Whether or not the need for this accord between the sentiment of their works and the decorative uses to which they may be applied shall be observed and met by the artists of our present and future generations, the multiplicity of the prevailing schools and their reaction one upon another will, in all likelihood, increase the probability of the production of pieces, which, in spirit and sentiment, truly harmonize with the decorative scheme of which they are destined to become a part.



CHAPITEAU DES BAISERS, BY E. DERRÉ

C h i l d ✂ ✂ ✂ V e r s e

THE NEW BABY KANSAS FARMER

Yes, I've got a little brother,
 Never asked to have him, nuther,
 But he's here.
 They just went away and bought him,
 And, last week the doctor brought him,
 Weren't that queer?
 When I heard the news from Molly,
 Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
 Cause you see,
 I s'posed I could go and get him
 And then mamma, course, would let him
 Play with me.
 But when I had once looked at him,
 "Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?
 Just that mite?"
 They said "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?"
 And I thought they must be funnin'—
 He's a sight!
 He's so small, it's just amazin',
 And you'd think that he was blazin',
 He's so red.
 And his nose is like a berry,
 And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
 On his head.
 Why, he isn't worth a brick,
 All he does is cry and kick,
 He can't stop.
 Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
 I don't see why pa don't change him
 At the shop.
 Now, we've got to dress and feed him,
 And we really didn't need him
 More'n a frog;
 Why'd they buy a baby brother
 When they know I'd good deal ruther
 Have a dog?

THE OTHER ONE HARRY THURSTON PECK BOOKMAN

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
 That laugh all day through the tangled hair,
 Gazing with baby looks so wise
 Over the arm of the oaken chair,
 Dearer than you is none to me,
 Dearer than you there can be none;
 Since in your laughing face I see
 Eyes that tell of another one.

 Here where the firelight softly glows,
 Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
 What to you is the wind that blows,
 Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
 Round your head the ruddy light
 Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
 But deep is the drifting snow to-night,
 Over the head of the other one.

 Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
 Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
 Better perhaps for her to stay
 Under the drifting robe of snow.
 Sing while you may your baby songs,
 Sing till your baby days are done;
 But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
 Night and day for the other one!

THE TOYS OF OLD TIME H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. LONDON OUTLOOK

"The tin soldier was one of twenty-five."
 Andersen's Fairy Tales.

Tell me in what Valhalla now
 Beyond the worlds of land and sea
 Recline those toys of long ago,
 The Pa-Gods of our infancy?
 Where are the drums we beat at three,
 And all those warriors made of tin
 Whose captain was, and aye shall be,
 The grenadier of Andersen?

Where are the Jacks we used to know
 That jump no more; and where is She,
 The old Dutch doll, with penciled brow
 And smile of sweet vacuity?
 O village with the poplar tree,
 Whose scent of pine eludes my pen,
 In what strange land stands guard o'er thee
 The grenadier of Andersen?

Tin trumpets that no more we blow,
 Rag dolls that man no more shall see,
 The Ark-giraffe, the three-legged cow,
 Shem, Ham, and Japhet, where are ye?
 Noah! whose flavor is to me
 As fresh upon my tongue as Then,
 Where art thou now? But where is he,
 The grenadier of Andersen?

L'ENVOI

King, as they went so vanish we;
 Look forth, behold thy greatest men,
 They stand—as once stood steadfastly
 The grenadier of Andersen.

THE FAIREST. JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. YOUTH'S COMPANION

The fairest thing that men have made,
 My lad, it is a ship—
 Oh, beautiful beyond the white
 Wild birds she may outstrip!
 So beautiful, so beautiful,
 A heart will leap to bless;
 And after her the wake of foam
 Stay white with happiness.

And fairer than all things beside,
 My maid, a violin;
 Nay, aught that will give out again
 The music hid within.
 Or string or pipe or hollow shell,
 It breaks enchanted sleep,
 To win a while the faery heart
 Of air, that none may keep.

But all of you may not go
 To sail upon the sea;
 Who wait upon another's whim
 For every melody;
 Oh, bless your hunger and your thirst,
 And give your spirit wings
 To speed beyond a narrow door
 The heart that sails and sings!

The Wish to Know

By Booth Tarkington

The following episode is from Booth Tarkington's *The Two Vanrevels*.* Miss Carewe has rescued several young men of a volunteer fire department from the burning roof of her father's warehouse. One of these men is Crailey Gray, whom she mistakes for Tom Vanrevel, her father's most bitter political enemy, a man whom her father has threatened to shoot if he is ever found on his premises, and one to whom he has forbidden his daughter to speak. Gray has on a former occasion concealed himself in Miss Carewe's garden and spoken to her. The incident takes place immediately after the rescue.

At the corner of the warehouse Miss Carewe detached her hand from Crailey's, yet still followed him as he made a quick detour around the next building. A minute or two later they found themselves, undetected, upon Main Street in the rear of the crowd. There Crailey paused.

"Forgive me," he said, breathlessly, "for taking your hand. I thought you would like to get away."

She regarded him gravely, so that he found it difficult to read her look, except that it was seriously questioning; but whether the interrogation was addressed to him or to herself he could not determine. After a silence she said:

"I don't know why I followed you. I believe it must have been because you didn't give me time to think."

This, of course, made him even quicker with her than before. "It's all over," he said briskly. "The first warehouse is gone; the second will go, but they'll save the others easy enough, now that you have pointed out that the lines may be utilized otherwise than as adjuncts of performances on the high trapeze!" They were standing by a picket-fence, and he leaned against it, overcome by mirth in which she did not join. Her gravity reacted upon him at once, and his laughter was stopped short. "Will you not accept me as an escort to your home?" he said formally.

"I do not know," she returned simply, the sort of honest trouble in her glance that is seen only in very young eyes.

"What reason in the world!" he returned, with a crafty sharpness of astonishment.

She continued to gaze upon him thoughtfully, while he tried to look into her eyes, but

was baffled because the radiant beams from the lady's orbs (as the elder Chenoweth might have said) rested somewhere dangerously near his chin, which worried him, for, though his chin made no retreat, and was far from ill-looking, it was, nevertheless, that feature which he most distrusted. "Won't you tell me why not?" he repeated, uneasily.

"Because," she answered at last, speaking hesitatingly, "because it isn't so easy a matter for me as you seem to think. You have not been introduced to me, and I know you never will be, and that what you told me was true."

"Which part of what I told you?" The question escaped from him instantly.

"That the others might come when they liked, but that you could not."

"Oh, yes, yes." His expression altered to a sincere dejection; his shoulders drooped, and his voice indicated supreme annoyance. "I might have known someone would tell you! Who was it? Did they say why I——"

"On account of your quarrel with my father."

"My quarrel with your father!" he exclaimed, and his face lit with an elated surprise; his shoulders straightened. He took a step nearer her and asked eagerly: "Who told you that?"

"My father himself. He spoke of a Mr. Vanrevel whom he—disliked, and whom I must not meet; and, remembering what you had said, of course, I knew that you were he."

"Oh!" Crailey's lips began to form a smile of such appealing and inimitable sweetness that Voltaire would have trusted him; a smile altogether rose-leaves. "Then I lose you," he said, "for my only chance to know you was in keeping hidden from you. And now you understand!"

"No," she answered, gravely, "I don't understand; that is what troubles me. If I did, and believed you had the right of the difference, I could believe it no sin that you should speak to me, should take me home now. I think it wrong not to act from your own understanding of things."

The young man set his expression as one indomitably fixed upon the course of honor, cost what it might; and, in the very action,

*The Two Vanrevels. Booth Tarkington. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. Copyright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co

his lurking pleasure in doing it hopped out in the flicker of a twinkle in his eyes, and as instantly sought cover again—the flea in the rose-jar.

"Then you must ask some other," he said firmly. "A disinterested person should tell you. The difference was political in the beginning, but became personal afterward; and it is now a quarrel which can never be patched up, though, for my part, I wish that it should be. I can say no more, because a party to it should not speak."

She met his level look squarely at last; and no man ever had a more truthful pair of eyes than Crailey Gray, for it was his great accomplishment that he could adjust his emotion, his reason, and something that might be called his faith, to fit any situation in any character.

"You may take me home," she answered. "I may be wrong, and even disloyal; but I do not feel it so now. You did a very brave thing to-night to save him from loss, and I think that what you have said was just what you should have said."

So they went down the street, the hubbub and confusion of the fire growing more and more indistinct behind them. They walked slowly, and, for a time, neither spoke; yet the silence was of a kind which the adept rejoiced to have produced thus soon—their second meeting. For he believed there were more strange things in heaven and earth than Horatio wot; and one of the strangest was that whenever he was near an attractive woman during a silence such as this, something not to be defined, but as effective as it was indefinite, always went out from him to her. It was like a word of tenderness, a word too gentle, too compelling, too sweet, to be part of any tongue, spoken or written. And more: this ineffable word had an echo, and came back to him from the woman.

As his partner had in dress, so Crailey had with women, some color of the Beau; but it was not in what experience had given him to recognize as a fact: that they were apt to fall in love with him. That they were apt to to remain in love with him—he understood perfectly—was another matter. And he knew when they were doing it; could have told them accurately, at each step, what they were feeling, thinking, dreaming, during the process, because he was usually exhibiting the same symptoms to himself at the same time.

Thus, his own breast occupied with that dizzy elation which followed its reception of

the insane young god's arrows, and his heart, warm with the rise of the old emotion that he knew so well, he was nevertheless able to walk with his finger on the pulse of the exquisite moment, counting her heart beats and his own.

So, to his fancy, as they walked, the little space between them was hung with brilliant strands, like gossamer chains of gold, already linking them together; every second fixing another slender, precious fether, binding them closer, drawing them nearer. He waited until they passed into the shadows of the deserted Carere Street before he spoke. There he stopped abruptly, at which she turned, astonished.

"Now that you have saved my life," he said, in a low, tremulous tone, "what are you going to do with it?"

Her eyes opened almost as widely as they had at her first sight of him in the garden. There was a long pause before she replied, and when she did, it was to his considerable surprise.

"I have never seen a play, except the funny little ones we acted at the convent," she said, "but isn't that the way they speak on the stage?"

Crailey realized that his judgment of the silence had been mistaken, and yet it was with a thrill of delight that he recognized her clear reading of him. He had been too florid again.

"Let us go," his voice was soft with restrained forgiveness. "You mocked me once before."

"Mocked you?" she repeated, as they went on.

"Mocked me," he said, firmly. "Mocked me for seeming theatrical, and yet you have learned that what I said was true; as you will again."

She mused upon this; then, as in whimsical indulgence to an importunate child:

"Well, tell me what you mean when you say I saved your life."

"You came alone," he began hastily, "to stand upon that burning roof——"

"Whence all but him had fled!" Her laughter rang out, interrupting him. "My room was on the fourth floor at St. Mary's, and I didn't mind climbing three flights this evening."

Crailey's good nature was always perfect.

"You mock me and you mock me!" he cried, and made her laughter but part of a gay duet. "I know I have gone too fast,

have said things I should have waited to say; but, ah! remember the small chance I have against the others who can see you when they like. Don't flout me because I try to make the most of a rare, stolen moment with you."

"Do!" she exclaimed, grave upon the instant. "Do make the most of it! I have nothing but inexperience. Make the most by treating me seriously. Won't you? I know you can, and I—I——" She faltered to a full stop. She was earnest and quiet, and there had been—something in her tone, too—as very often there was

—that showed how young she was.

"Oh!" she began again, turning to him impulsively, "I have thought about you since that evening in the garden, and I have wished I could know you. I can't be quite clear how it happened, but even those few minutes left a number of strong impressions about you. And the strongest was that you were one with whom I could talk of a great many things, if you would only be real with me. I believe—though I'm not sure why I do—that it is very difficult for you to be real; perhaps because you are so different at different times that you aren't sure, yourself, which the real you is. But the person you are beginning to be for my benefit must be the most trifling of all your selves, lighter and easier to put on than the little mask you carried the other night. If there were nothing better underneath the mask, I might play, too."

"Did you learn this at the convent?" gasped Crailey.

"There was a world there in a miniature," she answered, speaking very quickly. "I think all people are made of the same materials, only in such different proportions. I think

a little world might hold as much as the largest, if you thought it all out hard enough, and your experience might be just as broad and deep in a small corner of the earth as anywhere else. But I don't know! I want to understand—I want to understand everything! I read books, and there are people—but no one tells me what I want—I——"

"Stop." He lifted his hand. "I won't act; I shall never 'play' for you again. He was breathless; the witching silence was nothing to what stirred him now. A singular exalta-

tion rose in him, together with the reckless impulse to speak from the mood her vehement confidence had inspired. He gave way to it.

"I know, I know," he said, huskily. "I understand all you mean, all you feel, all you wish. It is all echoing here, and here and here!" He touched his breast, his eyes, and his forehead with the fingers of his long and slender hand. "We sigh and strain our eyes and stretch out our arms in the dark, groping always for the strange blessing that is just beyond our grasp, seeking for the precious unknown that lies just over the horizon! It's what they meant by the pot of gold where the rainbow ends—only, it may



"IT WAS NOT TO THE STARS SHE LOOKED BUT TO THE ORATOR."

be here, after all."

They stopped unconsciously, and remained standing at the lower end of the Carewe hedge. The western glow had faded, and she was gazing at him through the darkness, leaning forward, never dreaming that her tight grasp had broken the sticks of the little pink fan.

"Yes," she whispered eagerly. "You are right; you understand!"

He went on, the words coming faster and faster: "We are haunted—you and I—by the

wish to know all things, and by the question that lies under every thought we have; the agonizing "Whither?" Isn't it like that? It is really death that makes us think. You are a good Catholic; you go to mass; but you wish to know. Does God reign, or did it all happen? Sometimes it seems so deadly probable that the universe just was, no God to plan it, nothing but things; that we die as sparrows die, and the brain is all the soul we have, a thing that becomes clogged and stops some day. And is that all?"

She shivered slightly, but her steadfast eyes did not shift from him. He threw back his head, and his face, uplifted to the jeweled sky of the moonless night, was beatific in its peacefulness, as he continued in an altered tone, gentle and low:

"I think all questions are answered there. The stars tell it all. When you look at them you know! They have put them on our flag. There are times when this seems but a poor nation; boastful, corrupt, violent, and preparing, as it is now, to steal another country by fraud and war; yet the stars on the flag always make me happy and confident. Do you see the constellations swinging above us, such unimaginable vastnesses, not roving or crashing through the illimitable at haphazard, but moving in more excellent measure, and to a finer rhythm, than the most delicate clockwork man ever made? The great ocean lines mark our seas with their paths through the water; the fine brains of the earth are behind the ships that sail from port to port, yet how awry the system goes! When does a ship come to her harbor at an hour determined when she sailed? What is a ship beside the smallest moon of the smallest world? But, there above us, moons, worlds, suns, all the infinite cluster of colossi, move into place to the exactness of a hair at the precise instant. That instant has been planned, you see; it is part of a system—and can a system exist that no mind made? Think of the Mind that made this one! Do you believe so inconceivably majestic an intelligence as that could be anything but good? Ah, when you wonder, look above you; look above you in the night, I say," he cried, his hand upraised like his transfigured face. "Look above you and you will never fear that a sparrow's fall could go unmarked."

It was not to the stars she looked, but to the orator, as long as he held that pose, which lasted until a hard-riden horse came galloping down the street. As it dashed by,

though the rider looked neither to the right nor left, Miss Betty unconsciously made a feverish clutch at her companion's sleeve, drawing him closer to the hedge.

"It is my father," she said hurriedly in a low voice. "He must not see you. You must never come here. Perhaps——" She paused, then quickly whispered: "You have been very kind to me. Good-night."

He looked at her keenly, and through the dimness saw that her face was shining with excitement. He did not speak again, but, taking a step backward, smiled faintly, bent his head in humble acquiescence, and made a slight gesture of his hand for her to leave him. She set her eyes upon his once more, then turned swiftly and almost ran along the hedge to the gate; but there she stopped and looked back. He was standing where she had left him, his face again uplifted to the sky.

She waved him an uncertain farewell, and ran into the garden, both palms against her burning cheeks.

Night is the great necromancer, and strange are the fabrics he weaves; he lays queer spells; breathes so eerie an intoxication through the dusk; he can cast such glamours about a voice! He is the very king of fairyland.

Miss Betty began to walk rapidly up and down the garden paths, her head bent and her hands still pressed to her cheeks; now and then an unconscious exclamation burst from her, incoherent, more like a gasp than a word. A long time she paced the vigil with her stirring heart, her skirts sweeping the dew from the leaning flowers. Her lips moved often, but only the confused, vehement "Oh, oh!" came from them, until at last she paused in the middle of the garden, away from the trees, where all was open to the sparkling firmament, and extended her arms over her head.

"Oh, strange teacher," she said aloud, "I take your beautiful stars! I shall know how to learn from them!"

She gazed steadily upward, enrapt, her eyes resplendent with their own starlight.

"Oh, stars, stars, stars!" she whispered.

In the teeth of all wizardry, Night's spells do pass at sunrise; marvellous poems sink to doggerel, mighty dreams to blown ashes, and solids regain weight. Miss Betty, waking at daybreak, saw the motes dancing in the sun at her window, and watched them with a placid, unremembering eye. Suddenly she sat upright, as though something had startled her. Her fingers clenched tightly.

"Ah, if that was playing."

Silhouettes from the Slums

By Jacob A. Riis

The following studies are taken from Mr. Jacob Riis' new book, *The Battle With the Slum*.^{*} They are chosen almost at random from material rich in interest and worth and authority. The book is hereby heartily recommended to all interested in sociologic questions.

WAITING FOR THE SUN.

In a Stanton street tenement, the other day, I stumbled upon a Polish capmaker's home. There were other capmakers in the house, Russian and Polish, but they simply "lived" there. This one had a home. The fact proclaimed itself the moment the door was opened, in spite of the darkness. The rooms were in the rear, gloomy with the twilight of the tenement, although the day was sunny without, but neat, even cosy. It was early, but the day's chores were evidently done. The tea-kettle sang on the stove, at which a bright-looking girl of twelve, with a pale but cheery face, and sleeves brushed back to the elbows, was busy poking up the fire. A little boy sat by the window, flattening his nose against the pane, and gazed wistfully up among the chimney pots, where a piece of blue sky about as big as the kitchen could be made out. I remarked to the mother that they were nice rooms. "Ah, yes," she said, with a weary little smile that struggled bravely with hope long deferred, "but it is hard to make a home here. We would so like to live in the front, but we can't pay the rent."

I knew the front with its unlovely view of the

tenement street too well, and I said a good word for the air-shaft—yard or court it could not be called, it was too small for that—which rather surprised myself. I had found few virtues enough in it before. The girl at the stove had left off poking the fire. She broke in the moment I finished, with eager enthusiasm: "Why, they have the sun in there. When the door is opened the light comes right in your face."

"Does it never come here?" I asked, and wished I had not done so, as soon as the words were spoken. The child at the window was listening, with his whole hungry little soul in his eyes.

Yes, it did, she said. Once every summer, for a little while, it came over the houses. She knew the month and the exact hour of the day when its rays shone into their home, and just the reach of its slant on the wall. They had lived there six years. In June the sun was due. A haunting fear that the baby would ask how long it was till June—it was February then—took possession of me, and I hastened to change the subject. Warsaw was their old home. They kept a little store there, and were young and happy. Oh, it was

a fine city, with parks and squares, and bridges over the beautiful river—and grass and flowers and birds and soldiers, put in the girl breathlessly. She remembered. But the children kept coming, and they went across the sea to give them a better chance. Father made fifteen dollars a week, much money; but there were long seasons when there was no work.



Drawing by Thomas Fogarty.

"A LITTLE BOY SAT BY THE WINDOW."

^{*}The Battle with the Slum By Jacob A. Riis. New York: The Macmillan Co

She, the mother, was never very well here—she hadn't any strength; and the baby! She glanced at his grave white face, and took him in her arms. The picture of the two, and of the pale-faced girl longing back to the fields and the sunlight, in their prison of gloom and gray walls, haunts me yet. I have not had the courage to go back since. I recalled the report of an English army surgeon, which I read years ago, on the many more soldiers that died—were killed would be more correct—in barracks into which the sun never shone than in those that were open to the light. They have yet two months to the sun in Stanton street.

THE CHILDREN IN GREENWOOD.

The Jews under the stairs had two children. The shoemaker in the cellar next door has three. They were fighting and snarling like so many dogs over the coarse food on the table before them, when we looked in. The baby, it seems, was the cause of the row. He wanted it all. He was a very dirty and a very fierce baby, and the other two children were no match for him. The shoemaker grunted fretfully at his last, "Ach, he is all de time hungry!" At the sight of the policeman, the young imp set up such a howl that we beat a hasty retreat. The cellar "flat" was undoubtedly in violation of law, but it was allowed to pass. In the main hall, on the ground floor, we counted seventeen children. The facts of life here suspend ordinary landlord prejudices to a certain extent. Occasionally it is the tenant who suspends them. The policeman laughed as he told me of the case of a mother who coveted a flat into which she well knew her family would not be admitted; the landlord was particular. She knocked, with a troubled face, alone. Yes, the flat was to let; had she any children? The woman heaved a sigh. "Six, but they are all in Greenwood." The landlord's heart was touched by such woe. He let her have the flat. By night he was amazed to find a flock of half a dozen robust youngsters domiciled under his roof. They had, indeed, been in Greenwood; but they had come back from the cemetery to stay. And stay they did, the rent being paid.

JIM.

I used to think that it would have been better for Jim if he had never been born. What the good bishop said of some children—that they were not so much born into the world as they were damned into it—seemed true of Jim, if ever it was true of any one. He had had a father, once, who was kind to him, but it was long since. The one he called by that name

last had been sent to Sing Sing, to the lad's great relief, for a midnight burglary, shortly after he married Jim's mother. His back hurt yet when he thought of the evil days when he was around. If any one had thought it worth while to teach Jim to pray, he would have prayed with all his might that his father might never come out. But no one did, so that he was spared that sin. I suppose that was what it would have been called. I am free to confess that I would have joined Jim in sinning with a right good will, even to the extent of speeding the benevolent intentions of Providence in that direction—anyhow, until Jim should be able to take care of himself. I mean with his fists. He was in a way of learning that without long delay, for ever since he was a little shaver he had had to fight his own way, and sometimes his mother's. He was thirteen when I met him, and most of his time had been put in around the Rag Gang's quarters, along First avenue and the river front, where that kind of learning was abundant and came cheap.

His mother drank. I do not know what made her do it—whether it was the loss of the first husband, or getting the second, or both. It did not seem important when she stood there weak and wretched and humble, with Jim. And as for my preaching to her, sitting in my easy-chair, well fed and respectable, that would come near to being impertinence. So it always struck me. Perhaps I was wrong. Anyway, it would have done her no good. Too much harm had been done her already. She would disappear for days, sometimes for weeks at a time, on her frequent sprees. Jim never made any inquiries. On those occasions he kept aloof from us, and paddled his own canoe, lest we should ask questions. It was when she had come home sobered that we saw them always together. Now it was the rent, and then again a few groceries. With such lifts as she got, sandwiched in with much good advice, and by the aid of an odd job now and then, Mrs. Kelly managed to keep a bit of a roof over her boy and herself, down in the "village" on the river front. At least, Jim had a place to sleep. Until, one day, our visitor reported that she was gone for good—she and the boy. They were both gone—nobody in the neighborhood knew or cared where—and the room was vacant. Except that they had not been dispossessed, we could learn nothing. Jim was not found, and in the press of many things the Kellys were forgotten. Once or twice his patient, watchful eyes, that seemed to be always trying to understand something to

which he had not found the key, haunted me at my office; but at last I forgot about them, too.

Some months passed. It was winter. A girl, who had been one of our cares, had been taken to the city hospital to die, and our visitor went there to see and comfort her. She was hastening down the long aisle between the two rows of beds, when she felt something tugging feebly at the sleeve of her coat. Looking round, she saw on the pillow of the bed she had just passed the face of Jim's mother.

"Why, Mrs. Kelly!" she exclaimed, and went to her. "Where——?" But the question that rose to her lips was never spoken. One glance was enough to show that her time was very short, and she was not deceived. The nurse supplied the facts briefly in a whisper.

She nodded ever so feebly, and the hand that rested in her friend's twitched and trembled in the effort to grasp hers.

"I will find him. It is all right. Now, you be quite happy. I will bring him here."

The white face settled back on the pillow, and the weary eyes closed with a little sigh of contentment very strange in that place. When the visitor passed her cot ten minutes later she was asleep, with a smile on her lips.

It proved not so easy a matter to find Jim. We came upon his track in his old haunts after a while, only to lose it again and again. It was clear that he was around, but it seemed almost as if he were purposely dodging us; and, in fact, that proved to have been the case when at last, after a hunt of weary days and nights through the neighborhood, he was brought in. Ragged,



Drawing by Thomas Fogarty.

"HERE IT IS. EVERYTHING ELSE IS GONE. BUT IT IS ALL RIGHT."

She had been picked up in the street, drunk or sick—the diagnosis was not clearly made out at the time, but her record was against her. She lay a day or two in a police cell, and by the time it was clear that it was not rum this time, the mischief was done. Probably it would have been done anyhow. The woman was worn out. What now lay on the hospital cot was a mere wreck of her, powerless to move or speak. She could only plead with her large, sad eyes. As she tried to make them say that which was in her soul, two big tears rolled slowly down the wan cheeks and fell on the coarse sheet. The visitor understood. What woman would not?

"Jim?" she said, and the light of joy and understanding came into the yearning eyes.

pale and pinched by hunger, we saw him with a shock of remorse for having let him drift so long. His story was simple enough. When his mother failed to come back, and, the rent coming due, the door of what had been home to him, even such as it was, was closed upon him, he took to the street. He slept in hallways and with the gang among the docks, never going far from the "village" lest he should miss news of his mother coming back. The cold nights came, and he shivered often in his burrows; but he never relaxed his watch. All the time his mother lay dying less than half a dozen blocks away, but there was no one to tell him. Had any one done so, it is not likely that the guard would have let him through the gate, as he looked. Seven weeks he had spent in the

streets when he heard that he was wanted. The other boys told him that it was the "cruelty" man sure; and then began the game of hide-and-seek that tried our patience and wore on his mother, sinking rapidly now, but that eventually turned up Jim.

We took him up to the hospital, and into the ward where his mother lay. Away off at the farther end of the room, he knew her, the last in the row, and ran straight to her before we could stop him, and fell on her neck.

"Mother!" we heard him say, while he hugged her, with his head on her pillow. "Mother, why don't you speak to me? I am all right—I am."

He raised his head and looked at her. Happy tears ran down the thin face turned to his. He took her in his arms again.

"I am all right, mother; honest, I am. Don't you cry. I couldn't keep the rooms, mother. They took everything, only the deed to father's grave. I kept that."

He dug in the pocket of his old jacket, and brought out a piece of paper, carefully wrapped in many layers of rags and newspaper that hung in dirty tatters.

"Here it is. Everything else is gone. But it is all right. I've got you, and I am here. Oh, mother! You were gone so long!"

Longer—poor Jim—the parting that was even then adding another to the mysteries that had vexed my soul concerning you. Happiness at last had broken the weary heart. But if it added one, it dispelled another: I knew then that I erred, Jim, when I thought it were better if you had never been born!

A STUDY IN CHARITY.

I remember a tenement at the bottom of a back alley, over on the East Side, where I once went visiting with the pastor of a mission chapel. Up in the attic there was a family of father and daughter in two rooms that had been made out of one by dividing off the deep dormer window. It was midwinter, and they had no fire. He was a peddler, but the snow had stalled his push-cart, and robbed them of their only other source of income, a lodger who hired cot room in the attic for a few cents a night. The daughter was not able to work. But she said, cheerfully, that they were "getting along." When it came out that she had not tasted solid food for many days, was starving in fact—indeed, she died within a year, of the slow starvation of the tenements that parades in the mortality returns under a variety of scientific names which all mean the same thing—she met her pastor's gentle child-

ing with the excuse: "Oh, your church has many that are poorer than I. I don't want to take your money."

These were Germans, ordinarily held to be close-fisted; but I found that in their dire distress they had taken in a poor old man who was past working, and kept him all winter, sharing with him what they had. He was none of theirs; they hardly even knew him, as it appeared. It was enough that he was "poorer than they," and lonely and hungry and cold.

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

It was over here that the children of Mr. Elsing's Sunday-school gave out of the depth of their poverty fifty-four dollars in pennies to be hung on the Christmas tree as their offering to the persecuted Armenians. One of their teachers told me of a Bohemian family that let the holiday dinner she brought them stand and wait while they sent out to bid to the feast four little ragamuffins of the neighborhood who else would have gone hungry. And here it was in "the hard winter," when no one had work, that the nurse from the Henry street settlement found her cobbler patient entertaining a lodger, with barely bread in the house for himself and his boy. He introduced the stranger with some embarrassment, and when they were alone, excused himself for doing it. The man was just from prison—a man with "a history."

"But," said the nurse, doubtfully, "is it a good thing for your boy to have that man in the house?"

There was a passing glimpse of uneasiness in the cobbler's glance, but it went as quickly as it had come. He laid his hand upon the nurse's. "This," he said, "ain't no winter to let a fellow from Sing Sing be on the street."

I might keep on and fill many pages with instances of such kind, which simply go to prove that our poor human nature is at least as robust on Avenue A as up on Fifth avenue, if it has half a chance, and often enough with no chance at all; and I might set over against it the product of sordid and mean environment which one has never far to seek. Good and evil go together in the tenements as in the fine houses, and the evil sticks out sometimes merely because it lies nearer the surface. The point is that the good does outweigh the bad, and that the virtues that turn the balance are after all those that make for manhood and good citizenship anywhere; while the faults are oftenest the accidents of ignorance and lack of training, which it is the business of society to correct.

Music, Art and the Drama

BIG FIND OF ART TREASURES.....N. Y. TIMES

For the first time millionaire art collectors are to have an opportunity of buying treasures which were buried by the same eruption of Vesuvius that destroyed Pompeii. In the little village of Boscoreale, at the foot of Vesuvius, and between Naples and Pompeii, a wonderful find on private property has been made. It consists of splendid frescoes and unique art treasures.

The frescoes are said far to exceed in value anything yet found, and in their design to show breadth of treatment hitherto unknown in the frescoes of this period. In one tomb was found a tortoise-shell disk which some suppose to have been a mirror, but as tortoise shell is a very inferior reflector, it is more probable that it is the back of a mirror of silver plate on bronze, of which ancient mirrors were so often made.

But the great interest of this disk is not what it was used for, but that it is the first find of tortoise shell in any form in these excavations, and the question now arises where did it come from, for the present day supply comes from Zanzibar and the West Indies.

There has also been made the interesting discovery that electrum (gold alloyed with silver) was known in pre-Hellenic times. A second specimen of the syrinx or Pandean pipe has been found. This is the original form of the modern organ. The example just found is large enough to be blown by bellows or a wind-bag, like bagpipes, which are still to be seen in their original form in the streets of Naples, at Christmas time, when peasants from the surrounding country come into the town with them. A small statue of Perseus has also been found. Up to this time it is the unique specimen of that subject in ancient sculpture.

The law of Italy forbidding such treasures to be sold and sent out of the country has in this case been modified. The Italian Government will keep some of the paintings and the remainder will be allowed to be sold and exported. These have been sent to dealers in Paris, who will arrange for their sale. The first offer has come from Berlin, whose museum offers \$200,000 and expenses for them.

HAS ACTING DECLINED?... JAMES A. WALDRON....INDEPENDENT

The chief fault of modern acting, it seems to me, lies in the want of scientific training. It

must be that we have actors who, if they were situated as the old actors were situated, and were subjected to the same training in the classics, and were persistently and consistently studious, as the great actors of every age have been, might achieve results like those we sometimes hear the grandfathers expatiate upon. But the actor of to-day is not studious. He does not need to be studious. Too often he is selected by a manager for a part in a modern play for which he is physically and superficially fitted, and it sometimes happens that he can play that part for an indefinite time. There is no possibility of artistic growth in such work. In such circumstances the actor becomes hard and wooden, and his artistic spirit, if he has one, is dwarfed and made inelastic. It is as though a painter were required to limn the same figure day after day. In the old days it was different. When the great actors traveled from city to city, in each city finding a "stock company" to render support, there were many crudities in the theater. One that saw those great actors night after night in the great rôles did not note disapprovingly the appearance of the same piece of scenery to represent "A Room in the Palace" of Macbeth and then "A Room of State" at Elsinore. Nowadays we have such scenes severally worked out with historical accuracy, and sometimes painted by masters. Then, however, an audience that witnessed a masterly performance of the part of Macbeth or of Hamlet saw also acceptable, if not fine, performances of the subsidiary characters by actors habitually "up" in all the parts and skilful enough to interpret the meaning of the familiar lines they were called upon to speak. And the old actors, from the stars to the minor satellites, were wont to illumine the meanings by significant strokes of "business." Where the intellect of an audience was so exercised the mere appeal to the eye of the inanimate matters was secondary. But there are actors now starring in this country in Shakespeare, and making a livelihood by portraying characters the proper acting of which would stir any audience to the depths and lift it to the heights, yet to these actors most of the lines they pronounce might as well, for their understanding or the understanding of their audiences, be Greek—so far as their subtler and more pregnant mean-

ings are concerned. And this suggests surprising possibilities for the acting of Shakespeare with something like the intelligence with which Shakespeare formerly was acted.

It must be said that in minor matters of representation the theater has advanced notably since the "palmy days." That is to say, better results outside of the classics have been achieved in a multitude of details that go to make up mere pictures. And in the better of the modern plays, which call for deportment much like that in everyday life, the selection of actors fitted for this or that rôle because of some peculiar individuality of type, results in a certain pleasing ensemble, although the effect, usually in line with the plays themselves, smacks of mediocrity and the commonplace. As has been said, "scenes" are now works of art in their way, costumes are either historically correct or exact copies of the best prevailing modes, the museums are searched for relics to serve as accessories and furniture, or these things are fashioned by clever hands from models furnished by archaeologists, if need be. Nothing is lacking but the supreme note that great genius sounded in former days. It was very different in Shakespeare's day, when the legend "This is a wood" served the imagination of the spectator in lieu of painted trees; and it was very different when Garrick, playing Macbeth, wore a gorgeous court suit of his time—a richly embroidered green coat with heavy cuffs and ruffles, a red waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings and large square-toed shoes with heavy buckles, his head surmounted with a powdered wig with enormous lateral sausage curls. And yet there must have been something in Garrick's acting that distracted attention from this grotesquely unfit dress. Hazlitt relates an anecdote that illustrates the power of Garrick over his audiences:

I have heard that once when Garrick was acting Lear the spectators in the front row of the pit, not being able to see him well in the kneeling scene, where he utters the curse, rose up; when those behind them, not willing to interrupt the scene by remonstrating, immediately rose up too, and in this manner the whole pit rose up without uttering a syllable and so that you might hear a pin drop. At another time the crown of straw that he wore in the same character fell off, or was discomposed, which would have produced a burst of laughter at any common actor to whom such an accident had happened; but such was the deep interest in the character and such the power of riveting the attention possessed by this actor that not the slightest notice was taken of the circumstance, but the whole audience remained bathed in silent tears.

We seem nowadays to know nothing about acting of that sort.

There is much to admire in the theater to-day. But where formerly it was the source of the highest intellectual exercise, and at once a recreation and an inspiration, it now seems, even in its best estate, merely to be a source of amusement.

THE NEW BAYREUTH . . . ARTHUR SYMONS . . . LONDON ACADEMY

In order to hear and see Wagner as Wagner wished to be heard and seen it is no longer necessary to make the pilgrimage to Bayreuth. There is now a new Bayreuth at Munich, and at Munich one is not thrown so entirely on one's own resources as at Bayreuth itself. One can spend the morning at the Old Pinakothek with either Rubens or Botticelli; or at the Glyptothek among the marbles of Aegina, as if among the young children of the gods; or even at that "Secession" exhibition, which can hardly be neglected by an observer of the modern German as he is and as he would be. Then, at half-past three, one drives up the winding hill of the Gasteig to the square, plain, gray and green Prinz-Regenten-Theater, which is an improved copy of the theater at Bayreuth, with exactly the same amphitheatrical arrangement of seats, the same invisible orchestra, the same vast stage, set far back, the same entrances, the same system of numbering the seats and the cloak-room seats on a single ticket. Inside, the house is built of gray stone with, in the main, simple decorations in gold and green, but with a hideous pictorial roof, like the roof of a hotel dining-room. There is a restaurant, opening out of the circular corridor which runs round the building, and, opening out of the restaurant, a square garden, green and white, which, under either sunlight or electric light, is like a garden in a picture.

Everything is done as at Bayreuth: there are even the three "fanfaren" at the doors; there is the same punctual and irrevocable closing of the doors at the beginning of each act. There are about 300 fewer seats in the theater, and the seats are a little more comfortable, though one realizes, after a few hours, that wood was not meant for sitting on in its natural state. The solemnity of the whole thing makes one almost nervous, for the first few minutes of each act; but after that, how near one is, in this perfectly darkened, perfectly quiet theater, in which the music surges up out of the "mystic gulf," and the picture exists in all the ecstasy of a picture on the other side of it, beyond reality, how near one is to being alone, in the passive

state in which the flesh is able to endure the great burdening and uplifting of vision! There are now two theaters in the world in which music and drama can be absorbed, and not merely guessed at.

I reached Munich in time to hear the two last performances of the series: *Tristan and Die Meistersinger*; the former under Herr Franz Fischer, the latter under Herr Herman Zumpe. The orchestra, perhaps especially in *Tristan*, and the voices and chorus in *Die Meistersinger*, were equal to anything I have ever heard in a theater; and Herr Lautenschläger's staging was quite the best of its kind I have ever seen.

INDIFFERENCE TO ART.....N. Y. POST

Two of the most remarkable developments in art, of recent years, are in mural painting and in monumental sculpture. Building after building has been filled with decorations; some of our best artists have been kept constantly busy at such work, and have almost ceased to produce easel pictures; the people have thronged to the Library of Congress and the Boston Public Library to see the paintings. Monument after monument has been erected; our best sculptors have commissions three deep; no soldier or politician appears too unimportant to have his statue. All this seems, at first sight, to show a lively interest in art, but does it? Watch the people in the Boston Library, before Sargent's *History of Religion*, consulting their guide-books, and puzzling out the meaning of the figures, and you will conclude that the subject is all that interests them. The action of committees, the tone of criticism in the press, all point the same way. The first business of a work of art is to be beautiful; the first business of a decoration is to decorate. But let a painter spend his best energies on devising a scheme of beautiful and appropriate line and color which shall set off and complete the architecture of the room, and he is almost certain to be sneered at for his "meaningless figures," and to be scolded for "not telling anything." Let him make a clever illustration of history or legend, and he will be praised, no matter how confused is his composition, or how full of holes his color-scheme. The true decorator has to pretend to be an illustrator to satisfy his patrons; and he has to fight committees to escape from utterly unmanageable "historical subjects," or to devise ingenious circumventions and allegories which shall allow him some beauty while nominally conforming to the demands made upon him. He does not give art because the

public asks it of him; he gives as much art as he is allowed to give by a public which is interested in other things.

The case is much the same with sculpture. Our sculptors are kept busy, but they are kept busy modeling trousers and hats. How often does one of them have an opportunity to produce a really sculptural and ideal work—a figure, nude or draped, treated for its sculptural beauty alone? Our parks and squares are full of statues; how many of them have any real beauty or are really ornaments of the places in which they stand? It is not wholly the fault of the sculptors—they would do better if they were allowed. Of course, there are incompetents among them, but there are also great and true artists, who seize every chance for beauty and often achieve it, though sometimes in devious ways and by side issues. What the public wants is not a work of art, but a monument to this or that man, of whom, often on slight enough grounds, it has made a hero; and generally it insists on a portrait statue, no matter how unstatuesque the hero may have been, and resents more or less, even the poor little accessory allegory by which the artist tries to escape, for a moment, from the hideous and the real. Our statues are ugly, in the main, because we are satisfied to have them so.

At some epochs there has been a more sensitive and educated public than at others, but in the days of Pheidias, as in the days of Titian, it was, after all, the subject that was talked of; and, then as now, the art was something beside the bargain, which the artist gave because he wanted to, not because he was asked for it. The patron has always asked for history or religion, or likeness, or anything but art; and the artist has always given as much of these as would gild the pill, or the pill has been refused and the artist has starved. Art has gone on because there are always some men born artists, and always some born appreciators of art. The many have been indifferent to art, but they have been tickled with the subject, and have consented that the artist should live, and the few appreciators have, by dint of iteration, convinced the many that the art of this or that artist is worthy of attention; so that, if he has but been dead long enough, we will take (or feign) an interest in his art, even when the subject does not please us.

Those of our artists who deserve the name will go on putting into their work as much art as they can, if not as much as they might, and in the long run they will get due credit for it.

Sport, Recreation and Adventure

A MONSTER SHARK ALEX. J. KENEALEY OUTING

Catching sharks in the doldrums is a favorite diversion of sailors. The shark is generally eight or nine feet long, and his capture is prosaic in the extreme. A chunk of pork, impaled on the shark hook and hove overboard, is generally greedily grabbed. The fish is hauled on board by main force. The carpenter cuts his tail off with his axe, the cook dissects him with his knife. His backbone is cut out to make into a walking stick. The jaws are kept for a curiosity. If the hungry sailors care for his flesh it is theirs for the cutting. The carcass is thrown overboard.

Once, and once only, did I witness the hooking of a shark which was out of the common. It was in the Indian Ocean, about a hundred miles south of the equator. The sea was smooth as a pond and there was not a breath of air. The ship lay motionless in the glaring sun, the slumbering deep below and the serene and cloudless sky above. It was afternoon, and the skipper paced the poop, impatient at the weather, and whistling softly for the breeze that would not come. From right astern there came in sight the dorsal fin of a shark, projecting so high out of the water that it attracted the special attention of the captain. The water was clear and limpid, so that objects deep down might be distinctly seen. The shark floated alongside, and proved to be one of the variety known as the tiger shark, with bands of light orange color on a body of bluish gray. The usual school of pretty little pilot fish accompanied him. Such a monster he was that all hands watched his movements with interest and curiosity. The captain was the most excited man aboard. He determined to capture the great fish and take the jaws, backbone, and tail home as curios. As he looked at the giant floating majestically alongside he realized that the ordinary two-inch line of manila hemp, usually attached to the hook, would be powerless to hold him when goaded by a sharp barb to a savage struggle for his life. So the captain ordered up from below a coil of flexible steel wire of great strength and lightness, and bent the end of it to the length of chain attached to his biggest shark hook, a new and formidable weapon of extra sharpness.

"Suppose you try him with live bait," suggested Mr. Cartwright, the chief mate.

"What kind of live bait? One of the boys?" inquired the captain.

"Oh, no; try him with a fowl. There's a big Brahma cock in the coop that is neither useful nor ornamental."

Chanticleer, a tall specimen of the breed, gaunt, bony, and as big as an average turkey, was lugged out of his pen, in spite of indignant cackles and spiteful pecks. His lanky legs were lashed to the shank of the hook and then he was thrown overboard.

The shark, which had been basking listless near the surface, taking no apparent interest in the proceedings, with a savage swoop and a swish of his tail made a demoniac rush on the flapping fowl, bolting bird, pork and hook, and closing his capacious jaws with a ferocious snap. It was then that the fun began. As soon as he felt the prick of the hook he darted from the ship at a twenty-knot clip at least, the captain and the mate slacking away the line and snubbing him as much as they thought the wire rope would stand, until finally they brought him to a dead stop about two hundred and fifty feet from the ship. Then a dozen men "tailed on" to the line, and we had all we could do to haul him alongside, holding on to all we got and still keeping a turn round the bollard. Never had I seen such plunging, such thrashing and such violent turmoil as that shark made in the smooth, still sea. Every moment we expected the wire rope to part in two or the hook to snap, but the gear was good, and it bravely endured the stress and strain. The skipper sent below for his navy revolver, a formidable weapon. He emptied the six chambers into the shark, but he might as well have peppered him with a popgun so far as results were concerned.

The method finally adopted for landing him on deck was ingenious. First he was hauled to the gangway amidships, and the line that held him was pulled as taut as possible. Then a running noose of stout hemp was made round the wire line and skilfully worked over his head and the entire length of his body until it reached his tail. Then it was hauled taut and made fast to a bitt on the deck. The shark was now moored head and stern and was practically under control so long as the lines held on. A stout chain sling was next passed round the middle of his body, and by means of a powerful tackle from the main yard, the fall of which

was taken to the winch, he was hoisted clear of the water. Both ends of a shark are dangerous, the rapacious jaws and the sturdy tail, a blow from which is fatal in a small specimen, and how much more deadly in a colossus like this. Therefore, as his body slowly emerged from the sea a powerful strain was kept on the wire line to which his jaws were fast and also on the thick rope, whose noose securely held his tail, the broad flukes of which prevented the slipping of the rope.

It was an exciting moment when we got him clear of the rail and canted the yard so that he hung inboard ready for lowering on deck. The principal danger was that his tail might get adrift, and then it would have been perilous indeed. But the stout line endured the mighty strain of his spasmodic struggles, and slowly and cautiously he was lowered to the deck. With a few strokes of the carpenter's biggest axe his tail was severed. This always seems to paralyze a shark, no matter how full of life and vigor he may be. His head was cut off. A tape measure was applied, and his length proved to be 34 feet 9 inches, extreme measurement, from stem to stern. He was ripped open according to custom, but nothing of note was discovered in his interior. His backbone, jaws and tail were all that were kept. The rest of his carcass was cast overboard; the deck was washed and the incident closed.

NAVAJO FIELD GAMES . . . EMMA PADDOCK TELFORD . . . N. Y. POST

Following close upon the annual snake dance in the Tusayan villages, which always takes place in late August, come the Navajo chicken pull and other field games.

This year the snake dance took place August 26 at Oraibi. The games were scheduled for the 28th at Volz' trading-post, at "The Fields," seventeen miles north of the Cañon Diablo station on the Santa Fé Railway and ten miles from the chocolate-colored Little Colorado River. This interval allowed the half-dozen white-covered "ambulances," with their contingent of interested spectators, to make the forty-one mile journey over the "Painted Desert" from Oraibi, and be in ample time to watch the spectacular gathering of the dusky clans.

The *mise-en-scène* where the games are held is striking. A wide khaki-colored plateau in the rear view stretches away league on league, unbroken save by an occasional clump of yucca, but taking on in that luminous atmosphere the most wonderful admixture of turquoise and terra-cotta, rose and violet, opal

and topaz, until lost against the rimming clear blue mountains of the snow-capped San Francisco to the west, or the garnet-clouded Moqui buttes and Giant's Chair to the east and north.

By ten o'clock next day all was in readiness for the chicken pull, which was to introduce the games. This is an old Mexican sport, cruel, as are most of their games. A chicken is bound, all except its head, in the sand, the earth being packed around it as tightly as possible. A troop of horsemen then form in line and, riding at full tilt in an ellipse, try one by one to pull the fowl from its earthy prison. This gives a chance for a splendid display of horsemanship, as the rider is compelled to swing far over the horse's side in order to grasp the head. It usually requires many repeated "pulls" before it yields. When it does, the successful man starts off bearing his trophy, the whole troop following and trying to get it from him. Then comes the wildly exciting part, with turns and counter-turns, hand-to-hand conflicts, and a general scrimmage, in which horses, riders, and luckless fowl get inextricably mixed and mingled—the chicken being literally torn in fragments. To the victor who "pulled" the chicken and retained some semblance of it to the end is awarded the prize.

About fifty Indians took part in the contest, and the riding was something to remember. The Indians ride like the English, with the toe only in the stirrup. They sit as if glued to the horse, and though he may drop to his knees they never leave him. Round and round the ellipse they swept, keen-eyed, alert, every muscle under control. Once in a while a rider would get such a tremendous grip as to nearly drag him out of the saddle, but only one was unhorsed. The crimson fillets that bound their hair frequently flew far afield; but, rhythmic as the beat of a drum, the line swept on and on.

Loosened by repeated "pullings," the "chicken" at last yielded, and the victor, waving it high above his head, started his horse toward the open. In a moment the whole phalanx was after him. Up, down, right and left, went the whorl of riders and horses, the latter apparently guiding themselves, so quickly did they whirl and swerve and veer. Not until the last fragment had been torn in twain did they desist, and the victor, breathless, but placidly triumphant, receive his prize—five silver dollars.

The men's races, horse and foot, followed. Both were exciting; both well run. The squaw

aces and dance came in the afternoon. In the former about twenty women participated. Before mounting, each woman saw that her own saddle-girth was properly cinched. Blankets were laid aside, and at the word of command the brown Dianas leaped to their saddles. It was on the home stretch that enthusiasm rose to white heat. The handful of white spectators screamed shrilly or rooted hoarsely; but the Indian braves, watching every motion with compressed lips and flashing eyes, permitted themselves only an occasional ejaculation. Swinging their quirts right and left, on the women came like the wind, a magnificent black gelding leading. Its rider was a comely woman, the mother of five children and grandmother to four.

The *Each cho chi*, or squaw dance, which concluded the games, afforded no end of fun to the Indians themselves and to the spectators, who were allowed to participate for an honorarium of fifty cents or a dollar. The squaws were privileged to invite their own partners, which they did with a keen eye to monetary returns. The spectators, afoot or on horseback, formed a cordon about the participants. The musicians, "Billy the Flea" (named for his superior agility) and two confrères in flour sacks, old, toothless, and wrinkled, began a monotonous vocal chant, accompanying it by a vigorous staccato movement, performed by the aid of lard pails and baking-powder cans. Each squaw, holding her blanket over her face with one hand, grasped her partner by his belt or trouser strap. No toying, delicate touch was this, but firm, resistless, unyielding as the hand of Fate. Holding on to this vantage point each squaw proceeded to dance half a circle all by herself, then back again.

When some of the railroad officials, artists, and men of the cloth—among them a jolly priest from Boston—found themselves thus unexpectedly introduced into Terpsichorean festivities, and with no chance to distinguish themselves beyond supplying the support around which the dancer might gyrate, they, with one accord, began to improvise fancy steps, to execute pigeon wings, and to wave their arms after the fashion of the old Ionic dance. Even the dignified old Indians felt constrained to join in the mirth occasioned by this new departure. "Billy the Flea" leaped higher and higher, clanging his primitive instruments in the very faces of the dancers, and the Indian maidens giggled so unreservedly that they could scarce hold their blankets over their heads.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS. . C. M. WOODWARD. . POP. SCIENCE

Has not the time arrived for a general conference of representatives from all institutions for higher education, whether literary or technical, for the purpose of formulating rules and adopting uniform standards in so far as they bear upon the question of eligibility to athletic teams? All admit that high standards are necessary in determining a man's worthiness to be proclaimed an attorney, an architect, an engineer or a physician; while a more moderate standard may be admissible in the general studies which are regarded as in no way professional. A university may require a passing grade of 40 per cent. in its college of letters, but insist upon 60 or 70 per cent. in its schools of engineering, law and medicine. Evidently there should be no discrepancy in determining athletic eligibility for intercollegiate games.

There is in the minds of many people a natural and reasonable fear that an enthusiasm for athletics involves a loss of interest in scholarship, in the high ideals of the spirit, and in the details of a chosen course of study. It is feared that, even when one does not lose his interest in study in consequence of his interest in athletics, he must suffer a loss of the time which athletics require. I doubt if any of these fears are well grounded. There is great economy of time in spending a proper amount of it in healthful, invigorating exercise, and again there is a great waste of time in lingering and poring long over one's books.

But there is more in athletics than mere physical and mental health. There is a moral training which is of equal if not of greater value. One acquires from successful athletics a mental dexterity which is of infinite worth. In an emergency one must not lose his head or forget his hands. Be it a shipwreck, a midnight fire, a school panic, a summer camp—the man of brain and brawn is a saving help.

Rugby football has taken a strong hold upon popular favor and no outdoor entertainment can command so large an attendance of respectable people as a game of football between two teams of college boys. Of course there is mixed with a love of the game pure and simple a great deal of college spirit and college pride. But there is something more. There is a moral force that is mighty and strong, and which only a player truly knows. The player alone feels the wild joy of the charge, the struggle, the tackle, and the gauntlet. None but the player feels the absolute necessity of obeying orders, of co-operation, of vigilance, of instant decision and prompt action. Experienced players can

see great moral gain in all this, and in the sense of obligation to cherish the body so that it may always be at its best. Men who have made athletics a business have taught us that certain things weaken and enervate a man and make him less noble and less manly; so the football player must avoid them, not only while he plays but as long as he wishes to be noble and manly.

In a recent number of the North American Review, President Thwing, of the Western Reserve University, elaborates "The Ethical Functions of Football." His points are summarized as follows: (1) Football represents the inexorable. It embraces things that must be done at specific times, places, and in specific ways. (2) Football illustrates the value of the positive. It teaches one to do. It is action, not inaction. It bucks, it punches, it breaks, it runs, it goes, it goes through the line, it goes round the ends, but it goes. (3) Football represents the value of a compelling interest. There are other interests, good and bad, but certain temperaments need something like football to arouse them. Speaking of a lazy boy, Emerson said: "Set a dog on him, send him West, do something to him." Football serves such a purpose. (4) Football embodies the process of self-discovery. Every football game is a crisis. It not only creates power and develops power; it also discovers the possession or the lack of power. (5) Football develops self-restraint. Self-restraint, or more broadly, self-control, is one of the primary signs of the gentleman. Football demands self-restraint, for it teems with temptations to do mean and nasty things. It thus helps to make the finest type of a gentleman.

Few college men would claim all the above, but if we grant the half, football is amply justified, and deserves general support.

In the interest of fairness and good breeding, General Walker protests vigorously against a style of systematic cheering or yelling, which directly or indirectly tends to disconcert and impede opposing players. In this protest I cordially join. Good play should be generously recognized, no matter who makes it, and neither the side lines nor the grand stand should say or do anything to embarrass or confuse visiting players. It ceases to be a manly sport when ungentlemanly tricks are resorted to. Fair play means the golden rule; treat others as you would wish to be treated in a similar situation. I do not say, as you would expect to be treated, but as you would wish to be treated. I regret that in many a community visiting clubs are treated by the spectators in such a disgraceful

way that one is forced to infer that they do not know what fair play and good breeding mean.

THE PENTATHLON WALTER CAMP SUCCESS

The five contests, or *pentathlon*, which were in such great favor in Greece, consisted of exercises supposed to develop all the muscles of the body. The winners in these exercises were regarded in a far higher light than any winner of our present "all-round" athletic championships. The five contests consisted of leaping, throwing the discus, hurling the javelin, and running and wrestling. The first three exercises were accompanied by the sound of a flute. Since victory in three was a majority, the fifth contest, wrestling, was not nearly as commonly resorted to as one might have believed. It is likely that the leaping in the *pentathlon* was what we would call the standing long jump, and was performed with dumb-bells. Discus-throwing is indulged in to-day, and that was, undoubtedly, a throw for distance, while the spear-throwing involved accuracy. *Pancratium* was the Greek boxing and wrestling combined, and unquestionably this sport was more brutal than anything we have to-day. The fists and arms were bound with leather, and in such a way as to make the blow unusually severe. It was by no means extraordinary for a victor to win by dislocating the limbs of an adversary, or by suffocating him by means of holds similar to what are now known in wrestling as the strangle holds, or to injure him in some way so as to make him entirely incapable of continuing the conflict. The addition of chariot races and horse races to the Olympic Games, the former at the time of the twenty-fifth Olympiad, made the affairs more spectacular, and as undoubtedly more sure of popular favor. The games lost some of their strictly athletic character by this addition. It is probable that, in the running contests, the earliest of the competitors contested in running once the length of the *stadium*, six hundred Greek feet. This would compare very closely with our present sprint races. Later, other races were added, in which the length of the course was passed over twelve, twenty, or twenty-four times, thus bringing in running similar to our long-distance running. The competitors were naked, and their bodies were anointed with oil. In the wrestling bouts the winner was obliged to throw his opponent three times.

Thus it will be seen that these contests of the Olympiads were not so far removed from our present athletics, and that much of the same questioning arose as to their full value.

T r e a s u r e ✧ T r o v e : O l d ✧ F a v o r i t e s ✧ R e c a l l e d

IF I LEAVE ALL FOR THEE.....ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange
And be all to me? Shall I never miss
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,
When I look up, to drop on a new range
Of walls and floors . . . another home than this?
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is
Fill'd by dead eyes, too tender to know change?
That's hardest! If to conquer love has tried,
To conquer griefs tries more . . . as all things prove:
For grief indeed is love, and grief beside.
Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love—
Yet love me—wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.....JOHN G. WHITTIER

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;
As restlessly her tiny hands
The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word:
I hate to go above you,
Because," the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him,
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

ROSALYND'S MADRIGAL.....THOMAS LODGE

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, wanton, will ye?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut my eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
—Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god,
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid! so thou pity me!
Spare not, but play thee!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.....ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TO HELEN EDGAR ALLAN POE

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

A LOVE SYMPHONY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

Along the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair:
Each look'd its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trill'd the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnét, without pause
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring, too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you:
How many a thousand years ago
I loved, and you were sweet—
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

THE BIRTH-BOND DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Have you not noted, in some family
Where two were born of a first marriage-bed,
How still they own their gracious bond, though
fed
And nursed on the forgotten breast and knee?—
How to their father's children they shall be
In act and thought of one goodwill; but each
Shall for the other have, in silence speech,
And in a word complete community?

Even so, when first I saw you, seem'd it, love,
That among souls allied to mine was yet
One nearer kindred than life hinted of.
One born with me somewhere that men forget,
And though in years of sight and sound unmet,
Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough!

PHILOMELA MATTHEW ARNOLD

Hark! ah, the nightingale—
The tawny-throated!
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark!—what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world
pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the
leaves!
Again—thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

TO JULIA ROBERT HERRICK

When as in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY LORD BYRON

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

There are some few months of the year which would, indeed, be dreary to the lover of plants, if he were dependent entirely on the outside garden, the field and the forest. There are, however, three ways in which he can surround himself with flowers and, in a certain measure, bring the pleasures of summer into the dark days of winter. These are: the simple flower-stand facing a sunny window, or even the window sill itself; a properly-prepared window garden, and a green or hot-house. The first of these is simple enough, although sometimes far from satisfactory, and is the resource of many a keen enthusiast. Scoffed at by some as full of failures, it, nevertheless, shows many a success in the hands of patient and careful housewives; witness the many bright windows to be seen in our farmhouses. How far the window garden can be made successful, let the following testimony show:

HOME WINDOW-GARDEN... E. L. FULLERTON... COUNTRY LIFE

We have had only three years' experience in window-gardening, and have made no special study of the subject. When we first became interested, we found great difficulty in getting advice or suggestions of practical value. The articles we read were either so technical or vague and lacking in detail, that we decided to go right ahead, anyhow, making our own blunders in our own way, and we resolved to have as much "fun" as possible, whatever happened. There are two windows on the south side of our house, giving on to a small balcony. In October we remove the sash from these windows and screw up the window-garden. It is really a bulk window with a glass roof; the roof is on hinges, and can be raised to admit of ventilation. The floor of this window is half a foot below the level of the window-sills. A second floor, resting on brackets, is flush with the sills. This makes an air-space under the pots which keeps out much of the cold. The balcony also gives great protection, else we should have to take greater precautions against sudden changes in temperature. The only heat the garden receives is from the room. We have had no trouble with the cold, however, rather the reverse, and we have to hang a sheet on the outside of the window to subdue the intensity of the sun. In the window we have a floor-space four feet long by one and a half feet wide. In

this we have raised and brought into bloom eighteen pots of bulbs and half a dozen pots of various kinds of flowers.

PLANTING

Last September we took up such plants from the garden as we wished to bring into the house—heliotrope, begonias, abutilon, ageratum, coleus, and geraniums. The three former were potted and cut away back; the latter were slips. These gave us some flowers while the bulbs were being started. As the bulbs came into the window we relegated the ageratum, coleus, and geraniums to other parts of the house where we have flower-shelves in the windows. We found, also, that the garden was too warm and sunny for begonias and a little *Primula obconica*, so they went into a northeast window, where they did wonderfully well. We planted the bulbs in October, and tried to follow the many directions we had read of: "Keep them dark," and "Keep them cool," and "Keep them wet," and "Keep them dry," and "Keep them in the cellar," and "Keep them in the attic," and "Sink the pots in the garden," and "Bury them in moss or sawdust in the cellar," etc., etc., but unforeseen demands on our time made it necessary for them to take care of themselves. They had one good, thorough watering when planted, and were placed on a dark, swinging shelf in the cellar. A month later we found them bone dry and no sign of top growth, except one Paper White narcissus. Root-growth had apparently done very well, so after watering, the entire lot were transferred to the attic, where they had subdued light. We kept them moist, and they began to grow in a very nice succession. We planted the bulbs in pure sandy leaf-mold, mixed with a little commercial fertilizer, first placing good drainage (stones) and plenty of charcoal in the bottom of the pot. One season we used garden soil, and were much troubled with caking, worms and insects. With the leaf-mold we have not been troubled with worms or insects of any kind, and the earth has been perfection as far as consistency goes.

BULBS PLANTED

The following is our stock of bulbs: Twelve single Roman hyacinths (pink, blue, yellow, and white), two *Scilla Cubana*, six freesias, three *Narcissus gloriosus*, three *Narcissus Horsfeldii*, four *Narcissus Emperor*, six *Narcissus poeticus ornatus*, six Spanish Iris, six Paper White narcissi, six Giant White narcissi, six grape hyacinths and four cyclamens. We planted three Roman hyacinths in a six-inch pot (and we learned that it is wise to plant only one color in a pot, as they bloom at different times); two *Horsfeldii*, three *Emperor*, six *poeticus*, and six Spanish iris, each in eight-inch pots; three Paper Whites, three Giant Whites, six freesias, and three *Gloriosus*, each in six-inch pots; six grape hyacinths in a five-inch pot, and we found that we might just as well have had twelve in the same sized pot. We planted two scillas in an eight-inch pot, and were much interested to see what they would do. The catalogue described them as bearing large clusters of blossoms twelve inches in diameter. When these two bulbs showed seven buds we decided that the entire family would have to move out when they bloomed. The Paper White narcissi were the first to appear, and we put them for a week or so in a west window before bringing them into the strong sunlight of the window-garden. As each kind came along, we treated it in the same way, and we had flowering bulbs from the tenth of December to the middle of May. Our Spanish iris failed to bloom, though we had a splendid crop of foliage, which looked like garlic. As the plants came into bud, we gave them fertilizer in liquid form once every one or two weeks, and twice during the winter worked a little of the dry food into the earth, being careful not to get it too near the roots. A Kenilworth ivy and two kinds of asparagus—*A. Sprengeri* in a hanging basket and *A. plumosa* on a bracket—completed our garden. That is all, except that we feel we have summer always with us.

The possession of a greenhouse has long been associated with wealthy luxury, but surely the time has come when such a notion may be allowed to die a natural death. There is no reason why the greenhouse should not be regarded as being as necessary to the comfortable home as the piano or parlor organ; it is, therefore, a pleasure to come across the following passage written by one who knows whereof he speaks:

THE HOME GREENHOUSE....EBEN E. REXFORD....LIPPINCOTT'S

To grow flowers to perfection, in the winter, one must have better facilities than those

afforded by the windows of the living room. While it is true that many kinds may be grown comparatively well there, it is also true that many very desirable kinds cannot be grown there at all, and those with which we attain a fair degree of success are never grown in anything like perfection. One has only to go from a window-garden to a greenhouse to find proof of this assertion. The plants grown by the florist, who can control heat and light and moisture, resemble the plants in the window-garden only in general features, though investigation may show that they are identical as to variety. But the florist's plants will have a vigor of leaf and flower that those in the window-garden seldom attain to. The wide difference in appearance does not come from better care, as some suppose, but from more favorable conditions. As a general thing, the owner of a window-garden lavishes more care upon her plants than the professional florist does on his. She has to do this in order to secure even a moderate degree of success. Half that care expended on plants grown in quarters more favorable to healthy plant-development would enable her to grow plants quite as well as the professional. Only when one has a place made expressly for plants, where heat, moisture, and light are under control, can a satisfactory measure of success in their culture be attained.

NOT AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

The idea prevails that a greenhouse is, and must be, an expensive luxury. That it is a luxury we admit, but it is not an expensive one; neither is it one of those luxuries which come under the head of foolish extravagances on which money is, to all intents and purposes thrown away. Flowers are like books and pictures and music to those who love and understand them. They do much in refining and uplifting and developing our better natures, and soon become as much necessities, if we give them a chance, as the books and music cultivated people cannot well get along without. They should be classed among the necessary luxuries of life. The home greenhouse can be built as cheaply as any other part of the dwelling, and with as little trouble, if the person who has supervision of the job understands what it is necessary to do.

AN ELABORATE STRUCTURE NOT NECESSARY

The primary idea of a greenhouse is simply a building or room where summer can be kept prisoner over winter. It need not be elaborate in any sense. The plainest structure that is

Among the Plants: Garden, Field and Forest

Edited by Robert Blight

There are some few months of the year which would, indeed, be dreary to the lover of plants, if he were dependent entirely on the outside garden, the field and the forest. There are, however, three ways in which he can surround himself with flowers and, in a certain measure, bring the pleasures of summer into the dark days of winter. These are: the simple flower-stand facing a sunny window, or even the window sill itself; a properly-prepared window garden, and a green or hot-house. The first of these is simple enough, although sometimes far from satisfactory, and is the resource of many a keen enthusiast. Scoffed at by some as full of failures, it, nevertheless, shows many a success in the hands of patient and careful housewives; witness the many bright windows to be seen in our farmhouses. How far the window garden can be made successful, let the following testimony show:

HOME WINDOW-GARDEN... E. L. FULLERTON... COUNTRY LIFE

We have had only three years' experience in window-gardening, and have made no special study of the subject. When we first became interested, we found great difficulty in getting advice or suggestions of practical value. The articles we read were either so technical or vague and lacking in detail, that we decided to go right ahead, anyhow, making our own blunders in our own way, and we resolved to have as much "fun" as possible, whatever happened. There are two windows on the south side of our house, giving on to a small balcony. In October we remove the sash from these windows and screw up the window-garden. It is really a bulk window with a glass roof; the roof is on hinges, and can be raised to admit of ventilation. The floor of this window is half a foot below the level of the window-sills. A second floor, resting on brackets, is flush with the sills. This makes an air-space under the pots which keeps out much of the cold. The balcony also gives great protection, else we should have to take greater precautions against sudden changes in temperature. The only heat the garden receives is from the room. We have had no trouble with the cold, however, rather the reverse, and we have to hang a sheet on the outside of the window to subdue the intensity of the sun. In the window we have a floor-space four feet long by one and a half feet wide. In

this we have raised and brought into bloom eighteen pots of bulbs and half a dozen pots of various kinds of flowers.

PLANTING

Last September we took up such plants from the garden as we wished to bring into the house—heliotrope, begonias, abutilon, ageratum, coleus, and geraniums. The three former were potted and cut away back; the latter were slips. These gave us some flowers while the bulbs were being started. As the bulbs came into the window we relegated the ageratum, coleus, and geraniums to other parts of the house where we have flower-shelves in the windows. We found, also, that the garden was too warm and sunny for begonias and a little *Primula obconica*, so they went into a northeast window, where they did wonderfully well. We planted the bulbs in October, and tried to follow the many directions we had read of: "Keep them dark," and "Keep them cool," and "Keep them wet," and "Keep them dry," and "Keep them in the cellar," and "Keep them in the attic," and "Sink the pots in the garden," and "Bury them in moss or sawdust in the cellar," etc., etc., but unforeseen demands on our time made it necessary for them to take care of themselves. They had one good, thorough watering when planted, and were placed on a dark, swinging shelf in the cellar. A month later we found them bone dry and no sign of top growth, except one Paper White narcissus. Root-growth had apparently done very well, so after watering, the entire lot were transferred to the attic, where they had subdued light. We kept them moist, and they began to grow in a very nice succession. We planted the bulbs in pure sandy leaf-mold, mixed with a little commercial fertilizer, first placing good drainage (stones) and plenty of charcoal in the bottom of the pot. One season we used garden soil, and were much troubled with caking, worms and insects. With the leaf-mold we have not been troubled with worms or insects of any kind, and the earth has been perfection as far as consistency goes.

BULBS PLANTED

The following is our stock of bulbs: Twelve single Roman hyacinths (pink, blue, yellow, and white), two *Scilla Cubana*, six freesias, three *Narcissus gloriosus*, three *Narcissus Horsfeldii*, four *Narcissus Emperor*, six *Narcissus poeticus ornatus*, six Spanish Iris, six Paper White narcissi, six Giant White narcissi, six grape hyacinths and four cyclamens. We planted three Roman hyacinths in a six-inch pot (and we learned that it is wise to plant only one color in a pot, as they bloom at different times); two *Horsfeldii*, three *Emperor*, six *poeticus*, and six Spanish iris, each in eight-inch pots; three Paper Whites, three Giant Whites, six freesias, and three *Gloriosus*, each in six-inch pots; six grape hyacinths in a five-inch pot, and we found that we might just as well have had twelve in the same sized pot. We planted two scillas in an eight-inch pot, and were much interested to see what they would do. The catalogue described them as bearing large clusters of blossoms twelve inches in diameter. When these two bulbs showed seven buds we decided that the entire family would have to move out when they bloomed. The Paper White narcissi were the first to appear, and we put them for a week or so in a west window before bringing them into the strong sunlight of the window-garden. As each kind came along, we treated it in the same way, and we had flowering bulbs from the tenth of December to the middle of May. Our Spanish iris failed to bloom, though we had a splendid crop of foliage, which looked like garlic. As the plants came into bud, we gave them fertilizer in liquid form once every one or two weeks, and twice during the winter worked a little of the dry food into the earth, being careful not to get it too near the roots. A Kenilworth ivy and two kinds of asparagus—*A. Sprengeri* in a hanging basket and *A. plumosa* on a bracket—completed our garden. That is all, except that we feel we have summer always with us.

The possession of a greenhouse has long been associated with wealthy luxury, but surely the time has come when such a notion may be allowed to die a natural death. There is no reason why the greenhouse should not be regarded as being as necessary to the comfortable home as the piano or parlor organ; it is, therefore, a pleasure to come across the following passage written by one who knows whereof he speaks:

THE HOME GREENHOUSE....EBEN E. REXFORD....LIPPINCOTT'S

To grow flowers to perfection, in the winter, one must have better facilities than those

afforded by the windows of the living room. While it is true that many kinds may be grown comparatively well there, it is also true that many very desirable kinds cannot be grown there at all, and those with which we attain a fair degree of success are never grown in anything like perfection. One has only to go from a window-garden to a greenhouse to find proof of this assertion. The plants grown by the florist, who can control heat and light and moisture, resemble the plants in the window-garden only in general features, though investigation may show that they are identical as to variety. But the florist's plants will have a vigor of leaf and flower that those in the window-garden seldom attain to. The wide difference in appearance does not come from better care, as some suppose, but from more favorable conditions. As a general thing, the owner of a window-garden lavishes more care upon her plants than the professional florist does on his. She has to do this in order to secure even a moderate degree of success. Half that care expended on plants grown in quarters more favorable to healthy plant-development would enable her to grow plants quite as well as the professional. Only when one has a place made expressly for plants, where heat, moisture, and light are under control, can a satisfactory measure of success in their culture be attained.

NOT AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

The idea prevails that a greenhouse is, and must be, an expensive luxury. That it is a luxury we admit, but it is not an expensive one; neither is it one of those luxuries which come under the head of foolish extravagances on which money is, to all intents and purposes thrown away. Flowers are like books and pictures and music to those who love and understand them. They do much in refining and uplifting and developing our better natures, and soon become as much necessities, if we give them a chance, as the books and music cultivated people cannot well get along without. They should be classed among the necessary luxuries of life. The home greenhouse can be built as cheaply as any other part of the dwelling, and with as little trouble, if the person who has supervision of the job understands what it is necessary to do.

AN ELABORATE STRUCTURE NOT NECESSARY

The primary idea of a greenhouse is simply a building or room where summer can be kept prisoner over winter. It need not be elaborate in any sense. The plainest structure that is

built sufficiently snug to keep heat in and cold out, and affords free entrance to light and sunshine, will grow plants just as well as the most ornate building—better, perhaps, for many greenhouses defeat some of the objects aimed at in their construction by excess of ornament, which interferes with light and ease of management. I know of one amateur's greenhouse which is really nothing more than a shed, whose board roof has been removed and one of glass substituted, but this plain little building has in it plants which would do credit to the most elaborate conservatory equipped with every modern convenience. The owner of this cheap building picked up here and there some of the material from which he constructed it, buying it as he could afford to do so, and storing it away until he had enough to warrant him in beginning his house. He built it himself, working "between whiles." It is not ornamental from without, but those who go into it forget all about the building in their admiration for the beautiful plants it contains. You could not make its owner believe that the money that went into the house could have been invested in any other way that would have "paid" half so well.

LOCATION

Before beginning the work a plan should be prepared, and this should be gone over with the carpenter, and care taken to see that he understands it in all its details. This is important. If the builder does not fully understand the work he is to undertake, and you cannot clearly explain it to him, let him visit some greenhouse and get ideas from it to help him out. In making your plans, consider, first of all, the location of the building. Sunshine must be secured in order to make a success of plant-growing, and your building must have a location where it will not be much shaded by other buildings. If it is on the south side of the house, and can have sunshine from early morning until two or three o'clock, it will not matter if there are buildings to the west of it which shut off the later sunshine. The sunshine needed most is that of the forenoon and midday. A house which only gets the benefit of sunshine up to noon will enable one to grow such plants as begonias, fuchsias, ferns, palms, and many others well, but geraniums, heliotropes, and others fond of a great deal of sunshine, will need more than a short forenoon affords. A western exposure is not satisfactory because of the intense heat which characterizes afternoon sunshine. All things

considered, an even-span house—which means a house having a roof of equal size on each side—running north and south will be most satisfactory, but a "lean-to" sloping to the south or southeast will answer almost as well.

THE STRUCTURE

It pays to build the greenhouse on a foundation of stone, let into the ground deep enough to go below the frost line. If this is done, there will be no heaving, with consequent loss of glass and other annoyances resulting from unstable foundation. A house built on a stone wall is never subject to decay, except from internal moisture, and that can be largely avoided if plenty of paint is used. Erect your frame on the wall precisely as you would the frame of any other part of the house, subject, of course, to the modifications of your plan. Have as little woodwork about the house as possible. The side and end walls, to the height of three feet from the ground, may be boarded up both outside and in, but above that height, by all means, have sash. In other words, let all that part of the house above this three feet of boarded wall be composed of glass as far as possible. First quality lumber will not be required for boarding if sheathing paper is used liberally, as it should be, for it is a most efficient protection against cold. I would advise boarding up the walls, outside and in, with cheap lumber, then covering it with two thicknesses of paper. I would finish the inside wall with matched ceiling lumber, running up and down, that the grooves may assist in carrying off water. Outside, I would finish the walls with what is called "ship-lap." The air-space between the outer and inner boarding is a most efficient non-conductor of cold. There is economy in building well, for a snug house saves fuel.

If the sides of the house are five feet high—and that is a good height for them—and the three lower feet of the wall are boarded as advised, there will be left a space of about two feet for sash. This sash should be hung by hinges to the plate, so that it can be swung outward for ventilation. There should also be sections on each side of the roof so arranged that they can be opened for ventilation. There are ventilating appliances now on the market which so add to the ease of management and control of the greenhouse that no one can afford to be without them. The glass for the roof ought always to be what is known as "double-strength." Very severe hailstorms will not injure it, but roofs glazed with single-

strength glass are not strong enough to withstand the effects of a slight storm.

THE HEATING PROBLEM

How to heat a greenhouse is one of the problems which the builder often finds perplexing. If the building is a very small one and it is well-made, an oil-stove may be sufficient to furnish all the heat needed in ordinary weather, and a second stove could be held in reserve for very cold spells. If the building happens to be attached to the dwelling, and there are wide openings between it and the living room, enough heat will generally be admitted to keep out the frost, but it is not safe to depend on such a method of heating unless the plant-room is very small indeed. Furnace heat can be supplied if the dwelling is heated in that manner, but I consider this the poorest of all heat for a greenhouse. Steam heat is perhaps cheaper than any other for large houses, but the ideal heat for small ones is that furnished by hot water. Small hot-water heaters cost about as much as a parlor coal-stove, are self-feeding, and can be left to take care of themselves at night. They can be depended on to furnish a sufficient amount of heat for the coldest weather if properly regulated. The management of a hot-water heater is so simple that a child can soon learn to operate it.

THE BEST SIZE

If you decide on building a greenhouse, do not make the mistake of having it too small. If you have had only a few plants in the window, a room twelve or fourteen feet square will seem large enough to you to hold all the plants you will ever care to grow, but I venture to predict that you will wish in a short time that the room was as large again. When we have conveniences for growing all kinds of plants our collections increase rapidly. We seldom go away from home without finding new plants to bring back with us.

One advantage of the possession of a greenhouse, however, cannot be passed over in silence, and that is the aid it is to our studies in systematic botany. The botanist can well afford to be looked upon with suspicion as a "dry-as-dust" and lover of a *hortus siccus* when he stands before the staging of the conservatory and recalls that *Stephanotis* and *Hoya* are relatives of the Milkweeds of our roadsides and fields; that the *Richardias*, or Trumpet Lilies, are near cousins of our Jack-in-the-pulpit; that the *Camellia* and Tea-plant claim relationship with our *Stuartia* and *Loblollybay*; that the *Epacrids*, or Cape Heath, are allied to our *Trailing Arbutus*, *Mountain Laurel* and *Azalea*; that *Gardenias* are aristocrats of the same clan as our *Partridge-berry* and *Bluetts*. The true lover of flowers bases his affection on much higher grounds than mere beauty

of form and color. And, after all, systematic botany has been at the root of all our advance in horticulture, as it has been in the progress in other ways of ministering to the wants of mankind. Its high rank as one of the most useful sciences is well set forth in the following:

APPLIED BOTANY SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

It has been the practice of late to ignore the important part that systematic botany has played in making known the practical value of plants to the human race. In the rage for special problems the fact is often overlooked that many of them owe their inception to prior efforts in taxonomic lines. It is hardly necessary or essential to go into details upon the bearing of systematic botany to applied work; but, in passing, attention should be called to the great benefit that has come to the country as a whole through the important work on grasses, forestry and medicine. Some of the early investigations of Vasey did much to call attention to the value of applied botany, and there has been developed from this work very important and far-reaching research extending into the broad fields of agronomy and other lines, such as have to do with the improvement of pastures or range lands. The same is true of many of the important investigations that have been carried on in the matter of studying noxious plants, weeds, etc. The advanced forestry work of the present also owes its inception, primarily, to systematic studies which were begun years ago, and which are still continued in order to form an intelligent and rational basis for many of the advanced problems in this field. In medicine, too, the study of systematic botany has played an important part. It was the general practice in the early days for physicians to be trained in botanical lines, and a great deal of our most important information has been brought out by the work of these same physicians. In fact, it has been generally considered necessary for physicians to be pretty thoroughly posted on botanical matters; hence the close relationship of botany to the practice of medicine has always been recognized. With systematic botany as a basis, the study of *medicinal botany* has advanced rapidly, and has formed an important item in the development of our work. Probably in no other field of botanical science has the applied work been of more value to mankind than in bacteriology, surgery, and sanitation. The systematic study of the causes of disease has led to most valuable results, and in nearly all of these investigations the inception of the work can be traced to one or more lines of botanical science.

Scientific Progress and Endeavor

LIQUID LENS REVOLUTIONIZING PHOTOGRAPHY....N. Y. TIMES

The "liquid lens" has not come to America as yet, but from all accounts it is revolutionizing photography abroad, making possible achievements in rapid work that hitherto have been thought to be out of the question. In fact, the new development in photographic art is being hailed as no less a wonder than the Röntgen rays.

For, by using a certain oil between the parts of a rectilinear lens, the refraction is so increased that instantaneous photographs may be made in the ordinary light of a theater. This is but one of the photographic feats possible. Another is to take a photograph at midnight on a pitch-black night with no apparent light in fifteen minutes. A third is to make a photograph at midnight, with a fair moon, with one minute's exposure.

Other tested possibilities of this new lens are no less extraordinary. A photograph may be taken in a theater, the footlights only being used, in a quarter second of exposure. In an ordinary room, with an exposure of but five seconds, a photograph may be made, with an illumination of but forty-eight candle-power.

Never before in photographic history has there been a lens so rapid as this. To the ordinary amateur photographer it will all seem to be fiction, but it is none the less an undoubted scientific fact. The liquid lens is an English invention, the device of Dr. Edward F. Grun, of Brighton, England, who has been working on it for several years, and was led to the experiments that have resulted in its perfection through his work with the microscope.

Dr. Grun's early experiments were made with the idea of being able to photograph stage performances at night. He found that the fastest lens he could get was not quick enough to photograph a play in action; that there must be a halt for an instant, posing the figures and losing the time effect, or else the picture would show movement and blur.

A speedier lens became necessary, and finally Dr. Grun devised it, discovering an oil which, placed between the glasses of the combinations of the lens (and not in the air-spaces, as first tried), shortened the focus materially. What this oil is the inventor will not say. Its success, however, has been proved by many

extremely fine photographs that the doctor has made. It works at a very large aperture and is thoroughly practical, though in actual operation it can only be used for small plates.

THE DUDLEY DYNAGRAPH CAR...JOSEPH M. ADAMS...PEARSON'S

The object of this car is the inspection, recording, and measuring of tracks, and during the quarter of a century of its existence it has been drawn over every railway of any importance in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, and as a result it has made thousands of rolls of records for the railroad companies, on which are shown the exact condition of roadbed, rails, and sleepers at the date the car passed over them.

At one end of the car, and directly over the trucks, the dynagraph machine is located, and by means of a vertical shaft extending down through the floor of the car it is connected with an axle. By this means the speed of the car regulates the speed of the machine, which for good record work should be at the rate of twenty miles an hour, behind a heavy engine, and preferably at the end of a train.

The dynagraph resembles a cylinder printing-press somewhat, and when in action the motions are very similar. At one end of the machine, over a large spool, is a roll of paper made especially for this machine, and upon this roll fine lines are ruled at certain distances apart. At the top of the machine several arms extend out over the paper, and at the end of each a glass pen is fixed, into which ink is dropped by an assistant as the lines consume it. These arms are operated on by electricity, which regulates their movement accurately and quickly.

When the car is in motion it requires three men properly to operate the mechanical and technical matters. One keeps the pens filled, watches the arms, and keeps an eye to the mechanical part of the machine; another watches the record sheet, marks locations of bridges, mile posts, or other facts to be noted, which are called out by the lookout at the window. The third man is stationed at a window near the machine, where he can observe any point of interest along the line, which he immediately calls out, and is recorded on the margin

of the paper and acts as a guide when reading a record.

The object of this record is to show the condition of the roadbed, track, and other points that are necessary in keeping a road in proper repair, and in shape to avoid accident, save wear and tear on rolling stock, as well as to show where by repairing a road-bed it can be kept in good condition. So sensitive is this car that any one stepping on a platform, no matter how lightly, vibrates his presence to those inside the car; and the machine and electrical equipment are so sensitive that the slightest deflection in a rail is instantly recorded.

Another wonderful contrivance in connection with this car is the low-point marker. This is an electric and pneumatic device which automatically paints the side of a rail as the car passes over it, where a deflection is recorded by the dynagraph. A gang boss, going along a section after the car has passed, can see where the track sags or is deflected by the indicated paint marks. He can then have the track and ties lined up. But were it not for the dynagraph car it would be impossible to find these irregularities in the track, as it often springs back into apparently perfect condition after a train has passed over it.

Apart from the actual mechanism of the car and machine, Dr. Dudley has invented and perfected instruments for measuring, testing, and recording most every thing relating to tracks, sleepers, and roadbeds. One of his most interesting inventions is the stremmatograph, which produces a record on a polished strip of bronze so fine that a microscope is required to read it. By this instrument, the elasticity of a steel rail can be measured in short lengths; that is, in a distance between sleepers when a one-hundred-ton engine is passing over it. Another instrument will measure the elasticity of a rail in full length, and rails are often tested by Dr. Dudley in the Grand Central yards, where there are two piers and the necessary weights.

In connection with the work of roadbed testing, photography plays an important part, and among the many scientific instruments on this wonderful car is a camera, lenses, and shutter that will take pictures in one-thousandth of a second.

NEWEST DEFINITION OF ELECTRICITY. . . CARL SNYDER. . . HARPER'S

Readers whose memories run back twenty years may recall something of the flutter aroused when Sir William Crookes sought to demonstrate the existence of a fourth state of

matter. Studying the peculiar actions which go on in that same Crookes tube which has become so familiar as the source of the Röntgen rays, Professor Crookes was led to the belief that the beautiful velvety greenish glow inside the vacuum tube which comes when an electric discharge passes is due to the incandescence of tiny fragments of matter, traveling at an incredible speed. But many doubted.

Professor J. J. Thomson has found a way to measure the speed of these particles, their weight, or mass, as well—in a word, to demonstrate that they are real. They seem to be wonderful as well, for they are the smallest things known to man, and it may be that out of them the universe is made. Taking a leaf from Newton's note-book, Professor Thomson calls them corpuscles. It is rather bewildering to be told that these corpuscles may turn out to be electricity, matter, light, the aurora borealis, magnetism, chemical affinity, and various other trifles, all at once.

These corpuscles have introduced an utterly new conception into the domain of electricity—that the latter is atomic in character, or, according to the new ideas, atomic in structure. In order to get at some sort of a working model of the processes which go on in his laboratory, the chemist was obliged to resort to the notion of ultimate units of matter, atoms—literally, that which cannot be cut. Choosing the lightest of the atoms, that of hydrogen, as a basis, the chemist weighs and measures his atoms of gold or sulphur or iron as if they were so much sugar or salt in his scale pans. A few years ago the notion that there exists a similar natural unit of electricity would have been deemed bizarre enough. But the researches of Professor Thomson and others have shown that the bits of flying matter in the nearly absolute vacuums of a Crookes tube bear a high electrical charge; a stream of them may be bent and deflected by a magnet as if it were a piece of iron. Having found an extremely ingenious way actually to count the number of corpuscles within a tube, and knowing the total amount of electricity they bore, it was merely a problem in very long division to calculate the charge on each corpuscle. No matter what the origin of the corpuscles, or the substances employed, this charge is always the same. It is nature's electrical unit; obviously it needed a label, and Professor Stoney called it an electron.

Now, the initiate are endeavoring to determine what is the relationship of the electrical charge, the electron, to the bit of matter, the corpuscle, which carries it. Strange as it may

seem, this may be but a schoolman's riddle. The electron is known only as it is associated with a something which has mass, or weight—that is, matter—brief, the corpuscles. In turn, the corpuscles are unknown save as possessing the properties of an electrified body—brief, surrounded by or charged with an electron. Are what we, in our ignorance, term matter and electricity, then, so indissolubly bound up together that they are to all intents one and the same?

That is how it looks now. The chemist's atom, in the new view, becomes but an aggregation of electrified corpuscles. The mass of the latter is but a thousandth part of that of the lightest of atoms—that of hydrogen; but a hundred-thousandth part of that of an atom of silver or gold. Clusters of these corpuscles, varying in number and arrangement, but absolutely identical among themselves, build up the different kinds of matter—the eighty or ninety "elements" known to the chemist. The corpuscles, in a word, constitute primal matter; they are the stuff of which all existing things, a starfish or a planet, a music-box or a mummy, are made.

On the other hand, the electrician is invited to see in the passage of a 10,000-kilowatt current but a drift of corpuscles, or, if you prefer, electrons, along a wire. It is rather staggering, but the drift may be swift. Professor Thomson calculates the speed of the corpuscles in a Crookes tube at rather more than 50,000 miles per second—about one-third the speed of light. Professor Becquerel figures that the peculiar uranium radiation, called after him the Becquerel rays, travel at twice this rate. It is but a step to imagine others partaking of space with the voracity of light, and, what is the same, of electricity itself.

But this is merely a restatement, in slightly altered terms, of Franklin's old idea. A fluid need not be so grossly sensible as molasses, for example, to be a something which flows. So, in the present view, as water is a fluid made up of particles, which, in the form of vapor, in the air, may escape our senses, so electricity is but a fluid made up of particles—electrons or corpuscles—of so extremely subtle a nature as to be sensible only under conditions of extreme condensation, just as the water vapor must condense to drops before we become clearly aware of its presence. Such, in very crude fashion, is the new view.

THE FASTEST BOAT IN THE WORLD.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

On the eastern shore of the Hudson River, near Ardsley and adjacent to the right of way

of the New York Central Railroad, the government engineers some time ago placed certain stakes, which marked the beginning and the ending of an accurately-measured nautical mile or knot. This course was laid off for the purpose of testing torpedo boats before their acceptance by the United States Government. The sighting marks consist at each point of two poles, set up 150 feet apart, one near the water's edge and the other about 150 feet back of the New York Central tracks. When the observer on a vessel that is under test brings the two poles in line he knows that he is exactly at the starting point of the mile. Similarly when the poles at the end of the track are in line he knows that he is crossing the finishing line.

Over this course, and running at a distance of about 250 yards from the shore line, the steam yacht Arrow recently covered a nautical mile in exactly 1 minute and 32 seconds, or at the rate of 39.13 knots an hour. This is equivalent to 45.00 statute miles an hour, and constitutes a new record for vessels of any kind whatsoever. The Arrow was designed by Charles D. Mosher, of this city, whose name is identified with the production of some of the fastest steam craft of the world, his Ellide, a smaller vessel than the Arrow, having steamed over the same measured mile at a rate of 34.73 knots an hour. Although the speed aimed at by the Arrow was extraordinarily high, namely 40 knots an hour, the uniform success which has attended the high speed trials of the Mosher boats led those who have followed the performance of his craft to expect that the designed speed would be reached.

The Arrow is a twin-screw yacht 130 feet 4 inches total length, 12 feet 6 inches beam, 3 feet 6 inches normal draft, with a displacement on that draft of 66 tons. In designing the vessel, particular attention was paid to the question of securing the greatest possible strength for the least weight of material; and the hull is unusually light considering the great power, 4,000 horse-power, which is developed when the vessel is at full speed. The lines are similar to those with which we are familiar in the torpedo-boat destroyer, but they are greatly refined; and owing to the fact that the greatest beam lies well aft, and that this beam is continued out in the flat stern, the lines of the yacht are remarkably easy and well adapted to securing high-speed results.

The construction of the boat is composite in character, steel frames below the water line and aluminium above, except in the boiler and

engine room spaces, where they are of steel throughout. Keelson, lower plates, reverse frames, bunkers, bulkheads, boiler saddles, engine foundations and other details are also of steel. The sides are double planked with mahogany, which is brought to a smooth, fair surface and highly finished. Deck beams are aluminum bulb angles, while aluminum is used also for many other details. The vessel is strengthened longitudinally by diagonal strappings of steel plates.

The motive power consists of two Mosher water-tube boilers, containing a grate surface of 120 square feet and a heating surface of 5,540 square feet, the weight empty of each boiler being 6.43 tons. The boilers were designed to supply steam at 440 pounds to the square inch, although on the trial the pressure never exceeded 400 pounds to the square inch, that being the limit allowed by the inspectors. The twin-engines are of a type which has been specially designed for these high-speed craft. They are quadruple expansion, with cylinders of 11, 17, 24, and 32 inches diameter by 15 inches stroke. The working pressure varies from 350 to 400 pounds per square inch and the revolutions from 540 to 600. The calculated power developed under 540 revolutions and 350 pounds pressure at the engine is 4,000 horse-power. Both engines exhaust into one condenser with a cooling surface of 2,760 square feet. Between the steam cylinders there is installed a series of re-heaters, each one of which is capable of supplying the entire thermal equivalent of the work expended during the expansion, thus keeping the steam in a superheated condition throughout its working cycle. These re-heaters dry the steam and prevent cylinder condensation.

The feed-water before returning to the boilers is heated in four-stage feed-water heaters, being finally delivered to the boiler at a temperature of about 350 degrees. From what we have said it will be seen that the development of power is very high for the weights involved. Thus the weight of the boilers per square foot of heating surface, when they are full of water, is 6.3 pounds. The indicated horse-power per square foot of grate surface is 33, while the weights in pounds per horse-power of engines, boilers, including water, and all auxiliaries, is only 17.78 pounds.

Points which make for high economy and hence for a large return of power per pound of boiler and pound of coal may be summarized as follows: Great initial pressure (from 100 to

150 pounds greater than the common practice in high-speed boats); the considerable wire-drawing from the boiler to the engine, tending to dry and superheat the steam and reduce the condensation, results which are also enhanced by the action of the re-heaters on the cylinders; and the reduction of the cylinder clearances in the engine to a very low value.

With regard to the results actually obtained, if we would estimate them in their full value, we must bear in mind that the designer, who has always superintended the speed trials of the earlier vessels, was absent on this occasion. There were, moreover, certain untoward circumstances connected with the trial which undoubtedly prevented the attainment of the fullest speed of the vessel. Judging from the fact that provision had been made by those in charge of the trial for instantly opening the four safety valves on the two boilers, it would seem that there was a certain measure of nervousness in the engine room force which, in itself, would not conduce to securing the highest results. Cords had been tied to the safety valves and an engineer placed so that he could instantly open all four valves. The craft came down to the line at a speed which must have been something over 40 knots an hour and had proceeded, under a boiler pressure of 400 pounds per square inch, over about one-quarter of the mile course, when one of the safety valves lifted. At this instant the engineer told off to watch the valves pulled the rope and released the other three, so that the Arrow completed the remaining three-fourths of the course with an enormous volume of steam blowing from her boilers. As a consequence the pressure ran down to 250 pounds, at which pressure it stood when the mile was completed. There was, in consequence, a visible falling off of the speed; but in spite of this, the estimated speed of 40 knots an hour was closely approximated.

In discussing the results, the designer, Mr. Mosher, points out that the Arrow was drawing about 5 inches more than her designed normal draft of 3 feet 6 inches; that the boiler pressure, even at the starting point, was forty pounds below the designed pressure; and that the vessel had not been out of the water for several months, and, therefore, her bottom was not as clean as could be desired for a speed trial. These considerations would seem to justify the belief that when steaming on her designed lines, and with a perfectly clean bottom, the Arrow would make, and probably somewhat exceed, a speed of 40 knots an hour.

Sociologic Questions of the Times

THE VOICE OF LABOR *...JOHN MITCHELL...COLLIER'S WEEKLY

On the 8th day of May, four days before the strike was ordered, I sent a proposition to the presidents of the coal railroads, including President Baer of the Philadelphia & Reading, President Truesdale of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, President Olyphant of the Delaware & Hudson and Mr. Thomas of the Erie, together with a note of explanation to Senator Hanna, as chairman of the Industrial Branch of the National Civic Federation: "Conscious of the disastrous effects upon mine workers, mine operators and the public in general which would result from a prolonged suspension of work in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania, and with the earnest desire and hope of averting the impending calamity, the representatives of the anthracite mine workers have authorized us to submit the following propositions:

"First—Inasmuch as the anthracite mine operators have proposed to continue the present wage scale for one year, and inasmuch as the anthracite mine workers have unanimously resolved to ask that an increase of twenty per cent. should be paid on present prices to all men performing contract work, that eight hours should constitute a day's labor for all persons employed by the hour, day or week, without any reduction in their present wage rate, and that coal should be weighed and paid for by weight wherever practicable; and inasmuch as in our recent conferences the anthracite mine workers and mine operators have failed to reach an agreement upon any of the questions at issue, we propose that the Industrial Branch of the National Civic Federation select a committee of five persons to arbitrate and decide all or any of the questions in dispute, the award of such board of arbitration to be binding upon both parties and effective for a period of one year.

"Second—Should the above proposition be unacceptable to you, we propose that a committee composed of Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Potter and one other person whom these two may select be authorized to make an investigation into the wages and conditions of employment existing in the anthracite field, and if they decide that the average annual wages

* The article from which we are unfortunately able to quote only in part appeared September 6.

received by anthracite mine workers are sufficient to enable them to live, maintain and educate their families in a manner conformable to established American standards and consistent with American citizenship, we agree to withdraw our claims for higher wages and more equitable conditions of employment, provided that the anthracite mine operators agree to comply with any recommendations the above committee may make affecting the earnings and conditions of labor of their employees."

An immediate reply was solicited, but the only response we received was an informal intimation that there was "nothing to arbitrate."

Every delay and precaution, every conceivable conciliatory effort that honorable and conservative men could take to avert a rupture, and every means that thought could suggest to bring the matter in dispute to arbitration was resorted to by the union before the strike order was issued. Similar overtures have been made from time to time since the strike order went into effect, but without avail.

Let us take the issues that must be reconciled point by point.

The miners ask, first, that the working day for all those who work on a time arrangement shall consist of eight hours, with the same wages that are now paid for ten hours' work; second, that the miners who work on a contract, or piece-work, arrangement shall receive an advance of twenty per cent. in the contract price now paid for mining coal.

On these points the operators contend that there is no possible scale that would apply to all anthracite coal mines, as each one is a problem in itself and subject, therefore, to an individual scale of wages.

In regard to this particular contention of the operators, every miner knows that while the general operations in one mine may differ from those in another, the actual individual work of the men is practically the same in all mines. That is to say, the men who drive mules or set timber or take up rock in one mine are doing a work that is no harder nor no easier in any other mine. It is therefore obvious that a scale of wages for similar work in all mines is possible.

Meantime, what about the wages which the

men receive in the two great branches of coal mining? In the bituminous regions the men are paid two dollars and ten cents for eight hours' work, or twenty-six and one-quarter cents per hour. For similar work in the anthracite mines the workers receive only from thirteen to sixteen cents per hour.

It is a fact that the average annual earnings of the anthracite miners have been less than those of any other class of workmen in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that their work is more hazardous and the cost of living greater than in any other important American industry. The total number of persons employed in and around the anthracite coal mines may be given in round numbers at about 150,000. They are employed never to exceed 200 days in any one year, and they receive as compensation for their services an average of \$1.42 for a ten-hour work day. It will thus be noted that they earn annually less than \$300.

As a result of these conditions, the third issue which the miners ask to be reconciled is: That a minimum wage scale for day laborers at the mines shall be established similar to the scale that exists in the bituminous fields. It should be noticed that we do not ask for a uniform scale, which would place a premium on mediocrity and act as a check upon men of superior ability. In asking for a minimum wage we merely desire that the lowest wage paid to any man shall be sufficient for him to support himself and family as a citizen. This does not prevent men of ability from receiving higher wages according to their work and worth.

A fourth point at issue, as expressed by the miners, is: That coal mined shall be weighed wherever possible; that 2,240 pounds shall constitute a ton; and that the men shall have a representative to check the weights.

The facts appertaining to this point at issue are as follows: A ton of coal as the consumer understands it is not a ton of coal as the miner is paid for it. That is to say, when the consumer purchases a ton of coal he receives 2,240 pounds, a legal ton; when the railroads transport coal to market they receive tariff upon 2,240 pounds, a legal ton; but when the miner is being paid for his labor he is required to produce and load from 2,740 to 3,190 pounds for a ton. It is against this flagrant injustice that the anthracite mine workers are so vigorously and justly protesting.

The operators, of course, say that the excess weight is required to compensate them for impurities and refuse matter that is loaded

with the coal and cannot be marketed. But if their statement be true, why is it necessary to continue a system of docking by which at times they arbitrarily deduct from a miner's earnings from ten to fifteen per cent. of the total as a penalty for loading impurities for which they have already penalized him in excess weight?

The reports of the Mine Inspectors' Bureau of Pennsylvania show that during the last ten years the average yearly fatalities in the anthracite coal mines were 437; and that for the year 1901 there were 484 fatal and 1,256 non-fatal accidents. This means that for every 119,000 tons of coal brought to the surface one person was killed and at least two seriously injured. It means that for each day the mines are in operation at least two persons' lives are sacrificed and more than five injured. A comparison of figures will show that eight times as many men and boys are killed and injured annually in the anthracite coal mines of Pennsylvania as were killed and wounded in the American ranks in the Spanish-American war in Cuba.

FEDERAL REGULATION OF THE TRUSTS*.....OUTLOOK

You must face the fact that only harm will come from a proposition to attack the so-called trusts in a vindictive spirit, by measures conceived solely with a desire of hurting them, without any regard as to whether or not discrimination should be made between the good and evil in them and without even any regard as to whether a necessary sequence of the action would be the hurting of other interests.

Supervision and control, in which I firmly believe as the only methods of thoroughly eliminating the real evils of the trusts, must come through wisely and cautiously framed legislation which shall aim in the first place to give definite control to some sovereign over the great corporations, and which shall be followed, when once this power has been conferred, by a system giving to the Government the full knowledge which is the essential for satisfactory action. Then, when this knowledge, one of the essential features of which is proper publicity, has been gained, what further steps of any kind are necessary can be taken with the confidence born of the possession of power to deal with the subject and of a thorough knowledge of what ought and can be done in the matter. We need additional power and we need knowledge.

* From President Roosevelt's speech in Cincinnati.

Our Constitution was framed when the economic conditions were so different that each State could wisely be left to handle the corporations within its limits as it saw fit. Nowadays all the numerous corporations which I am considering do what is really an inter-State business; and as the States have proceeded on very different lines in regulating them, they are often organized in a State in which they do little or no business, and do an enormous business in other States, to the spirit of whose laws they may be openly antagonistic.

It might be better if all the States could agree to work along the same lines in dealing with these corporations; but I see not the slightest prospect of such agreement. Therefore I personally feel that ultimately the nation will have to assume the responsibility of regulating these very large corporations which do an inter-State business. The States must combine to meet the problem caused by the great combinations of capital, and the easiest way for the States to combine is by action through the National Government. I am well aware that the process of obtaining a Constitutional amendment is necessarily a slow one, and one into which our people are reluctant to enter, save for the best reasons; but I am confident that in this instance these reasons exist. I am also aware that there will be difficulty in obtaining an amendment which will meet the objects in the case, and yet which will secure the necessary support. . . . I have no intention of trying to outline the proper phraseology of such an amendment, for I know it must come as a matter of agreement and discussion; but I sincerely believe that all these obstacles can be met, if only we face them both with the determination to overcome them and with the determination to overcome them in ways which shall not do damage to the country as a whole, but which, on the contrary, shall further our industrial development, and shall help instead of hinder all corporations which work out the success by means that are just and fair toward all men.

COMPULSORY ARBITRATION. WILLIAM A. STONE*, INDEPENDENT

When, as has become clearly evident, efforts to induce capital and labor, in every case, to submit to arbitration, all disputes that arise between them are failures, the public good requires that other and more effective means be taken to accomplish a settlement. Universal arbitration between labor and capital has

become a necessity for the continued prosperity of the country. Struggles between employers and employees that disturb business and public tranquility should not be permitted to exist. It is a mistake to declare that they concern only those engaged. The interests of the community are of far greater importance. Since many disputes cannot be settled by voluntary arbitration, it becomes the plain duty of the Commonwealth to step in and interfere.

Universal arbitration can be established only by means of legislative action. It is impossible to reach this conclusion without regret; but experience and the public welfare seem to make legislation the necessary and the only alternative. In the majority of cases, as long as merely voluntary arbitration is the sole means of peacefully settling labor disputes, one side or the other will declare that there is nothing to arbitrate; and so, perhaps, precipitate a strike, with its resultant inconveniences and miseries. If only employer and employee were concerned they might fight it out to the end without the active concern of any except humanitarians. Unfortunately, such struggles are more far-reaching, more disastrous in their results. The greatest sufferers are not the actual participants in a strike of small or great magnitude. They are the people at large. The relation between capital and labor ceases then to be a private matter, to be settled without outside interference. It becomes one of paramount public importance.

A law that would settle labor disputes between employer and employee must, of necessity, be a compulsory arbitration law, to be strictly enforced. Moreover, the award must be final and conclusive. It must not be carelessly considered and drawn. No measure demands more careful attention or better judgment.

Legislation to be effective in settling labor questions must be permanent. To prevent strikes and to settle labor disputes without strikes, to adjudicate labor disputes as all other difficulties are in some way adjudicated, the matter must be approached from the standpoint of the public good alone. The framer of any legislation looking to compulsory arbitration must be wholly free from the influence of any desire for the labor vote or for campaign contributions from the employer. He must put aside all political considerations. He must be actuated purely by an unselfish and earnest desire to serve the whole people. In other words, the legislation must be framed wholly from a civic standpoint.

* Governor of Pennsylvania.

STRIKES IN THE UNITED STATES. C. O. WRIGHT. NORTH AMERICAN

The following statistical statements are based on the Sixteenth Annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Labor on Strikes and Lockouts in the United States from 1881 to 1900 inclusive.

There are no statistics prior to 1880; in fact, the number of strikes which occurred annually before that time was so small that the statistical method could hardly be applied. From all accounts, gathered from various sources, the total number of strikes and lockouts in the United States from 1741 to 1880, inclusive, was 1,491, of which 813 occurred in the year 1880, and of those occurring in 1880, 618 were strikes, clearly defined as such. In 1879, there were only 51 conflicts, and this was the largest number for any year prior to 1880. From this statement it is seen that the real strike period of the United States begins with 1880, but the classified statistics begin with the year 1881; for the facts for 1880, collected at the time of the census of that year, were not classified as to losses, number of persons involved, etc., as they have been for the twenty years beginning with 1881.

The largest number of establishments involved in any one year was in 1899, being 11,317 and the next largest number was in 1886, being 10,053. The losses to employers and employees under all the conflicts, both strikes and lockouts, occurring in the period amounted to the enormous sum of \$468,968,581, more than 6,000,000 persons having been thrown out of employment for an average of 23.8 days. It is often supposed that most strikes fail; but the record shows that 50.77 per cent. of the strikes succeeded, that 13.04 per cent. succeeded partly and that 36.19 per cent. failed.

Of the whole number of strikes, 14,457 were ordered by labor organizations; these represented 103,455 establishments out of a total of 117,509. Of the strikes ordered by organizations, 52.86 per cent. were successful, 13.60 per cent. partly successful, and 33.54 per cent. unsuccessful. These percentages coincide very closely with those relating to the total number of successful, partly successful, and unsuccessful strikes.

The distribution of strikes offers occasion for some very serious reflections. During the twenty years included in the report, New York shows the largest number of strikes as well as the largest number of establishments affected, that State having 28.34 per cent. of the total number of strikes in the country during the whole period, and 32.20 per cent. of the total number of establishments involved. Pennsylvania follows, with 12.48 per cent. of the total

number of strikes and 15.69 per cent. of the total number of establishments involved. Illinois had 11.58 per cent. of the strikes and 17.68 per cent. of the establishments affected.

In a group of States consisting of Illinois, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, there were 87,878 establishments under strike during the period, out of a total of 117,509 in the whole country; that is, in this group of States the establishments involved were 74.78 per cent. of all involved. These States contained 45.02 per cent. of all the manufacturing establishments and employed 55.15 per cent. of the capital invested in the mechanical industries of the United States.

As regards the employees involved in strikes, almost the same percentages are shown; but the industries most affected by strikes during the twenty years were the building trades, with 4,440 strikes, involving 41,910 establishments and 665,946 employees; coal and coke, with 2,515 strikes, involving 14,575 establishments and 1,892,435 employees; metals and metallic goods, with 2,080 strikes, involving 4,652 establishments and 511,336 employees; clothing, with 1,638 strikes, involving 19,695 establishments and 563,772 employees; tobacco, with 1,509 strikes, involving 6,153 establishments and 251,096 employees; and transportation, with 1,265 strikes, involving 3,436 establishments and 484,454 employees. It is thus seen that of the 22,793 strikes which occurred during the period, 59 per cent. were in the six industries just mentioned, while of the 117,509 establishments involved, 76.95 per cent. were so engaged. As regards the employees thrown out of employment by strikes, 71.60 per cent. of the total number were connected with establishments engaged in these six industries.

Strikes to secure an increase of wages included 28.70 per cent. of all establishments involved, and of this number success resulted in 52.77 per cent. In strikes undertaken for both increase of wages and reduction of hours, 62.49 per cent. succeeded.

In considering all the data relative to strikes, it should be remembered that it is difficult always to state the facts with complete accuracy. This is especially true when dealing with losses. Taking strikes only, while the average duration of the strikes does not appear great in the aggregate, the number of days involved amounts to the enormous sum of 2,789,160—which, reduced, equals 7,641.5 years. The days so lost do not represent an absolute loss, as cessation of work or production often does away with the necessity of stoppage at some other time.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

VIRCHOW'S GREAT DISCOVERY...F. LEGGE.. LONDON ACADEMY

Until Virchow's time it seems to have been thought that disease was caused by some foreign substance inimical to life seating itself within the tissues of the body, and thence proceeding to conquer by degrees the whole organism. In one sense this would still be a good, though somewhat imaginative, description of the principle by which disease works, but Virchow showed that the process had been misinterpreted. The diseased structures of the body, he affirmed, consisted of cells like the healthy or undiseased, and these cells must once have sprung, as do all cells, from others. And as those parent cells can have, in their turn, no other origin than the original cell out of which the whole structure develops, it follows that the cells of diseased tissues must have developed in the normal way from the cells of healthy tissues, "driven," as Lord Lister has said in this connection, "to abnormal development by injurious agencies." Thus we see that the whole theory of disease is pushed further back, and that we must look for its origin, not in the diseased structure, but in the agency which has caused the cells of the diseased structure to develop in an abnormal way. If one may venture upon so dangerous a thing as a metaphor, it is as if the farmer whose land is artificially watered should, when his crops are in danger of being flooded, seek to remove the dam which has diverted the life-giving stream rather than drain it away to be lost in the ocean.

Let us see, for example, how this explains the morbid process called inflammation. It was once held that this was in itself a diseased condition of the part affected, and that the appropriate remedy was, as was said, to "reduce" the inflammation by treating the local symptoms. But Virchow showed that the efficient cause must be an irritation of the local cells, which causes them, as does all irritation, to increase their own nutrition by subtracting from the blood and the neighboring tissue a greater supply than before of substance to be assimilated. Henceforward, the congestion of blood in the inflamed part, and the consequent nervous and vascular disturbance, became a matter of very small importance for

the cure. To find out and remove the cause of the irritation of the cells is now the care of the pathologist, conscious as he must be that, when this is done, all local symptoms may be trusted to cure themselves. Or let us look at the difference that Virchow's cellular theory of disease has made in the diagnosis of cancer. Until its promulgation Lebert's theory of a specific "cancer cell" held the field, and all tumors, whether malignant or not, were ruthlessly extirpated as a matter of course, lest they should by chance contain the dreaded organism. But Virchow, though his views on the cause of cancer underwent many modifications since his first inquiries in 1858, never wavered in his steady assertion of the truth that cancer was a disease of "erroneous development," and the now generally received theory that it is due to the abnormal growth of certain epithelial cells has come to confirm this. Whoever succeeds in discovering the final cause of this horrible malady—and the investigation has now been seriously taken in hand—will certainly find his labors much shortened by the preliminary researches and brilliant generalizations of Virchow.

THE FINSSEN LIGHT CURE...J. MOULTZY.....REVIEW OF REVIEWS

One of the great advantages of the Finsen concentrated-light treatment in general is that it is absolutely without pain. The patients suffer not the slightest inconvenience. And those who have watched the progress of certain aggravated cases declare that the entire physiognomy of the patient undergoes a change. The eyes take on an added brilliancy. The carriage becomes more erect. It were as if a new dawn had risen, a regeneration where the victim of his disease is once more to be restored to his fellow men. It is in the moral aspect of the case that the Finsen treatment works such wonderful changes side by side with the physical.

In the removal of birthmarks, such as port-wine stains, from the size of a dime to those covering the entire one side of a face, the concentrated light treatment has proved very efficacious. If physicians the world over would do nothing more than apply the Finsen light cure in this direction the discovery would have justified itself by its results. It is a comfort

to know that this facial disfigurement is doomed at last.

For anæmic patients, Professor Finsen has experimented successfully with what he terms his photo-chemical baths. He claims that the red color of the exposed parts of the skin is caused principally by light. Hence his effort to restore the deficiency by subjecting the anæmic patient to what is probably one of the most powerful arc lights ever constructed.

In the room set apart for this treatment the patients walk about naked, except for broad-brimmed straw hats to protect the eyes. There is no glare, however, notwithstanding the tremendous light force generated, for the walls and the ceiling are tempered in yellow tones. The effect of this treatment is said to be exceedingly pleasant, a sense of exhilaration taking possession of the entire nervous system. A number of cures have already been reported, and there is every reason to believe that in this direction, likewise, Professor Finsen has taught the medical profession a valuable lesson in therapeutics.

THE FINGER-NAILS AND TUBERCULOSIS. . . . MEDICAL RECORD

It is now universally admitted that much can be done in the treatment of tuberculosis by hygienic measures and improvement of the general nutrition, but it is a self-evident fact that if this disease is measurably to be suppressed such a result must be attained through preventive measures. For the successful application of the latter it is essential that channels of communication should be known, in order that they may be effectively closed and the dissemination of the infection thereby controlled. Tuberculosis, particularly of glands, bones, and joints, is common among children, and it is to be surmised that such local lesions must be of local origin.

Tubercle bacilli have repeatedly been found in the dust of rooms and corridors, especially in houses occupied by tuberculous persons, and Drs. Kornel Preisich and Alader Shütz, in an article in the *Berliner klinische Wochenschrift*, May 19, 1902, adduce evidence to show that the same microorganisms can often be demonstrated in the dirt obtained from beneath the finger-nails of children, whence they become a source of danger. The observations were made upon children from six months to two years of age for a period of two and one-half months, during which they were kept indoors a good deal. The dirt from the finger nails was rubbed upon a sterile glass slide with a

drop of sterile bouillon and the resulting emulsion was spread on the slide and was used in part for subcutaneous injection in guinea-pigs. Great importance was attached in advance to the result of inoculation, but it was soon found that a number of the animals died shortly afterward as a result of acute infection. Accordingly, reliance had to be placed principally on the results of staining, as it also developed that the number of tubercle bacilli in the dirt was insufficient for successful inoculation. Sixty-six cases were thus examined, and positive results obtained in twenty-four—21.4 per cent. Of the successful cases there was no history of tuberculosis in five; in two there was a predisposition to the disease, and in one merely a suspicion thereof; in two there was a family or a house history of tuberculosis; in four suppurating bone disease was present. Among the fifty-two unsuccessful cases there was no history of tuberculosis in twenty-five; in five there was a doubtful history, and in seventeen there was a definite history of this character, but in none of these was tuberculosis present in the family at the time. In the remaining five cases tuberculosis existed in the family or in the house.

The results of this investigation emphasize the care that should be taken to keep the finger-nails of children as clean as possible, and also to prevent children from putting their fingers and other foreign bodies into the mouth, and, further, the danger, especially to children, and at the age when they creep, from living in a house or a room previously occupied by a tuberculous individual.

VITALITY OF MEN AND WOMEN. F. M. CRANDALL. WORLD'S WORK

Symonds of New York has recently made a study of the statistics obtained by life insurance companies. He confirms Farr's statement that women have a greater expectation of life at every age than men. During the first year female mortality is decidedly less than the male. Although more boys are born than girls, the great mortality among them reduces the proportionate number to a balance in favor of the females. When he is five years old a boy goes more out-of-doors. The girl in the meantime is kept in the house and her mortality begins to rise and for a time passes that of the boy. The ten years between forty-five and fifty-five is commonly regarded as a critical period for women. The actual increase in mortality, however, is not more than in previous years. On the other

hand, the male mortality rises rapidly during this period. Between fifty-five and sixty the female mortality increases, but after this age the two rates run along in parallel lines, the female being always less than the male. Insurance tables also show that the largest number of deaths in men occur between the fortieth and fiftieth years of life; the next largest number between the fiftieth and sixtieth years. The large mortality rate at this period of life is the logical result of twenty-five years of fierce struggle for position, wealth or power. The over-strenuous life, untempered by reason, cannot continue.

The diseases that have been brought most completely under control by improved treatment and sanitary measures are not those of middle life, unfortunately for the individual who has reached that age. Medical science has done much to make life safe up to the age of twenty. Mortality during the first five years is always high, but has been greatly lowered. During the second five years it suddenly diminishes. From ten to fifteen it is lower than that at any other period of life. From fifteen to twenty it is but little higher. At twenty, however, the individual must begin the race with disease. At first he may meet with typhoid fever, tuberculosis, pneumonia, acute rheumatism, dyspepsia, and appendicitis. At forty-five he enters upon the period of greater tendency to heart disease, kidney disease, cancer, diabetes, alcoholism, digestive diseases, chronic rheumatism, and gout. A little later he enters the period of arterial diseases, apoplexy, and certain degenerative changes. He is constantly subject to the more destructive forces utilized by modern civilization.

A NEW CLINIC.....NEW YORK EVENING POST

There are absolutely no angles or projections above the basement in St. Bartholomew's new clinic. All intersections of all surfaces meet with a uniform curve; this has been carried out in all details, not only the walls, ceilings, and floors, but also the stairs, shelf and table standards, window recesses, etc., throughout. The sash and doors are so constructed that there are no moldings or broken surfaces between the frames and glass or panels. The surface of the frame meets the glass with a feather edge, and the corners of the sash and door panels are also rounded, so there may be no lodging place for the collection of dirt or foreign matter. The angles or corners above the wainscot line are run in plaster.

The materials used in the interior construction have been selected for their compliance with the requirements of a building which, from its nature, must provide aseptic conditions.

Especial care has been taken in the construction of the operating-rooms. The room for more important operations on the fifth floor is considered the most perfect yet built. The corners of the room are rounded to a large radius and the ceiling domed. There are no set fixtures in the room, except a small basin to catch the drip from the sterilized water faucets. All plumbing, sterilizing, and other apparatus is arranged in the sterilizing-room adjoining and all operating-tables, cabinets, and apparatus are portable.

To preserve a uniform temperature in the operating-rooms and counteract the cooling effect of the large glass surface of the skylights, the skylights have been constructed double, an inner and an outer skylight, with a space of two and one-half feet between. In the wall space between the skylights, but not showing in the operating room, steam coils are placed, so that the air space is made really warmer than the room itself, the glass thereby becoming a warming rather than a cooling surface. The coil is governed by thermostatic control by the temperature of the room.

All furniture used in the building is of steel from special designs, and of unusually exact and careful workmanship, all finished in white enamel, to correspond with the walls and ceilings of the interior.

Compressed air is carried to the throat and nose and ear-treatment rooms, with regulating gauges and sprays. An X-ray outfit is included in the provision for the operating-rooms.

The ventilating plant is calculated to provide thirty cubic feet of fresh air per capita, on a maximum rating, regardless of outside temperature, and this fresh-air supply will be provided summer and winter without causing draughts on the occupants of any of the rooms. The fresh air is taken from a large court and passed through fine screens to remove dust and dirt, thence through a large tempering coil and fan, and delivered through fresh-air ducts and registers to the various rooms. A different set of ducts convey the vitiated air from the rooms to the deck houses, whence two fans discharge it through the roof. The air entering the rooms in cold weather will be about 68 or 70 degrees F., and in warm weather it will be the same as the outside temperature.

Educational Questions of the Day

A SCHOOL CEREMONY....WILLIAM McANDREW....WORLD'S WORK

A pretty morning ceremony is the procession of candidates to the office of the principal for daily commendation—one or two children from each room, bearing their trophies of penmanship or ciphering with them. Each has his card of introduction, properly endorsed, accrediting him to the court of the Great Potentate. It reads:

Sept. 30, 1902.

TO THE PRINCIPAL.

This will introduce to you Johnny Johnson, from Room 32, whom I recommend for compliment for great improvement in behaving himself.

MARY POTTER,

Teacher.

This string of proud and happy youngsters is a triumphal procession worth looking at. No conquered enemies, no disappointed rivals line their path. Their laurels are bloodless, even tearless, for these are not little prigs selected as the best of all the class, but such as have done well enough to be officially told so, it may be for effort, it may be for success, it may be for improvement.

The effect upon the teacher who must commend these delegates every morning with discrimination and cordiality is not to be sniffed at. Even to be compelled once in twenty-four hours to bestow approval upon effort, to glance at the card, and with memory thus fortified, to call the happy Thomas by his name, to see his face blossom into smiling—this must involve a reflex action on the principal that makes him more fit for the duties of the day.

For there are weeds in the flower-bed which the head gardener may not ignore. All the seeds of crime are in this soil: Deceit, cheating, lying, stealing, vulgarity, impurity and all the long sad list of sins that mar our mortal state are here in a nascent form. The school-master must serve as judge and jury over faults that the outside world thinks trivial, yet that are crimes against the society in which they are committed. He has not only the reputation of his institution to protect, but the positive moral education of his charges to secure.

Discipline for moral delinquencies is the one hard thing in teaching that seems necessarily disagreeable and forever possible. The silver lining of this cloud is the faith of ultimate benefit from such discipline and the relative

fewness of the occasions that call for it. For, like men, most children are clean and honest most of the time.

PUNISHMENT.....PATTY S. HILL.....KINDERGARTEN REVIEW

My personal experience with many hundreds of kindergarten children has led me to believe that entirely different methods should be used in punishing the younger and the older children. With the little three-year-old children the less attention concentrated on self or the motive that led to the wrong-doing brings the best results. With the little ones, the method of restitution has proved most valuable, since it takes the child's attention off of self, off of the wrong action, and focuses it on the rectifying act. For example, the chair has been pushed over in anger; a breezy manner and a matter-of-course assumption that the one who has pushed a chair over wants to set it right will do much in forming the habits of right-doing and righting wrong-doing. Here we have no introspection, no dwelling upon the evil act or its motive, but every effort made to take the child out of self, and to concentrate all his powers in undoing the wrong or in doing his best for the one wronged.

With the older children, co-operation in curing faults has brought excellent results. Here some analysis of motive, some friendly, sympathetic discussion of the actual wrong of the deed, the matter-of-course assumption that the child is as anxious to overcome his wrong tendency as the teacher, combined with a discussion of the merits of different methods of punishment, will secure the child's co-operation in carrying out the punishment and bringing about his own cure. Some of our most abnormal children were reached by this method when all others had failed. Saunta, a turbulent, violent, little Spanish girl, continually ignored the rights of her little playmates by springing up from the table, overturning her own and her playmates' work. Waiting until her violent passion had subsided, making quiet discussion possible after one of these outbreaks, the social phase of her wrong-doing was held before her—the unhappiness that her violent actions caused to the group with which she worked and played. Her passionate outbursts were held before her as a curable infirmity which

she and her teacher together could remedy. After some discussion as to what was the best method to pursue, a towel for binding her in her chair was decided upon. Saunta herself was sent for the towel. She placed herself in her chair and did all the binding possible, the teacher assisting only when the child could not do for herself. This was kept up for some days. Then the teacher encouragingly suggested that the remedy had had some effect, and that perhaps now Saunta could manage to keep herself in her chair without a towel to bind her; that perhaps, if the towel were laid on the table in front of her, this reminder would be sufficient, and that finally she could do without any outside help. After a few days of this discipline Saunta herself suggested that the towel could be kept at still greater distance, in the window, for instance. After a few days the teacher assured the child of her new ability to control herself without the help of any outside reminder, and in time the reform was complete.

Rewards we heartily disapprove of, and rightly so; nevertheless, rewards may serve as a stepping-stone to something better if used consciously and wisely. In one of our kindergartens we had a little boy who was abnormal mentally, morally, and physically—a child of diseased and criminal parentage. After every humane method of punishment had been tried with long-continued failure, reward was thought of as a possible means of lifting the child from the negative attitude of mind into which he had fallen, and it was tried as a last resort. After a careful study of the child, to discover if there was any one thing he loved or desired, we found that an overcoat had been the ideal of his dreams for many months. Though a big boy, his only wrap had been a ragged shawl which he had worn to kindergarten through the bitterest winter weather. Here was something positive to take hold of, and an overcoat was secured for the experiment. The overcoat was displayed before his glistening eyes, and the whole plan was explained to him—how we were willing to try anything to help him to control himself; how we wondered if an overcoat could help him to bring this about. The days on which he controlled his passionate outbursts of temper, which amounted to an appearance of epilepsy, he should wear the coat home. The days he failed to master himself the shawl was to be worn. For the first time the child looked hopeful and determined, and poor degenerate little Charlie had started up grade.

SCHOOL GARDENS IN THE UNITED STATES. DICK J. CROSBY. OUTLOOK

Though school gardens have existed in Europe for eighty years, they were comparatively unknown in the United States until the matter was taken up by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. At a meeting of that Society, held in 1890, the interest aroused by the reading of a paper entitled "Horticultural Education for Children" resulted in the establishment of a school garden of native wild flowers in connection with the George Putnam School, Roxbury, in 1891. Since that time the Massachusetts Horticultural Society has offered every year premiums of fifteen, twelve, and ten dollars, respectively, for the three best school gardens entered for competition, and every year the first premium has been taken by the George Putnam School. The movement thus started has spread to other schools, until now we find school gardens in perhaps a score of our Central and Eastern cities and towns.

The George Putnam School Garden, thanks to the support of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society and the intelligent management of a man familiar with work of this kind abroad, has been a success almost from the first; but many of the other ventures have had to meet and overcome serious difficulties. Parents, and in some cases school boards, have opposed the introduction of the so-called fads, or, what is worse, have been indifferent to appeals made to them for encouragement and support; but teachers and children have for the most part taken hold of the work with enthusiasm and have accomplished wonderful results. Brick, mortar, stones, and other rubbish have been carted away and have been replaced by rich soil, turf, and manure; wild flowers and ferns have been brought in from the woods; trees, vines, and shrubbery, purchased or donated, have been sent out; seeds have been brought from home or purchased with stray pennies, and literally the unsightly wilderness created by civilized man has been made to blossom as the rose.

In Massachusetts, Medford has three such school gardens wrested from an unwilling and perverse soil; Framingham and Hyannis have gardens in connection with State Normal practice schools; Wenham has five schools that began competing in 1899 for local garden prizes, the first prize going to a garden made by the children and their parents and friends "on a little plat of ground overgrown with tansy, neglected and desolate in the extreme."

Similar gardens have been started and similar difficulties overcome in Bath, Me.; Trenton, N. J.; St. Louis, Mo.; Louisville, Ky., and Rochester, N. Y. In Rochester four or five schools have undertaken school-ground improvement, and in spite of many discouragements, have accomplished noteworthy results. They have been aided and in part directed by the Nature Study Bureau of Cornell University, which is also doing much in other parts of the State for the improvement of educational methods.

Henry Lincoln Clapp, in an article on School Gardens, writes:

In a school garden properly conducted children become so deeply interested in accomplishing a certain definite, near, and understandable result—the raising of flowers and vegetables—that they learn to work hard without being conscious of effort. That is a matter of the very highest importance in educating children. I said to a boy, who is one of the most indefatigable workers I ever saw, “Why, you are the hardest working boy I know.” “Yes,” he said, “I know it; but it’s fun, just the same.”

If there were no other indorsement for the school garden than this—It takes hard work, “but it’s fun, just the same”—it would yet be worthy an honored place in our educational system. It is the kind of hard work that takes children out-of-doors and makes them feel like whistling, and no amount of such work ever makes nervous wrecks.

The school garden should be found in connection with every kindergarten. The little fellows learning to recognize colors and geometrical forms should see also the more pleasing natural colors and forms. They should be given an opportunity to see how the plant gets out of the seed, how the stem pushes upward and the little leaves turn green, while the white root pushes down into the soil. They should plant a few seeds for themselves, and then water and care for the plants when they come up. Thus will they learn, and love to learn; thus will they get out in the pure air and sunshine.

A SCHOOL REFERENCE LIBRARY.... H. C. WELLMAN.... ATLANTIC

The first reference department for children separate from their reading-room, I believe, was that opened by the Public Library of Boston in 1899.

By a unique arrangement the reference work with school children in Brookline, Mass., is supported by a special appropriation asked for jointly by the trustees of the library and the school committee. The money is expended by the library trustees, but the books are selected with reference to the wishes of the school authorities. A large room is maintained

called the school reference room—quite distinct from the general children’s reading-room—and in it are shelved some three thousand volumes adapted to throw light on subjects taught in school and kept for the sole use of pupils at the library or in the class-room. A printed and annotated catalogue acquaints teachers with the character of the books and the number of copies of each available, as it is often found expedient to purchase numerous copies of the same book. In charge of the room is a special assistant of experience both in library work and in teaching, who is employed for this work alone. A private telephone connects the room with all the schools, so that a teacher, for instance, need only telephone in the morning for, say, twenty books illustrating the geography of India, suitable for seventh grade pupils, and the books are selected and delivered by express the same day. To this room the pupils resort individually, and here they are brought in classes to be taught how to use a library.

A TWO-YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.... HENRY VAN DYKE.... SUCCESS

There is a general impression that, unless a would-be student spends four years in college, and is graduated with a degree, his education is incomplete. This is a narrow view of the matter. Of course it is best, as a rule, for a boy or girl to take the complete general course, especially if it is undecided as to what one’s future work is to be. Many a young man, however, has to begin work as a stenographer or as a clerk at an early age. He is not content in occupying a humble position all his life, and is ambitious, perhaps, to enter one of the professions. Most of his friends will tell him that it is impossible, unless he goes through college. He does not feel that he can afford to spend four years in doing that, and gives up in despair; when, if he only knew it, a two-year special course might furnish him with just the equipment he needs. It is even possible to take a special course and continue working at the same time. There are several young men at Princeton who are working their way through and fitting themselves to occupy high places in the world. They know what they want to follow as professions, and in two years they are able to fit themselves for their chosen work. These courses would be more popular if it were understood how liberal are the college rules regarding special students. There is provision for them in all the great universities, and there are committees which devote their time to the consideration of their needs.

The Sketch Book

Character in Outline

THE SON LONDON OUTLOOK

He may have been thirteen years old. Equally he may have been eleven. In a ragged length of trouser that admitted a wide light on socks discordant and no less ragged, he sham-bled along Park-side at the head of a donkey. The frost was keen beyond even an ass's endurance, and the pasterns of the beast continually gave way on the sliding road at the most unlooked-for angles. On the cart a mess of cabbage and exotic fruits lay scattered. Atop of them, on a greasy sack, hunkered an old woman. Through a scintillating haze the moon gleamed on a sprig of jet ornament that made an effort at uprightness on her tilted and beribanded bonnet. The gray hair of the dame was more than half naked of covering. Her eyes were a-sparkle of fear as she bent forward in anxiety as to the donkey's footing. The knuckled old fists that clutched the reins from under a two-ply shawl shook like pulses. Suddenly the donkey slipped, all but to the knees. The woman broke out in a cry. "Fer Gawd's syke, Jimmy!" she pleaded. "Yah!" sneered the thirteen-year-old—he may have been eleven—and fixed the beast on its pins again. Leaving hold of the snaffle-ring, he stooped for a cigarette-end that lay heatless in the gutter, and lighted it. In his absence the forelegs of the donkey bellied out in a new movement. "Jimmy, Jimmy!" the woman screamed, helpless. Jimmy rushed up and beat the animal fiercely about the nose. "Shet yer mahth!" he bellowed to the woman that trembled above the cabbages. "Oh! do 'ave care," she appealed, as the donkey's steps showed less and less of assurance. "Ye bloomin' ole [verbum zoologicum]," shouted the child hoarsely, "if ye dahn't shet ep, I'll break yer bloomin' ole ugly mug, I will." The woman maintained a silence, and her cheeks were moistened. It was the trick of manliness the nipper had caught hold of. "Sonny," she called half timidly, "easy on yer pore old ma!" Another whirl of oaths rasped and rattled in the moon-haze. Niobe, all tears, gazed full on her already wizen-ing child, and in the big mansions alongside paid nurses were happing little cherubic things in their cots with framed Scripture-texts at their heads.

NOTHING TO QUARREL ABOUT N. Y. TIMES

CHAPTER I.

The cosy little parlor of the MacGiffs looked very homelike and peaceful that morning. But appearances are deceitful. The beautiful Mrs. MacGiff was in tears on the costly parlor divan, and her husband was pacing the floor, with anger written on every lineament of his handsome face.

They were at the height of their eighteenth quarrel.

CHAPTER II.

Gregory MacGiff grew visibly more depressed. A fierce light of anger gleamed from his brown eyes.

Suddenly an idea seized him.

"Amelia," he said, in softened tones, "if you'll let up on this racket, I'll buy you a new dress."

No response greeted these magnanimous words.

CHAPTER III.

Five minutes of silence elapsed.

Then Amelia looked up into his face.

She smiled.

CHAPTER IV.

The reconciliation was complete when she flung herself into his arms and said, in melting tones:

"Now that that quarrel is over, we have nothing else in the world to quarrel about, have we, dearest?"

"No," said her husband, embracing her. "We have nothing to quarrel about."

"You don't act as though you meant what you said," she replied, looking at him archly.

"I do," he said. "We have nothing to quarrel about."

"Of course not," she responded, gladly, "but why don't you say so enthusiastically? Now, honestly, do you really understand that there is no occasion to quarrel?"

"Didn't I say so?" replied Mr. MacGiff, somewhat emphatically.

Mrs. MacGiff eyed him with distrust. "Gregory," she said, "I am astonished that you insist upon being perverse in this matter. It is true that we have nothing to quarrel about."

"Of course it is."

"There! You're mocking me," said his wife, with tears of indignation in her eyes.

"I am not."

"You are!"

CHAPTER V.

"Oh, I'm untruthful, am I?" said Mr. Mac-Giff, hotly.

"Gregory," shrieked his wife, "how dare you! You are infamous," and her utterance became choked with sobs, "simply infamous, and I'm going home to mamma on the next train."

The finish.

THE WAY OF THINGS.....BEACH CLARKE.....METROPOLITAN

A Boy lay tossing on a narrow bed in a great hospital. Nurses hurried to and fro, and here and there a moan or sigh told their story of life in its other raiments. A nurse, in passing, would touch his fevered brow with a cool, white hand, and, shaking her head, hurry on to the next white bed—pitying, but accustomed. The Boy was going to die; the doctor had said so, and the Boy had heard him. He didn't care much, but he wished he could have waited awhile, at least. He was young. No one ever thought twenty-two a suitable age to die, he knew, but if they had said so, why, of course—anyway, he was too sick to care much.

He was thinking of all the things he might have done, when the Girl came. She had brought him flowers to place beside his bed, and her bright young face and presence turned his thoughts to what he might do if he could live. She told him of his friends, of her pleasures and her little worries and cares, and his pale, wan face lightened and relaxed, and for the moment he forgot. She told him that he looked better, but he only smiled. And when she rose to go she bent over and kissed him. Before the Boy could speak she had gone. Her talk and her visit gave him strength and hope, and from that time on he wanted to live. He knew that she loved him, for she had never changed since that night on the sandy shores of a restless sea when she had told him so, with no one to hear but the moon and the breaking waves. He had played at love while the warm days lasted, but when the falltime came he knew he didn't care. He was young and a Boy, and he had read that Love was something different.

For three long weeks Death hovered over him. The Girl came every day and sat for hours beside his bed, hoping and wishing and listening to his delirious words. She never heard her name as he mumbled of his past, but she never wearied and her visits never ceased.

She, too, was young and a Girl, but she had never read of Love. One day the doctor said that he was out of danger. She came as often as before, and the Boy was happy watching her glowing face and pretty smiles. And when he was convalescent they took long walks and talked of themselves, of their pleasures and their past; and when a distant uncle came to take the Boy away, he knew that he loved her, and he wondered then if she loved him.

Before he went he told her, and her answer was a look and a confession, and the Boy went away happy and full of hope. He was to settle in the distant West, where his uncle lived, and when he had succeeded he was to write to her and she was to come to him. When he had gone she realized what it all was—this love of a woman—and she spent her days in longing and her nights in dreaming, while her friends criticised and scolded; but she heard and cared not.

The Boy grew strong and brown, and his every day was but the dawn of one more gone before she should be with him always. And so the months went on. The Boy went out into the world and faced Life.

But one day in the drear of autumn, when the summer had gone and the colorful leaves lay rotting in the pathways, a letter came to her telling of his wedding—to the sweetest girl in all the world, it said.

And she showed it to her husband and was glad.

A LITTLE OUT OF THE WAY.....ATLANTIC

She was sitting in the front chamber—a small, fragile figure half hidden in a pink chintz easy-chair, with the most inviting of footstools under her helpless feet. There was a pale pink bow in her dainty cap to match the ribbon at the throat of her white wrapper. The sunlight, flowing through the broad window to ripple placidly on the walls, seemed a very different thing from the blinding dazzle on the library dome—it was mellow and tranquil—the golden heart of the sun poured out there to delight and cheer those faded blue eyes.

"I'll take myself off and leave you ladies together," said the squire. He bustled away with a great assumption of hurried responsibility. We three talked awhile of old friends, happy associations, and beloved places. She forgot a great deal, repeated herself very often, and cried softly from time to time, as she stroked our hands, and told us how glad she was that we had come. We could see how much she had failed since we were here last,

but her wrinkled face was prettier than many a girl's, with both beauty of feature and the immortal loveliness of a gentle nature and a pure, sweet soul.

We had always called her husband "The Squire." The title traveled with him from his own little town when he first came to Congress. He was a rugged old fellow, of pronounced views—often as narrow as they were positive—but the man was genuine through and through; there was not an ounce of expediency in his being. When he clung with savage energy to some position which seemed—and probably was—retrogressive to younger, broader men, it was never a matter of cautious policy or a weighing of possible benefits, but the defense of a proud conviction. By and by they did not return him to Congress. That was after his wife began to fail. His career was her glory. He put off telling her again and again. At last the usual time came for them to move to Washington, and she began to wonder at the delay. He made a sudden, desperate resolve—she should never know at all. The packing began, the journey was taken, and this small house rented on the outskirts of the city. He picked up a little law practice here and there, through interested friends, and his real ability. Those of us who were likely to see his wife, he requested not to mention his defeat before her.

It was slow, hard work for him, but even in his native town, through his long absences, he was no longer in the current of things, and it was perhaps almost as easy to gain a modest income here.

I sat where I could see him filing papers in the next room. With nervous fingers he pored them over, and fastened them carefully into neat packages with the rubber bands which are a *sine qua non* to every man who has once been a Congressman. His eyes wandered from time to time toward the little figure in the front window, and I saw for the first time on that grim face an undisguised look of yearning tenderness. And then he silently drifted back into our room again, "to put things to rights on the mantel-piece."

A few more moments, and he was standing behind her chair, forgetting that he had ever tried to stay away. She reached a soft wrinkled hand up to him without a word, and he covered it in both of his. Then we all went on quietly talking.

"Ezra had to go up to the house to-day," she said, "and the morning was a whole year long without him. I'm a selfish old woman,

for I know the country needs him, and I'm afraid his committee work is getting behind—but it isn't going to be for long—and I want him so. Ezra, you mustn't ever leave me again!" She turned to look back at him, with anxious, clinging, dependent worship in her eyes. He lifted a loop of the little bow on her cap over his finger, and bent to kiss it.

"No, no, wife, never again. We'll let Congress go." He half turned toward us as he spoke, and there was a pleading inquiry in the motion. It said, "You will spare her?—and help me pretend?"

Proud and sensitive, defeated and set aside, he chose to bear it all alone.

"Your husband can afford to stay away awhile now," I said quickly. "He has won his reputation, you know. Don't you remember I happened to be beside you in the gallery the day he was called the best parliamentarian on the floor?" (He had defeated the consideration of a very popular measure, which he considered extravagant, by a clever and pertinacious use of points of order). I have always been so glad I was there that day, for as I spoke, his old back straightened, and the "official" poise came back.

"Ah, yes, yes, I remember that day well," he said, with a gratified ring in his voice. She said nothing, but watched him proudly.

As we went away he escorted us downstairs, but first he kissed her, and she clung to him as if he were going from her on a long journey. She called down to us, "Come again soon. Perhaps if you can spend the morning some day, I would let Ezra go up to Congress—but I don't know—I don't believe they need him as much as I do—just now."

And with smiling, patient bravery, as if she could see him from her chamber, he called back cheerily, "I don't believe they do, wife—just now!"

THE HAUNTED HOUSEWIFE. ELLIOTT FLOWER. LESLIE'S WEEKLY

He told the story himself, and it certainly has a truthful ring to it. In fact, it is difficult to believe that one could imagine so harrowing an experience.

His wife, he said, had a woman who came occasionally (when sent for) to do certain stunts of cleaning and washing, and this woman had an appetite. In that lay the origin of the trouble. On days when she was due she came early—not to work, but to eat—and she stayed late—also not to work, but to eat. It took her an hour or more to begin to get ready to go to work, and another hour or more to

begin to get ready to quit. She was there for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner. If there was only a half day's work to be done, it made no difference. In one way or another she would make it last over the three meals, and at each she would dispose of more than all the rest of the family put together, after which she would ask if she could not take the rest of the roast home. Now, in the course of time this system of collecting a full day's pay for a half-day's work, in order to acquire three meals, grew wearisome, and it naturally followed that there was trouble the night that the woman made and drank seven large cups of coffee. In the interest of economy, the members of the family had cut themselves down to coffee once a day—in the morning—and it certainly did seem as if the woman was overdoing the thing a little in disposing of seven at night.

"Never again," is what the housewife said in substance, although not in those words. Having paid the woman not only for her work, but also to wait for meals; having given from her own and her children's wardrobes at various times, and having in other ways endeavored to be charitable and considerate, she held that seven cups were something like six too many. So she said to the woman, "Nay, nay; here we part," and when next she wanted cleaning and washing done she advertised.

Here the plot thickens—oh, very much!

The woman appeared at the door with the advertisement in her hand, and she was the only one who did come.

"I thought you must have lost my address," she said, simply.

"Well, I hadn't," replied the housewife, pointedly.

"Oh!" said the woman, and she took off her bonnet and shawl and prepared to go to work.

Well, the work had to be done, and she was there, so the grocery and meat bills were allowed to make their customary jump. But a stop-order was put on the coffee. One cup was the limit for dinner. In other ways things went very much as before.

"Well," said the housewife to her husband that night, "I've learned one thing. I'll not advertise again. But I do want to get hold of a good woman to come here occasionally."

So the next time she left word at a neighboring intelligence office, where they made a specialty of furnishing women for that kind of work, and they promised to send her one.

They did. The woman of the seven cups appeared promptly.

"I think you might have sent to my house," she said, reproachfully, "but it's all right, anyway."

"But I didn't want you," protested the housewife.

"Oh!" said the woman, as she removed her bonnet and shawl.

"It seems so petty to limit her," said the housewife, "and I wouldn't mind so much if she only did her work quickly and well, but it's a nuisance to have things dragged out so. Apparently, the only way to hurry her is to change the dinner hour."

"Why, then," interrupted her husband, "we would have to have a late supper, and she'd hang on for that."

"True," admitted the housewife, thoughtfully. "She simply will not do."

Here the plot gets very, very thick.

The housewife inquired among the neighbors and got a list of three women who "went out by the day." This she gave to her husband one evening.

"Get one of them," she said. "I meant to see about it this afternoon, but I was too tired. If none of them can come, they'll surely be able to tell you of some one who can. But I don't want the seven-cup woman. Remember that!"

"You bet I will," he answered, earnestly.

As he was paying the bills, he had reason to be earnest.

"I've got one," he announced, "and it isn't the seven-cup woman."

"Are you sure?" asked the wife.

"Positive. I saw her myself, and it's not the same."

Well, the next morning the seven-cup woman appeared for breakfast. The woman who had been engaged had a child who was taken sick in the night.

"So she asked me to come in her place," said the seven-cup woman.

"But I wanted some one else," protested the housewife.

"Oh!" said the seven-cup woman, as she removed her bonnet and shawl and prepared to go to work—at the breakfast.

"What shall we do?" asked the housewife, in despair of her husband.

"Move," he replied promptly. "Perhaps then we can lose her."

"Was ever any one so haunted?" wailed the housewife, wearily.

This is not necessarily the end of the story, but it brings it up to the present time. The future alone can tell what the finish will be.

Table Talk: Concerning Eating and Drinking

QUEER "TEAS" LONDON GLOBE

"Tea" is a term which has had some curious applications. John Wesley, who was a determined opponent of the Chinese leaf, strongly recommended sage, as well as mint and pennyroyal, as an excellent substitute. Another once popular beverage was ginger tea. Coleridge had a weakness for this decoction, and when writing to his wife strongly recommended it for his little son, Hartley. He was accustomed to take ginger mixed in his morning coffee and a cup of ginger tea in the afternoon. Beverages known as "teas" were also made from cowslips and other flowers and herbs, including camomile, wild thyme, marjoram, balm and calamint. The names of these old-fashioned herbs are as fragrant as their leaves and blossoms, but the uninitiated would probably need to serve an apprenticeship before they could properly appreciate the "teas" made from them.

In Revolutionary days in America various herbal substitutes for tea were used from patriotic motives. After the Boston mob had thrown the cargoes of the three East India tea ships into the harbor, and the Colonists had taken a vow to buy no tea which had to pay the obnoxious duty, their wives and daughters—"Daughters of Liberty" they called themselves—devoted their ingenuity to devising fragrant beverages to take the place of the boycotted leaf from the far East, and some strange decoctions were made and perhaps enjoyed. The stalwart New Englanders drank "tea" made from the leaves of ribwort, strawberry plants and currant bushes, sage, thoroughwort, and other herbs. So-called "Liberty tea" was made from the four-leaved loosestrife, while "Hyperion tea," says Mrs. Earle—an invaluable chronicle of Colonial life and habits—was from "raspberry leaves, and was said by good patriots to be 'very delicate and most excellent.'" The beverage may have been so when tasted by patriotic palates, but we can feel pretty certain that many a Colonial dame must have thought with longing of the cups of fragrant Hyson which she had been accustomed to enjoy before the embargo was laid on the imported leaf.

One at least of the substitutes named above,

thoroughwort, is still used in rural New England for medicinal purposes, if Miss Wilkins's stories may be accepted as authoritative. No reader of those delightful sketches will forget how often thoroughwort tea, as a remedy, especially for an ailing or more often supposedly ailing child, is suggested and made by village wisdom. And, moreover, no reader can fail to sympathize with the victims of the practice, for thoroughwort is an intensely bitter plant, and the "tea," which is administered in such copious quantities, must be a nauseous draught. Rural medicine of the same kind is, of course, common enough also on this side the Atlantic. Herbal remedies may not be used quite so much, perhaps, nowadays as in times gone by, but "teas" from herbs of various kinds are still brewed and firmly believed in by many country folk. Valerian, for instance, which is commonly known by the significant popular name of "allheal," is one of these herbs, for the "tea" made from its root is believed to be of efficacy in cases of consumption. An infusion of milkwort—the plant whose pretty flowers, varying in color from pink to a deep blue or purple, are so abundant on dry, upland pastures—is good for a cough. In Sussex villages "gazel tea" is a favorite prescription for a cold. Berries of any kind are called "gazels," but those usually employed for medicinal purposes are black currants. But much stranger things than black currants have been similarly used.

WHERE THE VEGETARIAN DINES NEW YORK SUN

In appearance the place was not unlike any of the hosts of small table d'hôte restaurants which have invaded the first floors of old dwelling houses in New York's side streets.

The explorer sat down at a table and picked up a menu with interest. It was divided into nine parts, the first part dealing with soups—twenty-five varieties; the second with "meat substitutes," the third with vegetables, the fourth with cereals, the fifth with dessert, the sixth with sandwiches, the seventh with eggs, the eighth with salads, and the ninth with "dairy dishes." Deciding to enjoy the occasion in a calm and systematic manner the

stranger began at the top of the soup list and read down.

There were "bread soup" and "cherry soup" and "blueberry soup" and "malted nut broth" and "grape soup" and "apple soup" among the rest. The stranger, in his enthusiastic moments, had consumed birds' nest soup and similar Oriental delicacies, but blueberry soup, for instance, was new to him. He regarded the list of "meat substitutes" and noticed that he might discuss a "vegetarian steak" or a "vegetarian turkey," both of them cheap at the almost universal price—15 cents. In fact, there was not a thing on the bill of fare which cost more than 15 cents, and a notice at the top of the first page announced that a regular dinner was to be had for 25 cents, and that the collation would consist of "soup, vegetarian steak, two vegetables, whole wheat bread, dairy or nut butter, dessert and cereal coffee."

At the bottom of another page was the following legend:

"We are open Sundays, Saturday, the Sabbath; dinner, 12 to 2, and 6 to 7.30. Please buy tickets for Saturday beforehand."

The explorer regarding this unique card was delighted that he had come, but embarrassed as to his choice of viands from the strange array suggested to him. He sought aid, therefore, from the proprietor, who had finished marking his bills of fare in red ink, and who came over quite willingly, smiling and seeing with half an eye that the explorer was a Philistine. The proprietor sat down at the table himself, emphasizing the spirit of formality that one would expect to hang around the disciples of a comparatively small and unique cult. He would be delighted, said he, with a decidedly foreign accent, to tell the explorer anything at all. He would suggest the ordering of the meal himself. Forthwith he clapped his hands and there emerged from behind the screens a handmaiden, to whom the proprietor spoke apart. This done, he smoothed his blond beard and smiled on the explorer.

"You were trying to make out that notice about Sunday, were you?" he asked. "Well, you see, we're Seventh Day Adventists here, and so, of course, our Sabbath comes on Saturday. Not that all of our customers are Seventh Day Adventists, though, by any means. Oh, no there are all sorts of customers here."

The handmaiden flitted in from the kitchen with a small bowl of soup and placed it before the explorer.

"That's vegetable soup," said the proprietor, "nothing in it but vegetables and water—no

soup stock naturally. We never even use animal fats for cooking. You'll see by the menu that we have nothing but vegetables, fruit, cereals, eggs and milk. Eggs and milk we stand; that's as far as we go. Your soup won't hurt you a bit. Not hungry? Well, here's your vegetarian steak and beans and cauliflower and potatoes."

The explorer was confronted with a small plate bearing a couple of browned croquettes, very much like Hamburg steaks in appearance. With a swaggering attempt at unabated enthusiasm he attacked the vegetarian steak.

"All nuts and vegetables," said the proprietor, joyously, "all nuts and vegetables. I'll warrant it tastes quite like a Hamburg steak, doesn't it? Now, you could have had a vegetarian turkey—peanuts, mostly peanuts, tasting quite like a turkey, too. Or a vegetarian fishball. All these meat substitutes are nuts. Oh, yes, or a vegetarian Irish stew. How's the steak?"

"Fine," said the explorer, patting it dismally with his fork.

"You see, this pie has no pie crust. The top is white of egg and the bottom is a layer of toasted wheat flakes. That won't hurt you, will it? Here's the cereal coffee, too. All this sort of stuff, you know, is what you ought to eat all the time. It's a known scientific fact that man's body bears the construction common to vegetable eating animals, like the higher class orang outang. A man was never meant to eat meat—vegetables and fruit instead. There's plenty of artificial force in meat, but it's not the real thing. It's poisonous and heating and clogging. The Greek soldiers lived on vegetables and the Bombay Cavalry, the finest in the world almost, are vegetarians.

The room was very well filled by this time. A couple of shop girls had drifted in and were giggling at a corner table. A slender, sad-eyed youth was consuming vegetarian turkey as though he was used to the operation. The handmaidens were moving hither and thither with portions of blueberry soup and vegetarian Irish stew and the like. A woman, palpably a stranger, rose and paid her bill, saying:

"There, I had a regular dinner, too. It may be healthy—but, oh my!"

There was a silence as she bustled out. The mournful person in moustache and apron who gathers up the dishes smiled sadly and stalked to the kitchen laden with many pie plates. The explorer got up and reached down his hat from

the peg. Somehow that buoyancy which had accompanied his entrance was lacking as he bade the proprietor good-by and went forth into the outer air. In his pocket he carried a vegetarian cook-book, pressed on him by the maker of vegetarian steaks, two numbers of a vegetarian magazine and a pamphlet on food values.

Around the corner he was approached by a red-nosed, rambling person who said that he had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours and requested alms. To him the explorer joyously presented the vegetarian literature and the price of a vegetarian dinner, with explicit directions as to the location of the vegetarian restaurant.

A LUNATIC WHO EATS NO LUNCH S. F. ARGONAUT

A recent article in a Philadelphia periodical discusses at length the personality of George W. Perkins, the partner of J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Perkins, who is a comparatively young man—forty years of age—was selected for this exigent position by Pierpont Morgan for his great ability—physical as well as mental ability. His biographer says:

"He is just under six feet, powerful, takes much outdoor exercise, and eats a great deal of dinner. But he is not one of those madmen who, in the middle of the day, fill themselves with food which prevents their brains from acting and, which the struggling brain prevents the stomach from digesting."

That an American business man should abstain from "filling himself with food" at midday is indeed unusual. The belief that we all need three solid meals a day dies hard.

Medical writers say that a well-known English physician took as his sole nutriment, during the last sixteen years of his life, three pints of milk daily. Yet on this diet he not only sustained life, but was able to perform all the duties of his arduous profession.

How suicidal this would seem to the average American business man! That gentleman rises in the morning; he eats either "mush and milk," or porridge of some kind concocted of the new breakfast cereals, with thick, clotted cream; he follows this with a couple of eggs, boiled or poached, with ham or bacon; if he is really hungry, he may, perhaps, take a couple of chops; he will follow with a large cup of coffee, and top off with some buckwheat cakes and maple syrup. He goes to his office and spends a busy forenoon; at one o'clock he goes to his club or his favorite restaurant, and takes a "light lunch"; it probably includes soup, a bit of fish, an entrée, and perhaps a slice of the

joint; he may take a vegetable or a salad, and perhaps some dessert—say a pudding or an ice. In the Eastern States, if he lives in the Great Pie Belt, he finishes his lunch with pie. In the darker parts of the New England Pie Zone pie is eaten for breakfast.

With this myterious mass of viands under his belt, the American business man goes back to his office and endeavors to labor. But mental labor is difficult when so much digestive labor is thrown upon his organs. He returns to his home at nightfall with a partially digested luncheon, and there partakes of a heavy dinner. Dinner is the meal of the day. If he is a prosperous person it will consist of at least soup, fish, entrée, vegetables, joint, and dessert. He may take a little red wine with his dinner, and if he and his wife have an anniversary or a birthday, he will add to it a little champagne. Then he retires to his couch, and has bad dreams. He wonders why.

Pierpont Morgan's partner, who skips luncheon in the middle of the day, would doubtless be looked upon with horror by most American business men. If the average business man confined his luncheon to a glass of milk and a biscuit, his partner would ask him if he was "not feeling well," while his wife, if she knew it, would grow seriously alarmed, and send for the doctor. So the American business man goes on eating three square meals a day, and digging his grave with his teeth.

THE TEAPOT SOUL ATLANTIC

The teapot soul is not a product of any one land or clime or race. Wherever woman is found it shines serene. There is one who dwells in my mind, a born Frenchwoman, exiled in early life to the shores of Boston, but retaining ever in her soul a delicate fragrance of social grace. Her sons have become distinguished scientists and her daughters have taken to themselves husbands of the land; and the gatherings in Madame's little parlor are unique. It has sometimes been my good fortune to be present at these gatherings and to watch the tact of Madame in holding together the diverse elements of her household and in permeating the whole with a sense of well-being and joy. She is not an intellectual woman, and she certainly is not beautiful. Yet stalwart, gray-haired men seek her like a sibyl. Long observation has led me to a conviction—Madame belongs to the order of the Teapot. There you have the secret. And much good will it do you! For unless you too are born with a teapot in your soul, not all the knowledge of Bryn

Mawr nor the beauty of the Gibson girl will avail you. Your parties will be cold; and if men think you clever it will be only to wish that you were not. I have a picture of Madame, on a Sunday afternoon, in old Duxbury, stealing silently around the corner of the house, under her big sun hat, while her sons and sons-in-law lounged and laughed and smoked on the grass under the elm by the door. When she reappeared she bore in her small hands a plate heaped with cake and pie and doughnuts and cookies—goodies foraged from the boarding-house pantry. Shouts of joy greeted her—dinner being exactly one hour past by the clock. She was hailed as a saving angel. Her sons and her sons-in-law fell upon the plate and devoured it to the last crumb. If you want to hear them talk, mention casually in their presence the name of Madame, their mother. Then will springs of eloquence be unlocked. They will tell you of her remarkable powers and of her infinite tact and patience and sagacity, and of what she has done for them: But they will not speak of the plate of pie and cake and doughnuts and cookies. It is hardly worth mentioning—unless one thinks so.

It is only when the teapot rises to the dignity of an art symbol that its full significance is seen. I have a friend who dotes on cooking as a poet dotes on his lines. Her soul floats in tea as naturally and as gracefully as the swan upon its native lake. There are doubtless other

similes that might be used; but these will serve to give a faint picture of my idea. Cooking to her is not a trade, nor a science, nor a task, but a divine art. Her approach to the pantry is a triumphal progress, and her glance as it sweeps the shelves for possibilities and suggestions is full of shining delight. Everything in sight is doomed. With salad bowl and fork and spoon, with salt and pepper and oil and vinegar, with a few scraps of nothing and an onion, she will concoct a dish for the gods. To the uninitiated these things are not so. One may talk learnedly of salads. The receipt books are filled with lore on the subject. But the true salad maker knows that it can only be mixed—like a poem—under the fine frenzy of inspiration. To me a potato is a potato and a bean is a bean and an onion is an onion, and the sight of these respectable vegetables, reposing each on its separate dish, does not awaken in my soul the divine fire of composition. I have no promptings to make a poem of the potato and the bean and the onion, and serve it on a lettuce leaf, fresh and curly, for the delectation of my friends. Alas and alas, that I have not! I would that it were otherwise. When I think of these things, I would that I had never been born, or that the teapot had never been born, or that other and more gifted women had never been born with the fatal and beautiful and eclipsing teapot shining in their souls.

Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious

A LAND OF GHOSTS.....CLEVELAND PLAINDEALER

"I have just come from a country where ghosts are part of the population and don't count," said a young woman who had been at St. Thomas, in the West Indies. "I went down there with a friend and she found accommodations for us in an old stone building perched on the cliffs, so near the sea that the waves shook it. We had separate rooms, but nobody said anything to us about ghosts. Indeed, there was hardly time for that, because on the very first day, and not very long after I had unpacked my things and settled down to rest a moment and enjoy the view, I had my first visitor of the uncanny sort. As is the custom there, the door of the room was not locked, but to prevent too sudden intrusion by callers (they never think of knocking), a screen is set

up in front of the door. I was sitting by the window (the sun was shining brightly at the time) when, from behind the screen, very quietly walked a nice-looking young girl of eighteen or nineteen, dressed in white, and with two long braids of very black hair hanging down over her shoulders in front. I did not notice further particularly, thinking she was a maid, as I had not yet become acquainted with the household. She stood at the foot of the bed, just away from the screen, as if awaiting orders, and I asked her what she wanted. She did not reply, but turned and went behind the screen again, and, thinking it rather strange, I went to see what she was doing.

"There was nothing behind the screen and the door was shut. I had not heard it close, and, somewhat surprised, though not thinking of

ghosts, I opened the door and looked out in the hall to see where the girl had gone. A maid was sweeping some distance down the hall, and I asked her if she had seen any one go out, and she said she had not. That made me a little nervous, but I kept my own counsel. I was not going to start a ghost story for a beginning, anyway. Later in the afternoon I wanted a Bible and went to the landlady for it. She told me I would find one on the shelf in my room. I went after it, and in getting it down, as I had to climb for it, I dropped it and a photograph fell out. I picked it up, and much to my surprise I saw that it was a picture of the girl who had visited me. I went right away to the landlady.

"Who is this?" I asked, quite carelessly.

"It's a picture of a young lady who died in that room three months ago," said the landlady, taking it from my hands.

"Died?" I almost screamed at her. "Why, I saw her in my room only this afternoon."

"Oh, yes," smiled the landlady, quite unconcerned; "we have all seen her about the house, but she does no harm."

"I was in a quandary, I didn't want to show the white feather, and I didn't want to live in the same room with a ghost, I didn't care if she was harmless. We didn't do that way with ghosts at home, and I wasn't used to it. At the same time, if the people in the house were not afraid, why should I be? But I was, just the same, and still I made up my mind to stay in that room. I confess when dark came I was decidedly nervous, but I reasoned that possibly a ghost which visited in the daytime stayed away at night; and as far as I could see, my reasoning was correct, and I got to bed without seeing anything. I hadn't been there, though, more than a few minutes when I felt something pull at the cover on the bed. I thought it might be a dog, and spoke to it, but received no answer. I got up and lighted my candle, but saw nothing, and went back to bed, blowing out the light. Again I felt the tug at the covers, and they went down to the foot of the bed. I pulled them up, and I don't know how many times it was repeated, but I vowed and declared that I would not be chased away by a ghost. And I wasn't, for I was there in the morning, though I had not slept much, and was feeling very uncomfortable. I was out all that day, and when night came I still felt like holding the fort against my uncanny visitor. I went to bed as usual, but I guess my nerves were overwrought, for at the very first pull on the covers, as it happened the night before,

I could not stand it; and, making a flying leap from the bed, I went with a wild rush to the room of my companion further down the hall. Next day I changed my room and there the ghost did not come. The landlady laughed at me, and so did others who were used to St. Thomas ghosts, but nobody could explain the mystery, and nobody seemed to care enough to bother about it. There were ghosts everywhere, apparently, and I accustomed myself to them as much as I could, but I never went into that first room again, and I never saw the girl in the white dress and the two braids of coal black hair. And I never want to—ugh!" and the young woman shivered and drew her skirts around her.

QUEER MARRIAGES TIT-BITS

Among certain African tribes husbands are not permitted to look upon their wives. They live in huts apart, and only during the night are they allowed to visit their brides. This custom, which prevails in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo, is equalled in singularity by that in vogue at Futa, where wives never permit their husbands to see them unveiled until three years have elapsed since their marriage. In Sparta, as is well known, the husband was only able to seek the society of his wife by stealth and under cover of darkness, as seems to be the case among the Turkomans of the present day, on whom, sometimes for the space of two years after marriage, a similar taboo is laid.

Among civilized people such codes do not, of course, exist, although eccentricity has been known to afford analogous, if solitary, examples; as in the case of a wife of a Viennese doctor who, having on the eve of the day originally fixed for her marriage, been stricken with smallpox, which completely destroyed her good looks, became a bride only on condition that she might ever by day wear a thick veil. This stipulation, however, she herself afterward rescinded.

A curious marriage was a few years since celebrated in the Russian province of Simbirska. The bride, who, by withdrawing herself entirely from the world, had obtained a reputation for great sanctity, bestowed her hand upon an ascetic of equal fame. The couple had never previously seen each other, nor did they when the priest had made them one; for after the ceremony, in which they took part blindfolded, they separated never to meet again.

Almost as singular was the wedding, at which the bride wore a silk handkerchief wrapped loosely around her face, that took place in the fifties in a church in a northern district of London. To save her parents from ruin she had consented to marry a rich man, whom she regarded with aversion, on the stipulation that he should never behold her when she had become his wife. After the ceremony she returned to her parents' house, which, however, her husband, through the good offices of friends, persuaded her to abandon for his own.

A widow, whose husband had had the misfortune to be blind, was sought in second marriage by a well-to-do citizen of Leeds. She, however, rejected his addresses, and, on his demanding a reason, averred that she could on no account permit him to exercise a privilege that had not been enjoyed by her first choice, viz., that of looking upon her face. Her lover fell in with her humor, and so obstinate did she prove when his wife that more than three months elapsed ere he could induce her to remove the thick veil under which since her wedding she had hidden her features.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century there appeared at Brünn, in Bohemia, an impostor, named Maria Zöller, who, giving herself out to be inspired, invariably wore a veil when among her followers—of whom she had many—lest, as she pretended, the divine effulgence that streamed from her countenance should strike them dead. A number believed in her pretensions, among others a rich old farmer, who went so far in his folly as to ask her hand in marriage. Loth to forego a wealthy husband, and at the same time unwilling to confess to a gross imposture, she advanced the fact that he must, as her husband, sooner or later behold the splendor of her face, and consequently perish miserably. The man, however, as doubtless she intended, still pressed his suit, and, on her urging that she dare not have murder on her conscience, deprived himself of sight that he might qualify for her husband. Soon afterward Zöller, now that her ridiculous assumptions were in no danger of exposure, espoused her fatuous wooer, who to the day of his death believed that he had been providentially favored.

A JAPANESE SUPERSTITION..... LONDON LEADER

In old Japan people were sometimes buried alive—or, oftener allowed themselves to be buried alive—at the beginning of a difficult piece of engineering work, in order to impart

strength and life to the undertaking. The victims to this horrible superstition were known under the title of "human pillars," and many quaint and weird stories have been woven around this custom, and are recounted to this day by Japanese grandmothers to their grandchildren.

But no one would imagine that any grown-up Japanese of the present day would seriously believe in these tales, much less offer to be the subject of one of them; yet this is exactly what two persons have just done.

The Buddhists of Osaka have recently been collecting subscriptions for the erection of a big belfry with a monster bell at Tennoji Temple, in the suburbs of that city. An old lady, a fervent Buddhist, living in the South island of Japan, happening to hear of this project, had a letter written to the temple intimating that she was willing to offer herself as a sacrifice of the "human pillar" variety if the temple authorities did not object. Of course, they did not object.

The second enthusiast was an ex-priest of Osaka, 49 years of age. On the evening of the 19th instant a policeman attached to the Tennoji police station noticed the figure of an elderly person proceeding toward the temple. The figure was clad in white and was carrying on its back a coffin. The latter fact aroused the suspicions of the policeman, on whose approach the figure attempted to run, but was overtaken and led to the station.

An examination of the coffin revealed a singularly beautiful old sword and a mortuary tablet. A letter addressed to the head priest of the temple, which was discovered on the person of the prisoner, explained exactly what the latter had been about to do. The man, on being interrogated, calmly confessed that he had resolved to commit suicide that night in the temple premises in order, as he said, "to vitalize the collection of the bell funds and to give strength to the belfry on its construction."

He was perfectly sane and not illiterate, and the warm remonstrances of the police and the temple priests succeeded in making him promise to abandon his rash project. He was consequently released, but he insisted on leaving behind in the police station his valuable sword, an heirloom in his family and an excellent specimen of the sword-smith's art. The man's name was Gwano Hayashi. He has a wife and two children, and has so far been able to maintain them decently.

THE VAMPIRE.....LUCY GARNETT*

Perhaps the most ghastly of Greek and Turkish superstitions is that of the vampire, generally known in the Balkan peninsula by the Slavonic name of Vrykolakas. It is customary among the Greeks and other peoples of the peninsula to exhume the body of a deceased relative at the end of three years in order to ascertain if it is properly decomposed. Should this not be the case, the Vrykolakas (the restless one) is supposed to be possessed of the power of rising from the grave and roaming abroad, reveling in the blood of his or her victims.

According to those who believe in this superstition, the causes of vampirism are various, and among them are the following: The fact either of having perpetrated or of having been the victim of a crime; having wronged some person, who has died resenting the wrong, or of a curse, pronounced either in excommunicatory form by the priest or by a person to whom an injury has been done. "May the earth not eat you," is a common expression in the mouth of an angry Greek; for a vampire is not, as some authorities have contended, a disembodied soul, but an undissolved body. Vampirism is believed to be hereditary in certain families, the members of which are regarded with aversion by their neighbors and shunned as much as possible.

One of the most thrilling modern vampire stories I have met with is the following, which was related to me by a Cretan peasant, who had been an eye-witness of the occurrence:

"Once on a time the village of Kalikrati was haunted by a vampire (called 'Katakhnas' by the Cretans), which destroyed both children and many full-grown men, and desolated both that village and many others. They had buried him in the church of St. George at Kalikrati, and in those times he was a man of note, and they had built an arch over his grave. Now, a certain shepherd, his mutual synteknos, was tending his sheep and goats near the church, and on being caught in a shower, he went to the sepulchre for shelter. Afterward he determined to pass the night there, and after taking off his weapons he placed them crosswise by the stone, which served him for a pillow, and, because of the sacred symbol they formed, the vampire was unable to leave the tomb.

"During the night, as he wished to go out again that he might destroy men, the vampire

said to the shepherd, 'Gossip, get up hence, or I have some business to attend to.' The shepherd answered him not, either the first, the second, or the third time, for he concluded that the man had become a vampire, and that it was he who had done all these evil deeds. But when he spoke for a fourth time the shepherd replied, 'I shall not get up hence, gossip, for I fear that you are no better than you should be, and may do me mischief; but swear to me by your winding-sheet that you will not hurt me and then I will get up.'

"He did not, however, pronounce that oath, but said other things; but finally, when the shepherd, did not suffer him to get up, the vampire swore to him as he wished. On this he rose, and on his taking up his arms, the vampire came forth and, after greeting the shepherd, said to him, 'Gossip, you must not go away, but sit down here, for I have some business which I must go after. But I shall return within the hour, for I have something to say to you.' So the shepherd waited for him.

"And the vampire went a distance of about ten miles where there was a couple recently married and he destroyed them. On his return the shepherd saw that he was carrying some liver, his hands being wet with blood, and as he carried it he blew into it, just as the butcher does, to increase the size of the liver. And he showed his gossip that it was cooked, as if it had been done on the fire. 'Let us sit down, gossip, and eat,' said he. And the shepherd pretended to eat it, but only swallowed dry bread, and kept dropping the liver into his bosom. Therefore, when the hour of their separation arrived, the vampire said to the shepherd:

"'Gossip, this which you have seen you must not mention, for, if you do, my twenty nails will be fixed in your children and yourself.' Yet the shepherd lost no time, but gave information to the priests and others, who went to the tomb and found the vampire just as he had been buried, and all were satisfied that it was he who had done all the evil deeds. So they collected a great deal of wood, and they cast him on it and burnt him. When the body was half consumed, the shepherd, too, came forward, in order that he might enjoy the ceremony. And the vampire spat, as it were, a single drop of blood, which fell on his foot, and it wasted away as if it had been burnt with fire. On this account they sifted even the ashes, and found the little finger nail of the vampire, and burnt that, too."

*From *The Women of Turkey and Their Folklore*, by Lucy Garnett.

S o c i e t y V e r s e

A LITTLE TALE OF WOE HARVARD LAMPOON

Oh, a funny little dickey-bird sat singing on a tree
 (Peep, peep—peep, peep),
 When along comes a poet, and a sorry sight was he
 (Weep, weep—weep, weep),
 And he sang a verse he'd written,
 Telling how his heart was smitten
 (Deep, deep—deep, deep),
 And how she he loved the best
 Now beneath the sod did rest
 (Sleep, sleep—sleep, sleep);
 But the bird went right along
 With his funny little song
 (Cheep, cheep—cheep, cheep).

HOW AN IDOL BROKE MELVILLE H. CANE CENTURY

"She was a phantom of delight"—
 I noticed that when first I met her.
 A goddess seemed a perfect fright
 Beside her, she was so much better.
 More charming far than Venus fair,
 Queenlier than Her Highness Juno,
 Wiser than Pallas—that I swear!—
 Or any blooming maid that you know!

In my mind's eye, Horatio,
 She dwelt so far aloft from terra
 Firma, I never dreamt that so
 Superb a soul could yield to error.

Yet frail she was. I might have brooked
 Some petty fault, some weakness merely;
 But this could not be overlooked:
 She fell in love with yours sincerely.

DAN CUPID, TINKER R. E. GIBBS METROPOLITAN

I'd tell—Good luck! but I forget
 Whom first I was distract about.
 Some few there were ere Rose I met—
 'Twas she I'd not exist without;
 Then sure my heart was broke! No doubt
 'Twas something cracked, but in the end
 There came a little tinker lout
 With "Hearts to mend, O—hearts to mend!"

He patched my heart. But oh, the debt
 I paid to Grace! She was devout;
 And I grew so till that coquette
 Corinne, with smile and wile and pout,
 My suffering heart turned inside out,
 That she and Kate might toss and send
 The battered thing by turns about!
 Then, "Hearts to mend, O—hearts to mend!"

'Twas Magdalene—I see her yet!
 All flickering fancies put to rout;
 Ah, how she danced that minuet!
 Yet now I hear she's growing stout.
 And then? Sir, if I 'scape the gout,
 I'll toddle after, to the end,
 That vagrant tinker with his shout,
 "Old hearts to mend, O—hearts to mend!"

Ye Men and Maids whose hearts have met
 With accidents that direly rend,
 Dan Cupid, Tinker, don't forget—
 "Old hearts to mend, O—hearts to mend!"

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT MADELINE BRIDGES LIFE

Dear, I would die, putting away
 Life, and love's heart-beats, just to know
 That you would plead with fate, and pray
 Me not to go.

Yea, while your tender pleading strove,
 And while your dear arms held me fast,
 I would give life, to know your love
 Life would outlast!

AN AUTUMN DAY CLINTON SCOLLARD COLLIER'S WEEKLY.

Sullen sky, and a sea
 That heaves its sombre breast;
 And a wind that dirges ceaselessly
 In blind unrest.

And yet, and yet one heart
 Is blithe as a May-tide flower;
 One soaring spirit bears no part
 In the glooming hour!

Blue is the sky (her eyes!)
 And bright is the sun (her smile)
 And there is a rift of paradise
 For a dreaming while.

LOVE'S AMBUSH KATE MASTERSON N. Y. TIMES

He wondered, boy-like, through his youth,
 How love would come to him some day
 Rose-crowned, star-eyed and fair in truth;
 How hand in hand, along the way
 He'd lead her to the purple rim
 Across the golden afternoon
 Where she could smile alone for him
 And life their lullaby would croon!

And so he dreamed! And though he talked
 With other girls upon the stairs,
 With one he danced; with one he walked;
 But never blundered in love's snare,
 Nor thought he'd strayed into the net
 That bound his life's unspoken wish
 One lucky day when first he met
 A girl who owned a chafing dish!

She was a serious maid who had
 Ambitions fine—ideals grand,
 Her eyes upon the stars; her fad
 To live for Art alone! She planned
 A great career—the goal in sight;
 And afternoons to call he came
 While she put on her apron white
 And dallied with the chafers' flame!

She frizzled eggs and oysters creamed
 And placed the cups of china blue
 With touch artistic while they dreamed
 Of all their noble aims come true;
 They never talked of love—but things
 Adjust themselves in these affairs;
 One day she deviled turkey wings
 And so—love found them unawares!

WITHOUT THE GATEARTHUR COLTON.....HARPER'S BALLAD OF OLD BEAUTIES.....PUCK

The birds have gone with their dewy throats,
Gone to its covert each bubble of notes;
The rivers and rills
In the folds of the hills
Mutter their Delphic oracles.

Spectral birches, slim and white,
Stand apart in the pale moonlight;
The faint thin cries
Of the night arise,
And the stars are out in companies.

They are but lamps on your palace stair,
My queen of the night with dusky hair,
Whose heart is a rose
In a garden close,
And the gate is shut where the highway goes.

Margaret, Margaret, early and late
I knock and whisper without that gate.
Oh, may I win
My way within,
Out of the highway enter in?

I knock and listen. No answer yet?
And the rose still slumbers, Margaret?
Early and late
I watch and wait,
For the love of a rose, by a garden gate.

Blonde, brunette, or nondescript,
Long or short, as chances,
Slender shaped or ample hipped,
Rise, ladies of romances.
Come, try your golden trances
And work your olden spell,
Renew your circumstances,
And each your story tell.

Now, Trojan Helen, rosy lipped;
Laura, of Petrarch's fancies;
And Cleopatra, who once tripped
Imperial Rome's advances;
And Nell, who led the dances,
(And sooth, a king as well!)
Come, ply again your glances,
And each your story tell.

Fair Rosamond of bowery crypt;
Bess, pride of English lances,
And hapless Mary, rudely stripped .
Of Scotland's crown and France's,
Come from the past's expanses;
Wherever you now dwell,
Come in your old semblances,
And each your story tell.

ENVOI

Dames, time your charms enhances,
Death did not ring your knell,
Renew your circumstances
And each your story tell.

A LETTER FROM TOWNTOWN TOPICS

DEAR ALICE—*Many thoughts of you are in my head to-night.*
Oh, quit that racket, fellows. Can't you see I'm trying to write?

It's awfully hard to have to stay in lone discomfort here—
Say, someone send the janitor for half a dozen beer.

While you, perhaps, in some cool place, are ordering ice-tea
With some more lucky chap than I. Yes, hang it up on me.

It's very dry and hot in town. Say, Tommy, won't you please
Just turn off that electric fan?—it's making too much breeze.

The only light that cheers my path's the comfort that I snatch—
There goes that blooming pipe again! Say, Tommy, got a match?

From your brief notes; please won't you, dear, just lengthen them a bit?
They're far too tiny and too few. There, drat you, now stay lit!

I'm lonesome, Alice, that's a fact. If I were but the kind
That likes a racket with the boys, why then I wouldn't mind.

But, as it is, I sit and mope, and wish the weeks would pass
Until the time that you return. Here, Tommy, fill my glass.

It's odd, but when you are around I'm always at my best,
And when I know you are away I lose all interest

In every-day events and things and all the current news;
And then, besides, it's hard to write when one has got the blues.

I'm so unhappy, write me soon—twelve pages would be grand!
Yes, count me in—I'm almost through; deal out an extra hand.

Your letters mean so much to me—I seem to hear you speak.
Now, thank the Lord, that this is done—I've owed it for a week!

Good-bye, dear girl—I won't say more lest you should call me silly—
I cut those cards—it's Tommy's lead—

Good-bye,

Your loving WILLIE

Literary Thought and Opinion

THE MACHINE-MADE NOVEL. GERALDINE BONNER. S. F. ARGONAUT

Of late the divinity which doth hedge the author has become as much of an exploded superstition as several other sorts of divinities. Second-rate romancers themselves have rent the veil of the temple in twain. Good, solid reliable workers, without a spark of inspiration, or a gleam of the Divine Fire, such as James Payn and Walter Besant, have given forth the theory that all any one wanted to be a successful writer was a pen and ink and a little patience. The idea spread. A new profession was thrown open to the world of people, who had nothing to do, plenty of time, a trick of imagination, and a laudable desire to be employed. These were encouraged on their way by crumbs from the tables of the successful. The other day I was looking over a paper and I found that Frank Norris, our pride and boast, was the authority for the following unblushingly deceptive words: "The ingredients of a great novel are scarcely more than ink, paper, a quiet mind, and a gift of persistency."

With such encouragement, no wonder the world of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers have all bought pads and pencils and started writing the Novel of the Day! And when one of them pleases the public and makes money, the public hears all about him, how he never wrote before, just took up a pen and did it. And this goes all over the country in another kind of endless chain, and men that drive milk-carts, and nuns in convents, and messenger-boys, and nurse-maids start in to duplicate his success. Oscar Wilde, I believe, was the man who said that some day it would be much more remarkable not to have written a book. That day has now dawned. Everybody I know, except the harassed mothers of large families, are openly or stealthily engaged in the pursuit of literary fame, either through plays, romances, or poems. They are still in the state where they are rather ashamed of themselves, but I tell them they must leave that to their families. Not one in ten has any qualifications for the work they want to do, and the tenth has not sufficient application. The other nine, who have what Mr. Norris calls the gift of persistency, will go on using it—it is the only gift they have, and they may as well make the most of it—and eventually will produce a

work which some firm will publish, announcing a first edition of one hundred thousand copies, and printing fifteen hundred.

The worst of this suddenly formed army of literary aspirants is that few of them have any idea of the labor expected of them, and fewer still any sort of education to go on. Their idea is that you go up to your room, put on your becoming pink tea-gown, dip the gold pen in the silver inkstand, and begin on chapter one. Then you go merrily on, brushing aside points of law, questions of health, matters of business. You don't happen to know about them, so you lightly touch on them with deft vagueness, or you dexterously avoid them, as Bulwer did when he made his celebrated wit respond "with his customary bon-mot," or you boldly tackle them, taking your chances as to their being all right, as an author did the other day in a popular magazine when he made them use the stomach-pump on a hero who had been poisoned by a hypodermic injection of morphine. The industry necessary in verifying such matters is quite outside the intentions of the novelist who thinks he writes a book as he does a letter to an admiring friend. Some time since a doctor told me that in the ordinary machine-made novel a remarkable ignorance was displayed in all matters pertaining to sickness and death. And a relative of my own, who is a lawyer, once remarked to me that he had hardly ever seen a play wherein a point of law—a will, a forged document, a question of inheritance or entail—was involved that it was not absurd, if not impossible.

THE SHORT STORY.....LONDON TIMES

To hear people talk, we might suppose that the short story was one of Mr. Kipling's many inventions, or at any rate that it went back no further than Gautier or Poe. As a matter of fact, any attempt to trace it to its earliest form would involve an investigation into the relative antiquity of some of the oldest documents in the world. No doubt a certain difference of treatment has grown up—there is a greater latitude of omission and suggestion, of producing impressions by half-words and the color of phrases, and story telling to-day has become a subtler, though not a greater, art.

Almost without exception the greatest novel-

ists have, when they chose, excelled in the writing of the short story. Sometimes it was a more or less irrelevant narrative dragged into the midst of the long novel—as by Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, and Dickens; indeed the practice, if it be dead, died out only with Stevenson's deliberate imitation of Scott in *The Story of Tod Lapraik*. Sometimes it was an entirely disconnected episode in a picaresque novel, as *Gil Blas*. Sometimes the writer employs both methods, as Sterne; at others, as in some of the cases we have already quoted, it is hard to say in which category he should be included. The best of all short stories is probably *Wandering Willie's Tale* in *Redgauntlet*, a story which Scott wrote and corrected with most unusual care, and which will live as long as any whole Waverley novel, while—to come down to our own day of smaller things—the best of Mr. Hardy's *Wessex Tales* will outlive whole wildernesses of *Judes* or *D'Urbervilles* and rank with *The Trumpet Major* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Among the longer artists there are but few exceptions; it is true that some writers are too voluminous, too much overflowing with vitality and eagerness to observe the narrower limits. Dumas and Hugo never achieved the necessary concentration and restraint, while Thackeray, for all the excellence of his short papers, has left us no indisputable masterpiece in little which will rank with *Esmond* or *Vanity Fair*. It is only natural that the converse rule must be laid down with more reservation. The painter of small easel pictures more seldom excels in fresco or broad canvases. So Poe is a great master in the short story only, unless *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* oversteps the limits we are laying down; and Mr. Kipling has not yet convinced the world of his possession of "la longue haleine" in spite of *Kim* and *The Light that Failed*. And when we descend to writers of the second rank it is only natural that we should find them more frequently lacking in the power of construction and management which are necessary to secure success on the larger scale. Of course, the short story which is literature has excellent reasons for its length. It may be that the idea is merely fanciful and would not bear expansion, as in the case of some of Hawthorne's allegories. *Elsie Venner* is an instance of this failing, and was saved only by virtue of Dr. Holmes's genial intelligence and charm. On the other hand, the style most suitable for the idea may be most effective within brief limits, as in some of the almost perfect work of Mr.

Henry James. *The Master of Beltraffio* would be no masterpiece if it were protracted to the length of *The Portrait of a Lady*.

It is hard to say to which nation the palm for the short story should be awarded. On the Continent it would be hard to deny it to France, and Russia, if only as the mother country of Turgenieff, must surely stand among the highest. But leaving foreign literature on one side, we must acknowledge that this is the department of the literature of the English tongue in which our native writers of recent years have unquestionably been surpassed by their brethren across the Atlantic. It would be hard to name four Englishmen who, as writers of short stories in the Victorian era, are at all equal to Hawthorne and Poe, Bret Harte and Mr. Henry James. All four of these are entirely individual and have few, if any, points in common except this, that while truly original, their work is in consonance with the best traditions of English style. Hawthorne and Poe, besides their actual achievements in writing, are also what has been called "seminal" authors in a high degree; their influence has lived and spread and has affected for good the work of many who have hardly heard their names or, at any rate, come consciously beneath their influence. Who the English champions should be is a question which would depend largely upon questions of length, and the right to extract episodes from books and call them short stories.

A DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN LITERATURE. HARPER'S WEEKLY

We shall have a distinctive American literature because the material and the spirit from which our literature is to be fashioned are distinctive. No one pretends to say that Poe, though hailed as the one great American *littérateur*, put anything of our national spirit into his prose tales; they reflect nothing of either the weakness or the strength of our own people; they have the abstract worth of art, but nothing of the concrete worth of life itself. They are not American; the accident of the writer's nativity has nothing to do with the question. We must gather sufficient courage to be able to rise superior to the dictum that our national literature, to be great, must consist of classic Poe-like performances. His work reflects his own genius, but not the genius of America; and this latter is the peculiar province of the writers who are to be identified with our real achievements in letters.

To say that we are to contribute no new and hitherto unworn gems to the literary wealth of

the world is to say that our national life and experience have yielded nothing new that is worthy of being perpetuated—that our conquest of a continent, our experiments in government, our struggles with great social problems, the evolution of our industrial and economic genius, our successes and failures in a hundred fields of action, leave humanity in no large sense modified from what it was when our work began. But the world knows that is not true. Surely the heroic struggle of the South, in blood and tears, through the pains of slavery, war, and reconstruction—a struggle absolutely new in history—is recent enough and fresh enough in our thoughts to confute that argument. The splendid march of a people from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and the subjugation of a wilderness in a bare half-century of time, is another example full of the charm of novelty, and full of deep significance to the race. These two achievements—the making of the new South and the new West—give ample material for the formation of a truly distinctive literature. West and South are waiting to be interpreted; and the interpretation will be literature in the best and truest sense. It will be distinctively American because, in chronicling the story of strife, perseverance, and victory, it will also translate American motives and ideals.

Many tentative and rather discouraging trials have been made by devotees of the "local-color" idea. These have been unsatisfactory and largely ephemeral because, through errors of vision or of judgment, they have insisted unduly upon mere local oddities, to the exclusion of broader relations with life and affairs. The dialect story exhibited one phase of this practice. The tale of the decadent New England hill town or of the isolated mountain neighborhoods of the South, each with its narrow circle of interests, its lethal atmosphere, its lethargic life-currents, has hindered rather than helped toward the desired end. Strong, true, local setting there must be, no doubt, for the big, convincing novel; but it cannot stop with that if it is to have a continuing vitality; vitality comes to any community through its intimacy of contact and interdependence with the world, and the vitality of its story as literature will depend upon the writer's power to perceive this contact and to record its meanings and effects—not alone upon the material, but also upon the spiritual side. The study of the isolated community is little more than a study in social pathology, in morbid conditions, and will soon pass away; but that literature

which, while preserving its own atmosphere, brings its figures into relations with the world-old impulses of humanity, will have that health which insures long life. Our literature must show what America has done, not only for itself, but in the service of humanity; and it will take its place in world-literature according to the worth of that service.

FICTION AND DISCOVERY.....JAMES JOHNSTON.....CASSIER'S

To a remarkable degree numerous discoveries and inventions of the present day have been anticipated by imaginative writers. Illustrations of this class of discovery foretold, and even definitely indicated, may, in some measure, therefore, moderate our self-laudation at the expense of the ancients. The student of letters may prove by quotations from the Bible, Homer, Lucretius, Dante, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton, Goethe, Tennyson, and others, notable forecasts of achievements realized in later years.

Solomon, for example, who symbolically described the circulation of the blood nearly 3000 years earlier than Harvey's great discovery, is by no means the only old-world anticipant of truths which modern science has realized. Nothing is more "up to date" in the scientific world than the use of liquid air as a medium of research, though we need to be reminded that "liquidus aer" is frequently mentioned in the writings of Virgil. Equally interesting is Lucian's description of the inhabitants of the moon, seventeen centuries ago, as drinking "air squeezed or compressed into a goblet," where it formed a kind of dew.

More wonderful is Lucian's prediction, humorously narrated, in *Vera Historia*, or *True Histories*, written in the second century, of an aerial ship, the sails being inflated by a whirlwind, impelled through space to the moon, a dim forecast, it may be noted, of the air-ship of M. Santos-Dumont, the intrepid Brazilian aeronaut.

Again, various writers of antiquity seem to have been prognosticators of the marvelous epoch of electricity and its wonders, though all the ancients knew of it, was the one fact of the action of amber, which they called "electron," when rubbed, upon light bodies. Thales (580 B. C.) thought a kind of soul dwelt in amber, and, three centuries following, Theophrastus wrote on the subject. Dove also cites the remarkable saying of a Chinese philosopher named Kuopho, in the beginning of the fourth Christian century, to the effect

that "the magnet attracts iron as amber attracts small bodies." These were the ancient precursors of Dr. Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, and the father of modern electrical science, in whose hands, as one of the "Investigators of the Older Electricity," the subject was first expanded.

Probably the classical instance of intelligent anticipation of modern discovery is usually considered to be Dean Swift's description, in *Gulliver's Travels*, of the discovery of two satellites of Mars by the Laputan astronomers. The celebrated dean, 175 years past, credited the astronomers of Laputa with discovering two satellites revolving about Mars, and, wonderful to state, the actual discovery of Mars's moons only occurred in 1877, when Professor Hall, of Washington, discovered the two tiny satellites of Mars. Swift wrote in his immortal work, "They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the center of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half."

These figures have been generally regarded as indicating Swift's ignorance of, or contempt for, astronomy, and, likewise, the absolute improbability that a planet should have satellites revolving so swiftly that it should be possible to see two or three moon-rises and moon-sets within the compass of a working day. All analogy was said to be against it, yet the almost incredible scientific agreement of Professor Hall with Swift was so near "that some have refused to attribute it to coincidence, and assert that Swift must have had some uncanny means of knowing the truth by crystal-gazing, or astral currents, or one of the varied means of information which come within the ken of the "Society for Psychical Research."

Next to this in celebrity among the more fascinating anticipations of scientific inventions is Strada's record of the wireless telegraph. The Italian's description of an efficient system of wireless telegraphy is familiar to the modern reader by Addison's quotation in the pages of the *Spectator*. The gifted Roman published his *Prolusiones* in 1617, where he portrays two friends carrying on their correspondence by the aid of "a certain loadstone, which had such virtue in it that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time and in the same manner," 'On this the comment is

that each owner of a needle adjusted it to a dial plate with the letters of the alphabet disposed round its edge, in the fashion of an early form of electric telegraph which was superseded by the telephone. When they wished to converse, one of them spelt out words, which were reproduced at any distance by the sympathetic needle of the other, "by which means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

As regards the invention of the telephone, it is astonishing to learn from the works of Robert Hooke, printed in 1664, that the telephone is not so modern an invention as is generally believed. Hooke says: "And as glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventors to improve our other senses, of hearing, smelling, tasting, touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already done; and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible tho' that furlong should be ten times multiplied."

Of Rabelais' story concerning the "frozen words" which startled Pantagruel and his happy crew on the voyage to the oracle of the Holy Bottle the world has long been familiar. Students of the great humorist maintain that the narrative of the "frozen words" must be taken to imply that their author had something akin to a prophetic vision of the phonograph.

Another prophecy, significant and weighty, may be seen in the Marquis of Worcester's *Century of Inventions*, issued in 1655, with its amazing list of forecasts of telegraphs, steam engines, flying and calculating machines (the latter antedating Babbage's marvelous creation), dynamite shells and torpedoes, ironclads, quick-firing guns, and revolvers. And, again, the many-sided genius of Lord Bacon predicts, in the *New Atlantis*, submarine boats, as well as "some degrees of flying in the air."

Similarly, the poet Drummond, in 1626, indicates, in very precise language, some of the most powerful naval and military weapons of the present day, for which he then obtained letters patent.

The last example in this fertile and suggestive field is garnered from the pages of the world's immortal dramatist, Shakespeare, who, in *Troilus and Cressida*, was an anticipant, by a century, of Sir Isaac Newton's illustrious and far-reaching discovery—the law of gravitation.

B r i e f ✎ C o m m e n t : L i t e r a r y S a y i n g s a n d D o i n g s

The fall publishing season is now well advanced and a definite estimate of its promise may be made. As far as names go, the outlook is distinctly favorable. A mass of good fiction may easily be expected. The popular books of the fall are not hard to guess. They seem, however, of less ephemeral type than those of the past. The historical novel, too, has less prominence. A rare wealth of biographical and serious books is also to be found in the publisher's catalogues. The one flaw, from the present standpoint, seems in historical writings. On the whole, it may be said that the prospects are very promising indeed.

—The books so far issued seem somewhat gaudier than those of last spring. A foresight toward Christmas sales has doubtless had much to do with this. Certain it is that the well-known illustrators are working overtime. Occasionally this rush work shows, and the illustrations seem to have been made last summer as a speculation, and then sold to fit any story whatever. Not even this can be said for certain other illustrations.

—It is always questionable whether illustrations add anything to a story. In the case of a "boom" or "popular" novel they undoubtedly serve their purpose. But in a really worthy piece of work, such as one of Mr. Meredith's or Mr. Hardy's serious studies, the reader prefers rather to form his own idea of a character or situation than to see the outlines of an artist's imagination. Even very great artists often fail to get the depth and fullness of an author's meaning. Oftener they read more into a situation than the author placed there. All this is recalled by certain illustrations by one of the best known illustrators in America, who, in illustrating a book just out, has put the heroine in three different costumes, when by the narrative it was impossible for her to change garments and would have been indecent to suppose she had.

—Very few serials have called forth the attention that J. M. Barrie's *The Little White Bird*, now running in Scribner's, is receiving. The story, as far as it has progressed, shows Barrie in all his tender charm and delightful humor. So far it has not risen to the heights of *Tommy* and *Grizel*; an author

creates few such books in a lifetime. But it will, we venture to predict, be a vastly more popular book.

—A curious parallel to those startling lines of Oscar Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, is cited by the *London Outlook*. The ballad, it will be remembered, described at length, and in a most dramatic way, the end of a trooper of the Royal Horse Guards who was hanged at Reading on July 7, 1896, for the murder of a woman whom he was said to have loved devotedly. In the poem occurs the following verse:

And all men kill the thing they love,
By all let this be heard,
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

In the daily papers of Friday, September 12, the following lines appeared among the police news:

A reservist recently returned from the front, Henry Williams, was charged with the wilful murder of his child, Margaret, aged five years, by cutting her throat with a razor. Addressing a constable, Williams said, "I know what you want me for, for killing my little girl. I did it, God bless her! I'll hang like a man for it." The prisoner said he had told the constable he killed the child because he loved her, and would willingly hang.

—David Harum is really a wonderful book in some ways, though few, if any, of these ways are literary. But a book which has run through a hundred editions, and has sold 660,000 copies, is unusual, to put it mildly. The only other book which has such a record is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Having said that the situation becomes only more complex. The reasons for the sale of the latter book are patent; but the case of David Harum is different, far different. How small in the light of these figures seems the great rage a few years ago of *Trilby*. Yet *Trilby* had a vogue that few of the popular novels of to-day, though they may surpass in sales, can equal in extent or influence. *Trilby* was good writing.

—Mr. Dooley is about to go into literary criticism. He has made one or two very successful advances into this field before; but now he is to contribute a series of "studies on literary subjects" to the *Century*. In the words of Kipling:

Attind ye lasses of swate Parnassus.

—In a symposium held by a London editor on "How to Become a Novelist," Mr. Neil Munro tells the beginner that he must be born a novelist; but that is only to confirm the would-be literary aspirant in his foolhardiness, for who that aspires to the fame of fiction does not believe himself a heaven-inspired genius? Mr. Max Pemberton insists on having "a story to tell," but that simply means that you must catch your fish before you eat it. Mr. William Le Queux says, in effect, study your public, find out what it wants, then give it to them. He lowers the standard of his profession to the level of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker. Mr. A. E. W. Mason, in recent memory through his dramatized *Miranda of the Balcony*, protests: "Nor do I believe that popularity, and by that I mean a genuine and lasting popularity, is to be obtained by perpetually and deliberately aiming at it." Among other contributors who uphold the dignity of letters in fiction in taking a high standard for the making of a novelist are Mr. Quiller-Couch, "Lucas Malet," Mr. E. F. Benson, and Sir Gilbert Parker. In his flashing epigrammatic manner, Benjamin Swift sums the matter up in a sentence: "The best art is an affair of personalities; great art is not an echo, but an apocalypse."

—Speaking of symposiums, an utterance of Mr. Hamlin Garland in a recent number of the *North American Review* merits attention. Mr. Garland, as one of the contributors to the discussion of Jules Verne's statement that the novel was doomed, said that the drama is to become its serious competitor. We should like to think this and flatter ourselves that the divine art of playmaking is to regain its pristine prominence, but facts hardly justify it. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Jones, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Esmond, M. Hervieu, Herr Sudermann, and a dozen other men perhaps are writing to-day excellent plays, of artistic technique and literary value. These plays are of absorbing interest and vital import. Moreover, they can be had in print. Yet scarcely the names of the dramatists are known, and not one person in ten thousand of the reading public has read one of their plays. Even Ibsen is little known save by one or two plays. Occasionally a poetic play by a Rossetti or a Phillips comes out and for a time enjoys a vogue. But the truth is plain and simple; plays are not read. The reason is not hard to see. To read a play requires concentration of attention, a power of visualization, and to get its full value, an element of histrionic feeling, together with a higher intelligence;

all of which are not needed for a novel. It is not so long in the reading, and it cannot be dropped at any place—save by theatrical managers and actors. In short, it is a finer and more inflexible form of art, difficult to write and difficult to read.

—One reason why Shakespeare and the Elizabethans had such a vogue was their contemporary interest. There were no newspapers in those days; life was full of action; the novels were few, and the play became the chronicle. Mr. Alfred F. Robbins read a paper not long ago at Stratford-on-Avon on "Shakespeare as Journalist."

The fact stands that even before Shakespeare's death it was the complaint of the scholar that "if any one read nowadays, it is a playbook or a pamphlet of news; and the two were close akin, for as has been noted by critics, it was the custom of the Elizabethan dramatists to select material that was practically contemporary, and arrange it in dramatic form, for presentation to inflame patriotic feeling and influence public opinion. That is the aim of our journalism to-day; but there is more of resemblance than this. It would now be in a newspaper that we should find a record of the wretched weather of the summer through which we have been passing; but Shakespeare, in imperishable lines, placed such a description in a play; and, just as Titania furnished this in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, so did Oberon recall in that same comedy a wondrous picture of the revels at Kenilworth before Elizabeth, which will never be forgotten. He possessed, indeed, the art of the descriptive writer in the highest degree, giving that "air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative" always to be desired, and a portion of the account of Anne Boleyn's coronation as Queen-Consort of England has been quoted in description of the crowning of Queen Alexandra without the alteration of a word, so excellent and accurate and appropriate it was.

—The Kipling vogue has at last reached France. Many of his stories have been translated and printed in magazines and newspapers. Where Kipling seems to have won the greatest affection and praise from France is in his *Jungle Book*, translated as *Livre de la Jungle*. A critic says of him:

A poem of triumphant energy, the work of Rudyard Kipling, is truly that which a European people ought to read who feel the need of coming out of themselves, of shaking their lives free from little enervating pleasures, from "little shocks" by fine dreams, and the tumultuous rhythm of action, of awaking themselves from the digestive torpors of people with assured incomes, of "running risks," according to the most familiar expression of the Anglo-Saxons.

—Ibsen's admirers will hail with delight the first picture book about him. Rudolph Lothar's new biography of Ibsen contains more than a hundred portraits of the dramatist and his friends.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

If there is one thing more pitiable than another in the present outlook for American letters it is our lack of appreciation and care for good poetry. Before our poets are "discovered" they must go abroad. They might live out their lives here, and be scarcely more than writers of magazine verse—a vocation offering little emolument or fame. Only on some such grounds can be explained the fact that Miss Peabody's poetry and writing are not more widely known. For Miss Peabody is a poet in the truest sense, and has shown ability as a dramatist of no mean order. In England the poetic drama is having a vogue. Here the theatrical manager will not accept it, and the public does not care to read it. All that is left for the writer is to obtain a respectable, paying position, and try as best as possible to keep the ideals ever in mind.

Miss Peabody has done this. For the last two years she has been instructor in Wellesley College. As for her ideals, they have been steadily in mind for years. "I have written," she says, "incessantly from earliest childhood. My sister and I were indiscriminately artistic as small girls, and I had exactly the same enthusiasm, in a primitive form, that I have now, and amused myself in a more catholic manner, even, whether with a paintbox, or making up songs and tunes to the accompaniment of the window pane, or writing plays and acting them. But by degrees the quill-driving activity outstripped the others for the good reason that it depended less on the help of other people; and poetry grew and prose dwindled. I wrote quantities of foolish little plays while I was growing up; several of them were acted in and out of school. But my only grown-up plays have been the one-act *Fortune and Men's Eyes*, of 1898, and *Marlowe*. I have vague, enjoyable schemes in my head for at least five plays and two volumes—all somewhat interrupted, to be sure, by present duties. 'Tis something, though, to help assure the American youth that it need not be disconcerted by poetry, and to have a hand in the education of the matinee public. To rescue poetry from its present status as a Cult, and a rather useless Cult, that would seem to be the only way out—to save it from foolishness and associations of artificiality for the

popular mind. It ought to be more said and sung and acted and less read through the eyes alone."

If Miss Peabody has set this task before her, she has plenty of work. And there is not a man in America who will not wish her success. Certain it is she has talent and genius to back her in her endeavor. *Marlowe* is a thoroughly good play, and no more impossible for the stage than Mr. Phillips' *Ulysses*. It is well conceived, and nicely carried out with a fine poetic instinct. The next step from *Marlowe* will undoubtedly go far toward the consummation of Miss Peabody's ideals.

—There is nothing that so silences cavilling criticism as death. When George Douglas Browne wrote *The House with the Green Shutters*, the words of the critics were by no means all praise. Now there is nothing but good to be heard. A like thing is occurring in the case of Zola. Probably no literary man has ever had so many and so harsh things said of him as the great Frenchman just dead. At times the attack has been so personal as to be scurrilous. It was only at the time of the Dreyfus trial that Zola rose to something like his real height and worth. And then the world found itself in the presence of a being every atom of whom exemplified manhood. And thus, bit by bit, this opinion reacted upon his literary work. Instead of being a depraved degenerate, pampering to a prurient taste, Zola was found to be a thorough-going moralist, a man with a lesson to teach, a man of wonderful literary ability, whose writings possessed the lasting vitality of truth. And such to-day, is his position, that at his death the whole world feels a keen loss.

In this connection the following terse bit of description from the *London Outlook* is interesting:

Zola in personal appearance was quite without distinction. He looked like a hard-worked and very worried city clerk of limited means. His voice in public speeches was thin and uncertain, and he had no graces of elocution. As he spoke very fast and seemed nervous and flurried, he never succeeded in putting his hearers at their ease. It was a comfort on the occasions when he spoke in London to turn one's eyes on Madame Zola, in whom the smiling dignity and self-possession of the French lady appeared at their highest. However perturbed her husband might seem, however anxious to get done

with his speech, she sat calm and beaming, communicating to the audience her own perfect faith in Zola.

—Professor Barret Wendell, of Harvard University, has been appointed Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge, for the year 1902-3. At the same time the announcement of Professor Wendell's new book, *Raleigh in Guiana*, is made. The book is to contain three essays in dramatic verse, done in the old Elizabethan manner. *Raleigh in Guiana*, which, if we are not mistaken, was produced at Harvard some years ago, is in the nature of an old chronicle history. It was of this play that a certain professor said: "There is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that is not Elizabethan." Professor Wendell has been in the faculty of Harvard for twenty years, and is the author of several books of diverse nature, the best known of which are *The Duchess Emilia*, a novel, *William Shakespeare*, a study in Elizabethan Literature, and *A Literary History of America*, which appeared two years ago and created a great deal of discussion.

—Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, who wrote *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, has completed her second book, *Lovey Mary*. Mrs. Wiggs again appears in this story, which is to run serially in the *Century*.

—James L. Ford, author of that exquisitely satirical book, *The Literary Shop*, has written the life of Mme. du Barry. The illustrations to be used in the book are taken from scenes in Mr. Belasco's play, which Mrs. Carter is now acting. There might be a chance for some of Mr. Ford's humor and satire here. Apropos of which the book mentioned above is heartily recommended.

—The names of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli are the usual stock in trade of the youthful critic who wishes to appear cynical and sophisticated. It is true that they are both hysteric, melodramatic and florid in their writing. Also, it is true that their books sell. It has remained, however, for a well-known critic to point out a certain rivalry between the two in their field of florid fiction. The heroine of Miss Corelli's new novel is named Gloria. This recalls Mr. Caine's Gloria. Mr. Caine wrote *The Christian*, and Miss Corelli capped it with *The Master Christian*. When Mr. Caine issued a novel about "priests and kings and socialists and called it *The Eternal City*, Miss Corelli raised him by writing *Temporal Power*."

—This recalls the fact that the dramatized version of *The Eternal City* was produced, the other day, by Miss Viola Allen, and has proven literally a tremendous success, playing to the capacity of the theater. In London Mr. Beerbohm Tree is playing it, though the version used by him is vastly different from that used by Miss Allen.

—November 15 is the date set for the publication of Kruger's *Memoirs*. The work will appear simultaneously in English, Dutch and German, and other translations are being arranged. It is rather curious that no American edition is announced. Indeed it would almost seem that there is over here a lack of interest in the work. The book will undoubtedly have a great fascination for the Germans, especially since the advance notices of it foretell some rather harsh criticism of Mr. Chamberlain.

—Count Tolstoi has recovered more or less completely from his repeated illnesses. The first was an attack of angina pectoris, which was followed by inflammation of the lungs and pleurisy, and finally by a bad form of intermittent fever, which the Russians call "stomach typhus." Though now better, he has lost the physical strength which he retained so remarkably until a couple of years ago. He can still manage a walk of two or three miles at a time, however, and mentally he is as clear and powerful as ever, being generally equal to three or four hours' literary work daily.

—Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in a letter to the *Times*, protests against the use of the word "gotten," the word which a well-known professor of literature once said was "not in use save in young ladies' seminaries."

I am glad to join in the protest against the reintroduction into American speech and literature of the word "gotten." I first heard it so long ago as 1841 on a plantation in Virginia, from my cousins there, whom I visited one winter. I noticed it afterward among the Southern law students, who were then numerous at Cambridge, Mass., where my birthplace and home were. In those days you could tell infallibly by this one shibboleth the Northern or Southern origin of any one. This was the case until the American civil war. Almost all wars lead to some interchange of words between the two contending parties; thus there was an influx of Spanish words after the Mexican war and again after the Cuban war. And I have never observed that any Southern word except "gotten" traveled northward after the civil war ended. For myself I wish it had never migrated, regarding it as a step backward, not forward, in the simplification and invigoration of our common tongue. Even the sweet voices of Virginia women cannot quite justify it.

C h o i c e ✨ ✨ V e r s e

ORIENTAL SERENADE CLINTON SCOLLARD CRITERION

The flush has faded from the mountain's brow;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love vow!
The evening's violet vesture folds the vale;
Hearken, Zuleika, to my true-love tale!
There burns the lover's passionate star above;
Hearken, Zuleika, hearken unto love!

Rose of the fair rose-garden, O my Rose,
Answer, I pray thee, for my heart's repose!
Dies on the air the last muezzin call,
And khan-ward now the weary pilgrim goes.
The fountain murmurs; soft the south wind blows;
It is Love's hour; as every lover knows,
I cry to thee; cry thou antiphonal,
Rose of the fair rose-garden, O my Rose!

THE LOTUS-BLOSSOM ERNEST MCGAFFEY MIRROR

The gods have sunk to their rest and vanished,
Isis, Osiris, where are they?
Ammon and Ptah, they too are banished,
Perished and gone this many a day,
And only a flower is left to stay
To tell of that dreamy and wondrous while;
For the lotus-blossom still holds its sway
Afloat on the tawny and ancient Nile.

The kings have fled with the ages hoary,
Their armies now are a buried host,
And little is left to tell the story
And dead is the pride of Egypt's boast.
What is Rameses? A royal ghost!
What of his temple? A crumbling pile!
While the lotus-flower is there at most
Afloat on the tawny and ancient Nile.

The sunset falls in a tide of crimson
Over the meaningless pyramids,
The light of the stars and the moonlight dims on
The Sphinx that watches with stony lids;
And the wraith of Time in the silence thrids
Through dingy catacombs many a mile,
But the lotus waits, as a weird fate bids,
Afloat on the tawny and ancient Nile.

L ENVOI

Prince! 'tis a flower survives at last
The legend of Cleopatra's smile;
For naught but the lotus defies the past
Afloat on the tawny and ancient Nile.

ROUEN HENRY WALCOTT BOYNTON ATLANTIC

This is the hour they told me of. I thought
There would be fear, which I might chance to hide,
And numb at last with prayer, as I have done
Often upon the hanging wave of battle
Before it broke and gave me calm. Then—then—
Perhaps some quick and upward witnessing
Of heart and voice, and then a pang . . . and then
I should be dead. How strange one should have
made
So much of it! I think in all this mass
Of breathers, mine's the only quiet heart.

Ah, zest of anxious service, eager task
Of life, how wonderful you were; and now
A little troubled thing for memory
To deal with for a moment, and let slip
Into the dark . . .

It was a glory, yes,
But not mine own; I may forget it now.
The calling voices are all still'd at last,
They have no more to ask; I may forget . . .

Shadowy days in far green Domremy,
So little while ago, and yet so long,
You only, grow and grow out of the dusk
Endearing upon the woman's heart
With visions of the simple maid she was . . .
And yet I know not what slow bitterness
Wells upward from some long-neglected spring
Deep in the heart, for looking in this face
Once mine and lost: the wonder if perhaps
The service and the glory might have fallen
To one who, worthier for that, had been
Less fit for simpler uses;

"This young maid,"
So will the women say, "This gentle maid
Became the champion of France and God:
She might have been a mother and a wife!"

Not wasted, and not grudged, the thing I gave,
Only I know not how to turn me from
This world unloved, unprattled-for . . . Wert
thou

Minded to yield some little token to
A foolish woman who has served thee, God,
It should not be a crown of gold, the praise
Of saintly thrones, a seat at the right hand—
But only this . . . One hour to feel myself
At last fulfilled of womanhood; to weep
And smile as other women do, with here
A broad breast for my comfort human-wise,
And there a little babble of soft lips,
And tender palms uplifted just to me . . .
That were a glory! . . .

That were quite too much,
No doubt. I will not ask for it, nor ask
For anything but rest: I am too tired
For anything but rest . . .

Sirs, I am ready.

THE CUP ELSA BARKER BOOKMAN

The golden Jemshid, so the Persians say,
Possessed a magic cup with seven rings
That—filled with wine—reflected wondrous
things;

The secrets of the seven worlds that sway
In raptured rhyme, their morrow, yesterday
And now,—ay, and the fond imaginings
Of every soul that sorrows, dreams or sings,
From dim creation's dawn to the last day.

Thy body, my Beloved, is for me
That magic cup; my love is the red wine.
In thee the wonders of the worlds are mine,
The secrets of the stars and of the sea,
The avid prayers of every hidden shrine,—
All are reflected for my soul in thee!

Library Table: Glimpses of New Books

THE TWO VANREVELS

Somewhere between The Gentleman from Indiana and Monsieur Beaucaire is Booth Tarkington's new story.¹ The elements of politics and romance are again nicely mixed, and over all there is that poetry which is really the characteristic note in the writing of the gift Indianian. Where the story fails is in lack of real characterization and plausibility. Beyond these defects—great though they be—it has charm, plenty of interest and, as said before, a deep infusion of poetry.

MR. ROBERTS'S IDYL

An idyl of girlhood budding into womanliness is the theme upon which Mr. Roberts has builded his tale.² A pretty story woven upon the threads of American history and painted with a love of nature and out of doors. A little "too flattering sweet to be substantial," but a healthy, invigorating book for the girl of eighteen as well as for the mature mind.

A STUDY OF A CHILD

A refreshing delightful study of a sturdy little gentleman of few years but centuries of training in manliness is to be seen in Beulah Marie Dix's book.³ He is a capital little chap, a thoroughgoing Royalist with a hatred for Roundheads, with a great big heart in him worthy of the best soldier in Christendom. A healthy book, not too exciting for the young, and thoroughly interesting to the adult.

KIPLING THE WONDERFUL

Kipling continues to show a new phase of his striking originality with each new offering from his pen. The Just So Stories⁴ illustrated by Kipling himself are in character vaguely allied to the Jungle Books, but quite as original in their individuality. Written primarily for children, they fascinate readers of all ages and all classes because of the compelling genius of the author who has appealed to the eternal child which no man nor woman ever quite outgrows. The illustrations are in every way worthy of the

stories and of Kipling—no higher praise could be given.

MR. DAVIS AGAIN

The apotheosis of a cad is seen in Mr. Davis's new picture of South American filibustering.¹ A rattling good story, however, with plenty of excitement and some scenes of exceptional beauty. By far the best long story from the pen of this author—only we do not believe that Mr. Davis meant us to admire the sterling character of Capt. Macklin.

SATIRE BY BRET HARTE

Nothing short of the reading can convey an adequate estimate of Bret Harte's exquisite satires upon contemporary novelists.² Full of humor, treated with perfect literary skill, critical without being offensive, these travesties are the finest examples of satiric writing which have appeared in many years. They are a sure cure for blues and a delightful mental stimulus. Read them, by all means.

MR. FORD'S LAST BOOK

A distinctly clever story, beautifully bound and charmingly illustrated, is Mr. Ford's posthumous book Wanted—a Chaperon.³ The story is delightfully simple and with a charm of something akin to quaintness. The physical appearance of the book is exceptionally attractive. A good book to keep in mind when buying for Christmas.

THE SLUM

No one knows the slum and its questions quite so well as Mr. Jacob Riis. Here is a man who does not "theorize," but who knows. His book⁴ is full of pathetic pictures painful in their truth but beautiful in their meaning. No one who is interested in sociology can afford to miss reading what Mr. Riis has to say. To every reader his words will be found full of that intense interest which only truth and seriousness can bring. Some idea—very vague indeed—of this book may be had from the excerpts which we give.

¹The Two Vanrevels. Booth Tarkington. N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

²Barbara Ladd. Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston, L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

³A Little Captive Lad. Beulah Marie Dix. N. Y., The Macmillan Co.

⁴Just So Stories. Rudyard Kipling. N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.25 net.

¹Captain Macklin. By Richard Harding Davis. N. Y., Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

²Condensed Novels. Bret Harte. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

³Wanted—a Chaperon. Paul Leicester Ford. N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.00.

⁴The Battle with the Slum. Jacob A. Riis. N. Y., The Macmillan Co.

STAGE STORIES

Miss Clara Morris has killed two birds with one shot. She has answered her correspondence and written a book¹ at the same time. All stage-struck young misses had better read Miss Morris's words. For others there will be found a wide range of interest in the hundreds of anecdotes—humorous and pathetic—which Miss Morris relates and in the glamour of the stage which she throws over her recital.

AN EPIC OF THE NORTH

Taking a clue from Mr. Kipling, Jack London has written a number of stories upon the North—the Esquimaux and the White World. Most of them are rather tragic, some a bit brutal, but all far and away above the commonplace. It is not a book for the young nor the sentimental, but one that will appeal to those who care for the better in literature and whose minds have matured enough not to demand the conventional. Mr. London has caught the poetry of the great barren region and he has written it often in drops of blood upon the White Snow of that far-away land.

A CRIMINAL'S LIFE

The Autobiography of a Criminal is the theme that masks under the title of *The Story of a Strange Career*.³ The publishers vouch for the authenticity of the narrative. It is sufficiently startling whether it be truth or fiction. If truth, it is full of suggestions in a study of the criminal mind.

ALL THE RUSSIAS

All the Russias,⁴ by Henry Norman, M.P., is not only an interesting book of travel and one presenting an able view of Russian government and influence in Europe and Asia, but it will have a permanent value as a record of the state of things when the Trans-Siberian and Trans-Caspian Railways were in process of throwing out their mighty tentacles over the eastern continent. The journey, which supplies the main part of the volume, if we except that in European Russia, carried the writer to the very confines of Mongolia, where Russian progressive civilization comes in touch with Chinese stagnation. The volume is a valuable one, whether we regard it from the standpoint of literature, travel or politics.

¹Stage Confidences. Clara Morris. Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co. \$1.50.

²Frost Children. Jack London. N. Y., Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

³The Story of a Strange Career. Being the autobiography of a convict. Edited by Stanley Waterloo. N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.

⁴All the Russias. Henry Norman, M.P. N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE PHARAOH AND THE PRIEST

It was a Polish author who gave to the world the striking novel, *Quo Vadis*, dealing with the days of the early Christians in Rome. In *The Pharaoh and The Priest*¹ another Pole, Alexander Glovatski, has told the story of Egypt in the eleventh century before the Christian era—that is, the time of the later Judges of Israel. The book certainly presents a wonderful picture of Egypt at the period embraced in the work—a period of rapid decadence. Its pictures of regal splendor, religious ceremonial, priestly learning and priestly chicanery and tyranny, show a scholarly acquaintance with the conditions of Egyptian life at the time.

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST

Under the somewhat ambiguous title of *The Just and The Unjust*,² by Richard Bagot, we have a story of Society life in England. The author has dealt very delicately with the situation, has drawn some admirable characters, has shown the hollowness of some so-called respectability and the innate nobility of one whom Society would have tabooed. At the tragic end our sympathy is with the greatest sufferer and not with those who would have cast a stone at her. Notwithstanding that it deals with such a subject, it is a strong and well-told story well worth reading.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE

Infinite though the permutations and combinations of mystery may be, a study of detective stories might possibly develop a criminal who would defy all pursuit or a sleuth of the law who would unerringly follow the trail. The only difficulty would be in knowing whether the latest text-book would aid the one or the other. This kind of literature has been augmented by *The House Opposite*, by Elizabeth Kent.³ It is not in favor of the detective. The mystery is afforded by what appears to be a murder, but is really manslaughter in self-defense, in a New York apartment house. The labyrinth is skilfully constructed, the path being cut across by the bare-faced denials of the two persons involved. Justice is scarcely dispensed "without fear or favor," for the Bar Harbor lady is saved from appearing before the coroner, while the less fashionable one has there to tell a tale which must be painful alike

¹The Pharaoh and the Priest. Alexander Glovatski. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

²The Just and the Unjust. Richard Bagot. N. Y., John Lane.

³The House Opposite. Elizabeth Kent. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

to her and her innocent and loving husband. The law cannot solve the riddle. A question will arise in the mind of the reader as to how far personal feeling and the pride of class should be allowed to interfere in matters of public welfare.

CHANTICLEER by Violet Hall,¹ is a charming story of the experience of a couple with artistic tastes and a true love for nature, who, after the burning of their fashionable home, determine to "rough it" in the woods. The wife is the spokeswoman. A vein of clever and often rich and delicious humor runs through the volume, together with a genuine appreciation of the beauties of nature, a striking power of accurate and close observation, and a thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of a country life. Apart from the "bbling and cooing" of the wedded pair there are some love stories, the important one having a very dramatic ending.

THE SHEEP-STEALERS In The Sheep-Stealers Mrs. Jacob² has exploited a new scene and a new era. The scene is the district on the borders of the counties of Monmouth and Brecon, the former in England, the latter in Wales, where the Black Mountain towers above the lowland in which Abergavenny lies. The era is that of 1843, when the Welsh peasantry destroyed the toll gates during the Rebecca Riots—so-called because each band of rioters was led by a man in woman's dress to whom the name Rebecca was given. The story, while interesting and well constructed, is not a cheerful one. No character, not even the undesirable principal ones, rises above the dead level of the commonplace.

¹Chanticleer. Violet Hall. Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co.

²The Sheep-Stealers. Violet Jacob. N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.

THE QUEEN OF QUEL PARTE

Those who delight in thrilling situations will find an hour or two's diversion in The Queen of Quel parte, by Archer Butler Hulbert.¹ The scene is laid in Korea, and the story-teller recounts the incidents through which he passed in connection with the burial of the remains of the murdered queen, owing to Russian and Chinese intrigue. There is sufficient of a love story to temper the pseudo-historical character of the volume and provide the usual satisfactory ending, while the residence of the author in Korea, as a newspaper correspondent, ensures for us the correct local coloring.

VISIONS OF A SEER

Martha Sheppard Lippincott has done such good work in the way of poetry that one regrets to see her fill a volume with many poems of propaganda.² Still, the work is well done, and there are, here and there, a few verses in her old style, the style which makes her verses in the current periodicals much prized by a large number of readers.

MORE VERSE

Whoever sings the song of the newspaper man and sings it well must needs live the life whereof he would tell. The higher meaning of this life is finely told in a little book of songs from a newspaper man who has evidently lived the life he sings. To the great fraternity of journalists there is something more than bread and butter in their daily work, and that something Bailey Millard has caught and held in his Songs of the Press.³

¹The Queen of Quel parte. Archer Butler Hulbert. Boston, Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

²Visions of Life. Martha Sheppard Lippincott. N. Y., The Abbey Press.

³Songs of the Press. Bailey Millard. San Francisco, Elder and Shepard.

Following is a list of books received at this office between September tenth and October tenth :

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Fiction

Aladdin O'Brien: Gouverneur Morris: N. Y., The Century Co. \$1 25
Banner of Blue, The: S. R. Crockett: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 1 50
Bayard's Courier: A Story of Love and Adventure in the Cavalry Campaigns: B. K. Benson: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 1 50
Camping on the Trail: Edward S. Farrow: Illustrated: Phila., American Arms Pub. Co.

By Order of The Prophet: A Tale of Utah: Alfred H. Henry: Illustrated by E. S. Paxson: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1 50
Captain Macklin: His Memoirs: Richard Harding Davis: Illustrated: Walter Appleton Clark: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons... 1 50
Children of the Frost: Jack London: Illustrated by Raphael M. Reay: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50

- Christmas Greeting, A: Marie Corelli: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1 50
- Condensed Novels: New Burlesque: Bret Harte: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 25
- Cruise of the Dazzler, The: Jack London: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Downreiter's Son, A: Ruth Hall: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
- Earth and the Fulness Thereof, The: A Romance of Modern Styria: Peter Rosegger: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 50
- Eight Girls and a Dog: Carolyn Wells: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Flag on the Hilltop, The: Mary Tracy Earle: with Illustrations: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 90
- Gabriel Tolliver: A Story of Reconstruction: Joel Chandler Harris: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co. 150
- Heart of the Doctor, The: A Story of the Italian Quarter: Mabel G. Foster: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
- Herr Doctor, The: Robt. Macdonald: Illustrations by W. E. Mears: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls. 40
- Hole in the Wall, The: Arthur Morrison: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.
- House Opposite, The: A Mystery: Elizabeth Kent: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- House Under the Sea, The: A Romance: Max Pemberton: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 50
- Intrusions of Peggy, The: Anthony Hope: Illustrated: N. Y., Harper & Bros. 1 50
- Invisibles, The: Edgar Earl Christopher: Illustrated: Akron, O., Saalfeld Pub. Co. 1 50
- John Malcolm: Edward Fuller: Illustrated: Providence, Snow & Farnham. 1 50
- Lavender and Old Lace: Myrtle Reed: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Lois Mallet's Dangerous Gifts: Mary Catherine Lee: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85
- Love and the Soul Hunters: John Oliver Hobbes: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1 50
- Manor Farm, The: M. E. Francis: N. Y., Longmans, Green & Co. 1 50
- Millionairess, The: Julian Ralph: Illustrated by C. F. Underwood: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co. 1 50
- Needle's Eye, The: Florence M. Kingsley: Illustrations by Wm. E. Mears: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls. 1 50
- No Other Way: Sir Walter Besant: Illustrated: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 50
- Paul Kever: Jerome K. Jerome: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 50
- Pharaoh and the Priest, The: An Historical Novel of Ancient Egypt: from the Original Polish of Alex. Glovatski: Jeremiah Curtin: Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1 50
- Queen of Quelparte, The: Archer Butler Hulbert: Illustrated by Winfield S. Lukens: Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1 50
- Ragged Edge, The: A Tale of Ward Life and Politics: Jno. T. McIntyre: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.
- Richard Gordon: Alexander Black: Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co. 1 50
- Richard Hume: T. B. Warnock: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 1 25
- Right Princess, The: Clara Louise Burnham: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1 50
- Romance of an Old Fool, The: Roswell Field: Evanston, Wm. S. Lord.
- Sea Lady, The: H. G. Wells: Illustrated: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co.
- Shadow of the Czar, The: John R. Carling: Illustrated: Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1 50
- Sheep-Stealers, The: Violet Jacob: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 20
- Sir Marrok: A Tale of the Days of King Arthur: Allen French: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Son! or the Wisdom of "Uncle Eph," the Modern Yutzio: Lord Gilhooley: N. Y., Fredk. A. Stokes Co. 80
- Stories of Charlemagne: and the Twelve Peers of France: from the Old Romances: Rev. A. J. Church, M.A.: Illustrated by Geo. Morrow: N. Y., Macmillan Co. 1 75
- Strongest Master, The: Helen Choate Prince: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 50
- Tangled up in Beulah Land: J. P. Mowbray: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 50
- Things That Are Caesar's, The: Reginald Wright Kauffman: N. Y., D. Appleton & Co. 1 50
- Tom Moore: An Unhistorical Romance, Founded on Certain Happenings in the Life of Ireland's Greatest Poet: Theodore Burt Sayre: Illustrated: N. Y., Fredk. A. Stokes Co. 1 50
- Tower or Throne: A Romance of the Girlhood of Elizabeth: Harriet T. Comstock: Illustrated by Harriet R. Richards: Boston, Little, Brown Co. 1 50
- Two Vanrevells, The: Booth Tarkington: Illustrations by Hy. Hutt: N. Y., McClure, Phillips & Co.
- Uncle Charley: Zephine Humphrey: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 25
- Wooing of Judith, The: Sara Beaumont Kennedy: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 50
- Wyndham Girls, The: Marion Ames Taggart: Illustrated by C. M. Relyea: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 20
- Biography**
- Alfred Tennyson: Alfred Lyall, K. C. B.: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 75
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Thos. Wentworth Higginson: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 10
- John Ruskin: Frederic Harrison: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 75
- Life of Theodore Roosevelt, The: Murat Halstead: Profusely Illustrated: Akron, O., Saalfeld Pub. Co. 2 50
- Nathaniel Hawthorne: George E. Woodberry: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 10
- Short Life of Abraham Lincoln, A: John G. Nicolay: N. Y., The Century Co. 2 40
- Thoreau: His Home, Friends and Books: Annie Russell Marble: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell Co. 2 00
- Juvenile**
- Boy and the Baron, The: Adeline Knapp: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Boys of the Rincon Ranch, The: H. S. Canfield: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Boys of Waveney, The: Robt. Leighton: Illustrated by Gordon Brown: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1 25

- Champion, The: Chas. Egbert Craddock: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1 20
- Gift of the Magic Staff, The: Fannie E. Astrander: Illustrated: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. 1 00
- Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales: Translated from the Danish by Carl Siewers: Illustrated by Joseph J. Mora: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 50
- Jackanapes: Juliana H. Ewing: Illustrated by Josephine Bruce: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 50
- Just So Stories: for Little Children: Rudyard Kipling: Illustrated by the Author: N. Y., Doubleday, Page & Co. 1 20
- Lima Beans: Baby Roland: George Hansen: S. F. Elder & Shepard. 50
- Little Captive Lad, A: Beulah Marie Dix: Illustrated by Will Grefé: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 1 50
- Rosy Cloud, The: Geo. Sand: Illustrated by Diantha W. Horne: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 50
- Three Little Marys: Nora Archibald Smith: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 85
- Tommy Remington's Battle: Burton-Egbert-Stevenson: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Topsy and Turvy: A Rhyming Colored Picture Book: Peter Newell: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Traveller Tales of the Pan-American Countries: Hezekiah Butterworth: Illustrated by more than forty engravings: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 1 20
- Under Scott in Mexico: Capt. Ralph Bonehill: Illustrated by J. J. Mora: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 1 00
- Voyage of the Charlemagne, The: Wm. O. Stoddard: Illustrated by J. N. Kennedy: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 1 00
- Vespers: Baby Roland: Geo. Hansen: S. F., Elder & Shepard 50
- Essays and Miscellany**
- All the Russias: Henry Norman, M. P.: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons. 4 00
- American Diary of a Japanese Girl, The: Miss Morning-Glory: Illustrated: N. Y., Fred'k. A. Stokes Co. 1 60
- Balloon Ascension at Midnight, A: Geo. Eli Hall: With Silhouettes by Gordon Ross: S. F., Elder & Shepard. 1 00
- Blue Badge of Courage, The: Henry H. Hadley, Akron, O.: The Saalfeld Pub. Co. 1 25
- Caterpillars and Their Moths: Ida M. Eliot and Caroline G. Soule: N. Y., The Century Co. 2 00
- Down in Water Street: A Story of Sixteen Years' Life and Work in Water Street Mission: A Sequel to the Life of Jerry McAuley: Sam'l. H. Hadley: N. Y., Fleming H. Revell Co. 1 00
- East of To-day and To-morrow, The: Hy. Codman Potter, D.D., LL.D.: N. Y., The Century Co. 1 00
- Lives of Two Cats: From the French of Pierre Loti: Translation by M. B. Richards: Illustrated: Boston, Dana Estes & Co. 50
- London: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers: Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton: Illustrated: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co. 1 40
- Lost Wedding Ring, The: Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D.: N. Y., Funk & Wagnalls Co. . . \$0 75
- Magic Mashie, The: And Other Goldfish Stories: Edwin L. Sabin: N. Y., A. Messels Co. . . . 1 00
- Mind, Power and Privileges: Albert B. Alston: N. Y., Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. 1 50
- Mishaps of an Automobilst: De Witt C. Falls: Verses by M. J. Moses: N. Y., Fred'k. A. Stokes Co. 1 00
- New England and Its Neighbors: Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson: N. Y., The Macmillan Co. 2 00
- New Hamlet, The: a Revised Version of Romeo and Juliet: Wm. Hawley Smith and the Smith Family, Farmers: Chicago, Rand, McNally & Co.
- Primary Dictionary of the English Language: Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D.: Illustrated: Phila., J. P. Lippincott Co. 50
- Searching for Truth: Stephen Crane: N. Y., Peter Eckler, Pub.
- Sea Turns and Other Matters: Thos. Bailey Aldrich: N. Y., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. . . 1 25
- Stage Confidences: Talks About Players and Play Acting: Clara Morris: Illustrated: Boston, Lothrop Pub. Co. 1 20
- Song of Songs, The: With Six Illustrations: Decorative Border: Sir Edw. Burne-Jones: N. Y., R. H. Russell
- Tasty Dishes: Made from Tested Recipes: N. Y., R. F. Fenno & Co. 50
- Word Coinage: a Brief Study of Literary Style, Slang and Provincialisms: Leon Mead: N. Y., T. Y. Crowell & Co. 45
- Worth of Words: The: Dr. Ralcy H. Bell: with an Introduction by Dr. Wm. C. Cooper: N. Y., The Grafton Press
- Poetry**
- Ancient Legends of Different Nations: Many of them from old books out of print: Compiled by Eliz. M. Lurn: New Haven, The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Co.
- Captain Craig: A Book of Poems: Edwin Arlington Robinson: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 00
- Meditations of Ali Ben Hafiz: Lee Roy J. Tappan: Copyright, 1902, by Lee Roy J. Tappan 75
- Rhymes and Roundelays from "Life": N. Y., Life Pub. Co.
- Seeds of April's Sowing: Adah Louise Sutton: Akron, O., Saalfeld Pub. Co. 1 25
- Songs of England's Glory: N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons 1 25
- Historical and Political**
- Future of War, The: In Its Technical Economic and Political Relations: Jean De Bloch: Boston, Ginn & Co.
- New France and New England: John Fiske: N. Y., Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 65
- Private Soldier Under Washington, The: Chas. Knowles Bolton: Illustrated: N. Y., Chas. Scribner's Sons.
- Under Colonial Colors: A Tale of Arnold's Expedition in 1775: Everett T. Tomlinson: Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1 20
- Struggle for a Continent, The: Edited from the Writings of Francis Parkman: Edgar Pelham, Ph.D.: Boston, Little, Brown & Co. 1 50

Among the November Magazines

In a line with the biological discussions that have awakened so much interest during the past year is the article in the November Harper's on The Newest Conception of Life by Carl Snyder. Of a kindred nature is one of the posthumous articles of the late John Fiske which this same magazine presents. It is a discussion of Evolution and the Present Age. The magazine is rich in matter of a scientific and a pseudo-scientific nature. Besides those mentioned there is an article on The Distribution of Rainfall, by a Lecturer in the University of Oxford, and an Account of the Ancient Peoples of the Petrified Forests in Arizona, by Walter Hough, of the United States National Museum, while archæological interests are represented in How the Bible Came Down to Us, by F. G. Kenyon, F.R.S. Mr. Kenyon speaks of the comparative lateness of the written scriptures and of their remarkable accuracy and uniformity:

Let us take the Old Testament first. Its history is in some respects simpler, in others more difficult, than that of the New Testament. For about 1800 years we can trace it back, though only half that period is covered by actually extant copies. The Hebrew Old Testament was first committed to print in the year 1488, eleven years after a portion of it, the Book of Psalms, had issued from the press. Behind these printed texts lie a great quantity of manuscripts—hundreds, or even thousands, in number; the English bishop Kennicott published collations of 634 manuscripts in 1776-1780, while the Italian scholar, De Rossi, shortly afterward, added 825 more to the list, without by any means exhausting the number of extant copies. But an examination of all this great mass of authorities brings to light two striking facts: first, that all of them contain substantially the same text, varied only by obvious mistakes and slight divergences in detail; and secondly, that none of them is earlier than the ninth century. The earliest extant MS. of the Hebrew Old Testament is a copy of the Pentateuch, now in the British Museum, and assigned to the ninth century, and the earliest MS. bearing a precise date is a copy of the Prophets, at St. Petersburg, dated A.D. 916, while the majority of the MSS. belong to much later periods. At the same time so uniform is the text preserved in all the MSS. that the earliest and the latest of them differ in no essential respect.

The explanation alike of the uniformity of text and of the comparative lateness of the extant MSS. lies in a single cause, namely, the extreme care with which the Jews have cherished their Scriptures for the last 1800 years.

Among the short stories are one by Alice Brown, who seems to be doing good work and much of it; a humorous story by

Herman Whitaker; Sister Peacham's Turn, a Thanksgiving story by Sarah Orme Jewett; The Reconciliation, by Anne O'Hagan; and a pleasing story of The Very Small Person, by Annie Hamilton Donnel, for which Elizabeth Shippen Green has done some charming illustrations in two colors. Some other illustrations in the number are by W. T. Smedley, E. M. Ashe, F. Luis Mora, Walter Appleton Clark, Will Grefé, Frank Verbeck, and H. C. Christy.

—The Real Rulers of Russia is the subject of an article in the World's Work, which, apropos of the recent Russian encroachments on Finland's freedom, is peculiarly timely. It is good to have sounded a warning note such as that of W. S. Harwood in Saving the Fisheries of Our Inland Seas. We Americans, so prodigious of resource, are so profligate in our expenditure that we frequently need a note "lest we forget." M. G. Cunniff's readable article on The Human Side of the Labor Unions is supplemented by the article, Can Arbitration in Labor Troubles be Effective? In The Quiet Control of a Vast Estate, H. H. Lewis tells of the work of Col. John Jacob Astor in the preservation of the family estate. Three articles of an architectural interest are those by Ivy Lee on the new New York Stock Exchange, by Chalmers Roberts on The Rebuilding of London, and by an English correspondent of the World's Work on An American Builder in England. An important article in this magazine is that by Andrew Carnegie on Europe vs. America, from which the following bits are taken:

Employers would find it much to their own interest to give to their ablest employees shares in the business. The more given in this form the more would flow to the employer. The great secret of success in business and of millionaire-making is to make partners of valuable managers of departments. The contest between the old and the new lands to-day resembles that between professionals and amateurs. It is in their workmen that the Continent has one of its chief advantages over Britain, and America over the Continent, for even the German has to yield the palm to the compound British-German which makes the man of the more stirring New World. He could not be more thorough or methodical than the German, but he is more active and more versatile. Wages of skilled labor, though higher in Britain than in Germany, are not so much so as to rank in importance with the factors stated; the difference between the two

is trifling as compared with that between Britain and America. It is not the lowest, but the highest paid labor, with scientific management and machinery, which gives cheapest products. Some of the important staple articles made in Britain, Germany, and America are produced cheapest in the last, with labor paid double.

* * * * *

To summarize in one paragraph the laws bearing upon the material position of nations, as described, may not be amiss:

(1) The chief nations of the world have greater capacity to supply their own wants than was supposed.

(2) Skilled labor has lost its power to attract capital and raw materials, which, under favorable conditions, now attract capital and labor.

(3) Nations will develop their own resources to the greatest possible extent as a patriotic duty, offering inducements to the enterprising to risk time and capital in the task.

(4) The country with the largest and most profitable home market has an invincible weapon for the conquest of foreign markets, as the "law of surplus" operates in favor of the largest producer in competing for the trade of the world.

(5) As nations are more and more to supply their own wants, home commerce is to increase much more rapidly than foreign commerce.

(6) Nations tend to increase in population according to their capacity to produce cheap food.

The tendency to enlarge areas under one government must continue, otherwise the small nations become mere pigmies industrially and play no part in world-wide affairs.

—The New York Police Court is ably handled in an initial paper in *The Century* by Edwin Biorkman, and the drawings by E. L. Blumenschein are so lifelike that one familiar with the police court scenes will recognize their subjects even were they detached from the text and uncaptioned. The Invasion of Canada in 1775 is treated in a valuable historical sketch by Justin H. Smith as *The Prologue of the American Revolution*. This long paper is but the first of a series that will treat of this subject. The tourist who has been to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado will be happy to find that subject treated by John Muir, the noted explorer and tourist. Mr. Muir's word pictures are explicit, graphic, and beautifully colored. In speaking of the beef packers' industry, under the title of *The So-called Beef Trust*, the writer tells of its growth:

The growth of the industry in the last fifty years has been wonderful, the value of the products having increased in the half-century from \$11,981,642 to \$785,562,433. Although packing was begun in Cincinnati fully eighty years ago and developed in a small way, it was not until the invention of the refrigerator-car, in 1868, that the business caught the stride which has carried it to the forefront. Railroad building had been begun in the West in the early fifties, and the refrigerator-car came in natural sequence as the solution of an embarrassing problem. The first cargo of fresh beef was shipped from

Chicago to Boston in September, 1869, and was an object of delighted curiosity as well as a token of the things which were to be. The East had been slaughtering its own bees, buying them of Western stock-raisers and shipping them fifteen hundred or two thousand miles "on the hoof," much to their detriment and the deterioration of their meat by the long, racking journey. The refrigerator-car made it possible for the West to slaughter the animals and ship their carcasses into the Eastern States in such a way that the meat was sweet and fresh.

Some of the short stories in the number are *The Yellow Van*, by Richard Whiting; *The Echo Hunt*, by David Gray; *The Journal of a Millionaire*, by George Hubbard, with a drawing by H. C. Christy, and *The Swartz Diamond*, by E. W. Thompson. *The Confessions of a Wife* is continued and a new serial by Anne Douglas Sedgwick has its initial chapters. Wallace Bruce Amsbary, whose humorous French-American Kankakee ballads will be recalled with delight, has another inimitable poem, *Football at Chebanse*.

—There is a pretty bit of work in the Atlantic by the title of *The Garden of Memories*. It bears the signature of C. A. Mercer. *Evenings at Simeon's Store*, by George S. Wasson, is character study. Another good story is *Tomorrow's Child*, by Mary Tracy Earle. Elizabeth McCracken has an article giving her personal experience with *The Book in the Tenement*, which is worth reading from the standpoints both of the observer of social conditions and the literary critic. These simple readers are unerring critics she declares. The following incident shows this:

Most of the girls and boys who were connected with the settlement read Shakespeare, usually through their interest in the theater. A girl who had kept my copy of *Hamlet* for more than a month said, by way of apology, when she returned it: "I couldn't get enough of reading it; the more times I read it, the more times I wanted to read it again! It got hold of me so."

This same girl came to me one evening with a very meditative face. "Do you like poems written by a man named Browning?" she asked abruptly.

I told her that I did indeed; and then she said, "Are they hard to understand?"

"You might try them, and see," I advised. She accepted the suggestion with avidity; but she came in a few days to say that she thought them very hard to understand. "I can't keep up with them," she said in a discouraged tone.

"You haven't been trying for very long," I reminded her. "What did you read?"

"Saul," she replied, "and *In a Balcony*."

I lent her *Pippa Passes*; and, to her delight, she found that she could "keep up" with that. Her enthusiasm for Browning grew slowly, but steadily. When Mrs. Le Moyne, with Miss Eleanor Robson and Mr. Otis Skinner, presented *In a Balcony*, she saw the production; and not long ago she said to me, "I don't always understand Browning; but there's

something about his poetry that makes me want to keep on reading it, anyway." We all have a great deal to say about Browning and his poetry; but does not all our wisdom eventually resolve itself into just exactly this?

There are other discussions of sociologic and ethical interest, among them being *Australasian Cures for Coal Wars*, by Henry Demarest Lloyd; *A Quarter Century of Strikes*, by Ambrose P. Winston, and *The New Ethics*, by Wm. De Witt Hyde. Belles-lettres interests are cared for in *Jimville*, a study of a Bret Harte town; *A Possible Glimpse of Samuel Johnson*, and in two regular departments.

—W. B. Thornton, in *Country Life in America*, has made a pleasing article on the subject of walking in the country. Mr. Thornton has an easy style and a manner of speech that reminds one of the old, old, writers, as this little bit well shows:

The first requisite is a boon companion, a jolly good fellow of like nature with yourself—one in whom there is no guile; in whom no ill lurks in mind or body for which the first whiff of a pine wood or of things of the earth earthy is not a panacea unailing; one who takes things as they come, sunshine or shower, and whose grumble doth but cover a joke at his own discomfort. For a tramping tour one companion is preferable to several, for from many men of many minds doth pretty discord spring. For your outfit, choose you good stout walking shoes, coming well above the ankle; for low shoes and sandy roads, of which many will stretch themselves before you, are but illy met. And of preference choose you old shoes, easy and comfortable to the feet, hob-nailed of heels and as nearly waterproof as may be. Nor forget that corns, bunions, and their like are of the evil one and not to be countenanced in preparations for a tramp.

Turkeys and Cranberries is the title of a timely article that reminds us that Thanksgiving is not far distant. The problem of the country house, which has been so ably discussed in many papers this month, revolves around staircases, which Arthur N. Gibb learnedly treats as *A Problem and an Opportunity*. There are many attractive illustrations.

—The fiction interests are strong in McClure's for October. They include a story by A. Conan Doyle, a mystery story, of course, with the title *The Leather Funnel*; a story by Hamlin Garland, founded on fact, and entitled *Sitting Bull's Defiance*; one by Josephine Dodge Daskam, *In the Valley of the Shadow*, and a number of others. Ida M. Tarbell has the first chapter of a long, illustrated *History of the Standard Oil Co.*; chapter one tells of the birth of the industry. Of value to the student of literature is George W. Smalley's twelve-page article on *Men of Letters*. His account is

in the form of personal recollections and appreciations. Mr. Smalley has this to say about Anthony Hope:

You will remark one thing about Mr. Anthony Hope and his use in fiction of the material which his acquaintance with the upper world supplies him. He never photographs. He never puts a single living person into a book as a single character in fiction. He takes no liberties, violates no confidence. What he does is to compose a picture, selecting, arranging, and giving the reader not a reproduction of anyone scene, but a scene to which several have contributed. You can identify no individual, though you may recognize in a single character some of the traits of several whom you happen to know. It is the opposite method which sometimes brings suspicion upon the good faith of eminent writers, as in the case of a living Frenchman who, in a very French story and in very questionable surroundings, has drawn a perfectly recognizable portrait of an English lady to whom he was under considerable obligation.

There are also two appreciations of the late George Douglas, the author of *The House of the Green Shutters*; one is by C. Whibley, who knew him personally, and one, *The Closing of the Shutters*, by Robert Barr, who also knew him.

—The recent Naval Manœuvres form the subject of a paper by John Callan O'Laughlin in the October *Cosmopolitan*. The article is copiously illustrated with photographs of the actual scenes in the make-believe war. Senator Thurston has written of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, and has treated his subject historically, under the caption of *One Hundred Years After*. The deeper meaning of the exposition Senator Thurston thus sets forth:

Above all other things, this Exposition should be the great object-lesson of what a free people can accomplish under a Republican form of government. It should teach the lesson both to the monarchist and the anarchist. To [the one, that successful human progress can best be made while the people govern themselves through the free expression of the public will; and to the other, that government is necessary to human welfare, and that under no other social condition except government, and government as broad as the popular intelligence, and as strong as the millions who compose it, can be secured the happiness of the millions who are struggling onward and upward toward the ideal.

There is some good fiction in the number, the stories including among others a good lion-taming story by Elmore Elliot Peake, *The Tragedy of the Cipher Code*, by Elliott Flower, and a ghost story by Rose Cecil O'Neill, whose illustrations are well known to the public as those of O'Neill Latham.

—There is a good animal story in *Everybody's*. It is by E. Clayton McCants and is entitled *Vulp*, of the Carolina Reds—*Vulp* being a fox. The photographic illustrations by

Herbert K. Job are remarkable. The Unre-generated, by Lindsay Dennison; The Round Table of Dodge City, by E. C. Little; The Red Law and the White, by Joseph Blethen; and The Old Time Barge Pirates of the Mississippi, by G. W. Ogden, are all stories of man in the rough, although the stories widely differ. All are well illustrated. Three articles of sociological interest are Bessie Van Vorst's paper number three in The Woman That Toils, Mary Manners's Unemployed Rich, and Booker T. Washington's Work with the Hands. The magazine has other miscellany and is well rounded out.

—Hunting the Fox is the initial article in Outing, and is a timely one, and the picture it presents of the sport is both graphic and pleasing. Henry G. Tinsley seeks to instruct us in Grizzly Bear Lore, the following bit of which is amusing:

Even if there are no tracks visible, a veteran bear hunter knows well when a grizzly bear, anyhow several bears, have recently passed that way through a forest. A thousand and one things make that fact clear. Here and there are the bruised and bent limbs of trees where bruins have hauled down the limbs in search of birds' nests. There are tree trunks of rough bark where the bears have scratched their backs, bushes where the beasts have stripped away every berry, and oak trees beneath which every acorn has been carefully picked up. If there are any wild or orchard fruit trees in the locality, they surely bear the marks of a visit by grizzlies, if the beasts have been that way. Wide acres, where all stones the size of a man's head have been overturned by bears

in their search for grubs and crickets, tell the story of bruin's meanderings. But the principal evidence of grizzly bruin's passage that way will be seen in the demolition of any ant hill in the locality.

The picture of wood ducks presented in The Wood Duck and Its Shooting is so sympathetic and brings so friendly a feeling for the quack-quacks that one strongly regrets the shooting part of the business. By far the most important article in this number of the magazine is that from the pen of Captain Johna Slocum, which describes the Voyage of the Aquidneck and its varied adventures in South American waters.

—The New England for the current month is one of the best of the recent issues of that magazine. There is a fair amount of matter of a general interest in it and a wealth of material of interest close to the special province of the magazine. Under the title, Washington and the Town He Loved so Well, Alexandria is set before us as it was in the period of the Revolution and after. The article, with its accompanying photographs, has a great historical interest. The New Profession of Forestry, by George Ethelbert Walsh, is one of the many contributions on this subject which is, at present, receiving much attention in the magazines. The Legendary play at Rothenburg has an interest both historical and dramatic. There are many short stories and plentiful miscellany in this magazine.

Magazine Reference List for November, 1902

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

Acting of Richard Mansfield, The . . . Frank Leslie's
American Builder in England, An . . . World's Work
British Academy, The . . . Munsey's
*Elizabethan and Two Modern Dramatists

. Gentleman's
Greatness of Art, The Mind
Legendary Play of Rothenburg . . . New England
Love Affairs of Chopin Criterion
Making of a Play, The Frank Leslie's
Modern Artistic Handicraft Atlantic
New Era in Decorative Art World's Work
Opera in the South Criterion
Puv's de Chavannes Harper's
*Ruskin's Music Good Words
Salvini, Gustavo Century
*Some Early Art Sales Gentleman's

Biographical and Reminiscent

Douglas, George McClure's
Hopkinson, Francis New England

*Current numbers of quarterly, bi-monthly and foreign magazines.

Kohaus, Hannah More Mind
Men of Letters McClure's
*Romney, George Chambers's
*Virchow, Rudolph Knowledge

Essays and Miscellanies

*Avalanches of the Alps Chambers's
*Bodleian Library Gentleman's
Breton's Four Seasons, The Century
California's Harvest Home Overland
Chair of Courtship and Marriage, A Munsey's
Child's Taste in Fiction, A New England
*City Noise Chambers's
*Clubs I Have Known Chambers's
Confessions of a Society Woman Ainslee's
Desirable Reforms in Motherhood Arena
Discipline of Memory, The Mind
End of a Cycle, The Atlantic
Evolution of Manhattan, The Munsey's
Food We Eat, The Munsey's
Forest Ranger Overland
Fun of Walking, The Country Life
Garden of Memories, The Atlantic

German Court Beauties.....Cosmopolitan
 Greatest Fur Co. in the World.....Frank Leslie's
 *Holy Experiment," The.....Gentleman's
 How the Bible Came Down to Us.....Harper's
 Is American Character Declining?.....World's Work
 *Kaffir Manners and Customs.....Leisure Hour
 Law of Discontent.....Mind
 *Lessons of the Zoo, The.....Chambers's
 Lowell's Influence in England.....New England
 Memories and Meditation.....Mind
 Milton, John.....Cosmopolitan
 Mozart: A Fantasy.....Atlantic
 *New York Police Force, The.....Chambers's
 Odd Railroad Incidents.....Munsey's
 *On the Writing of English Verse.....Cornhill
 Passing of the Cowboy.....Overland
 Peasant Costumes of Europe, The.....Munsey's
 *Penn's Chief Work, Wm.....Good Words
 *Personal Forces in Relig Journalism.....Leisure Hour
 Possible Glimpses of Samuel Johnson.....Atlantic
 President on His Tours.....World's Work
 Quiet Control of a Vast Estate.....World's Work
 Rationale of Astrology, The.....Mind
 Real Origin of American Polygamy.....Arenia
 *Reminis. of an Ind. Police Officer.....Chambers's
 Shakespeare's Use of Birds.....Canadian
 Symbolism.....Mind
 Things Human.....Atlantic
 Three Novelists.....World's Work
 Turkeys and Cranberries.....Country Life
 *Warrior Saint of the 19th Century.....Gentleman's
 What Women Like in Women.....Cosmopolitan
 Who Is My Neighbor.....Mind

Educational Topics

Educational Side of Art, The.....Arenia
 Old Times Law School.....Atlantic
 Schools and Colleges in Colonial Times.....New England
 *Some New Educational Methods.....Chambers's

Historical, National and Political

Alaskan Boundary, The.....Canadian
 Dream of the 21st Century, A.....Arenia
 Dumas, The Elder.....Criterion
 Europe vs. America.....World's Work
 How New Haven Came to be in Connecticut.....New England
 Imperial Bugbears.....Canadian
 Jones, Com. John Paul.....Criterion
 Naval Manœuvres, The.....Cosmopolitan
 New York Police Force, The.....Century
 One Hundred Years After.....Cosmopolitan
 Personal Power of the President.....Arenia
 Prologue of American Revolution.....Century
 Real Rulers of Russia, The.....World's Work
 Sane View of Anthony Wayne.....Harper's
 Sitting Bull's Defiance.....McClure's
 Some Philippine Problems.....McClure's
 Some Thoughts on Public Reform.....Arenia
 Transition in Naval Efficiency, A.....World's Work

Scientific and Industrial.

Ancient Peoples of the Petrified Forest.....Harper's
 Care of the Eyes, The.....Atlantic
 *Chicory Cultivation in Belgium.....Chambers's
 Dangerous Occupations.....Cosmopolitan
 Distribution of Rainfall.....Harper's
 *Eclipse of the Moon, The.....Knowledge
 *Electricity.....Chambers's

Evolution and the Present Age.....Harper's
 *Life-saving Appliance of Beetles.....Gentleman's
 Natural History for the Masses.....World's Work
 *Nebulous Stars and Their Spectra.....Knowledge
 Newest Conception of Life.....Harper's
 New Profession of Forestry.....New England
 *Quagga, The.....Knowledge
 Rebuilding of London, The.....World's Work
 Saving the Fisheries of Our Inland Seas.....World's Work
 *Vegetable Mimicry.....Knowledge

Sociologic and Economic

Agricultural Negro, The.....Arenia
 Another Revolution. Increase of Gold.....World's Work
 Australasian Cures for Coal Wars.....Altantic
 Book in the Tenement, The.....Atlantic
 Can Arbitration be Effective?.....World's Work
 History of Standard Oil Co.....McClure's
 Human Side of Labor Unions.....World's Work
 New Center of American Finance.....World's Work
 New Ethics, The.....Atlantic
 *Origin of Species in Sociology.....Knowledge
 President and the Trusts.....Arenia
 Quarter Century of Strikes, A.....Atlantic
 So-called Beef Trust, The.....Century
 Trusts.....World's Work

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

*Across Russian Lapland.....Knowledge
 Big Game of the Atlantic Surf.....Outing
 *Bloodhound, The.....Badminton
 Climb of the Iron Horse.....Overland
 *Emu Hunting in Coreena.....Badminton
 Grand Cañon of Colorado.....Century
 Grizzly Bear Lore.....Outing
 Handling the Rifle on Game.....Outing
 *Hay Harvest in High Alps.....Leisure Hour
 Hunnewell Estate at Wellesley.....Country Life
 *Hunting Methods of Northern Australia.....Chambers's
 Hunting the Fox.....Outing
 Making a Football Team.....Outing
 *Mountain of Gold, A.....Chambers's
 Mountain Sheep of America, The.....Outing
 New England Fisher Folk.....Harper's
 *Night-off Lewis, A.....Chambers's
 *Old Gardens.....Chambers's
 *Old Mortality.....Leisure Hour
 Old Time Home Garden, An.....Country Life
 On the Highway to Cologne.....Overland
 *Past Cricket Season, The.....Badminton
 *Rugby Football.....Badminton
 *Some Peasant Women.....Cornhill
 *Sport in North Nigeria.....Badminton
 Sport of Kings in America, The.....Munsey's
 *Sport on the Canadian Salmon Streams.....Badminton
 Summer Holiday in the Rockies, A.....Canadian
 Surrey Downs.....Harper's
 Through Siberia.....Harper's
 Trolleying to Baltimore.....Outing
 *Two Months in a Mudhouse.....Leisure Hour
 Ubiquitous Quail, The.....Country Life
 Unforgotten Frontier, An.....Munsey's
 *Vallombrosa.....Leisure Hour
 Voyage of the Aquidneck.....Outing
 Washington and the Town He Loved.....New England
 Ways of a Woodcock, The.....Canadian
 *With Geo. Whittier in Hampshire.....Cornhill
 *With Regard to the Pheasant.....Badminton
 Wood Duck and Its Shooting.....Outing

Sayings of the Children

Little Howard had been told he must be punished, but that he could choose between a whipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought he said:

"Well, papa, if mamma'll do it, I'll be whipped; but if you are going to whip me, I'll be shut up."

—A small boy of three, who lives in Vicksburg, Mississippi, went with his little sister to school one morning. Returning, he rushed up to his mother, calling, "Mamma! Mamma! I can spell d-o-g, dog, and count twenty!" Then the little face fell, and in the most discouraged manner he continued: "But God knows everything—I s'pect he can count a hundred."

—Willie: "Papa, if I was twins would you buy the other boy a banana, too?"

Papa: "Certainly, my son."

Willie: "Well, papa, you surely ain't going to cheat me out of another banana just because I'm all in one piece?"

—Little Lois was for the first time in her life alone in the street, and she gazed about with wide-eyed alarm. Seeing a lady whom she knew approaching, she ran to her and clutched her dress tightly.

"I se 'fraid," she gasped.

"What are you afraid of?" asked the lady, with a smile.

"Oh," with a sob and shuddering look around, "ev'where's so bid."

—School teachers sometimes ask their pupils queer questions if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Withington family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of pies, baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked yesterday if any of us could tell her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just a hundred and forty-two."

—Aunt Priscilla: "Now, William, tell me something about Robin Hood."

William: "Well, he would rob the rich, but when he caught a poor man who didn't have any money, he wouldn't take it away from him."

—Teacher: "Now, if you take three from ten, how many remain, Dolly?"

No answer.

Teacher: "Well, suppose I take away three of your fingers, what would you have then?"

Dolly: "Oh, no more music lessons."

—Elderly Lady: "Aren't you ashamed to be seen smoking cigarettes, little boy?"

Little Boy: "Sure I am, but wot's a feller to do when he ain't got de price of a cigar?"

—Charlie: "There, dad, now you can give me that bob you promised me. I've been moved from the bottom form."

Father: "That's right, my boy; here's the shilling I promised you. How did you manage to get on so well?"

Charlie: "The bottom bench is being painted."

—Little Jamie was observed poring over a book belonging to his mother on the management of children.

"What are you doing with a book like that, Jamie?" asked his mother.

"I want to see if I'm properlybrought up, ma," replied the precocious youth.

—The clergyman of a church, on leaving his vestry, saw a little girl, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was that man saying to you, Madge?" asked the parson, as he came up to the little girl.

"Oh he just wanted to know if Mr. C— was the vicar of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," she said, with dignity, "that you were the present encumbrance."

—"Oh, papa, we have a new game! We are playing baby is a bank, and we's put in seventy-five cents already."

—Bobby Harvey, aged three, is at times destructive. His mother, on his return from the ash barrel, whither he had been sent with the pieces of a treasured dish, said, reproachfully, to him:

"Oh, Bobby, you break mamma's heart being so careless."

He looked up wonderingly, and said:

"Div me pieces an' I put 'em in ash barrel."

—A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening.

"Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my dear, what is it about?"

"What do you think it would be best to give me on my birthday?"

—Teacher (to class in geography): "And who knows what the people who live in Turkey are called?"

Class (unanimously): "Turks!"

Teacher: "Right. Now, who can tell me what those living in Austria are called?"

Little Boy: "Please, mum, I know. Ostriches!"

—Mother: "How do you like your new teacher?"

"Oh, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not."

—Teacher (giving her class a lesson in natural history)—And now, Tommy Dodd, can you tell me what animal is the greatest nuisance to mankind?

Tommy (of a family of five)—Yes, ma'am, babies.

—Old Gentleman (to little girl who is weeping bitterly): "Why, what are you crying about, little girl?"

Little Girl: "Oh, I don't know. Cause I'm a woman, I s'pose."

Wit and Humor of the Press

Voice (from upstairs, to suitor in parlor)—"George, when you leave will you please throw in the morning paper?"

—Bell: "Don't you think Sousa is a great conductor?"

Nell: "I don't remember ever riding on his car."

—May: "I hear Belle had a great talk with Harry out on the beach."

Clara: "I should say she did. Why, even her tongue is sunburned."

—Husky: "Suppose you got a million dollars, what would you do?"

Larry: "I'd do my level best to spend it before I woke up."

—A man went with his wife to visit her physician. The doctor placed a thermometer in the woman's mouth. After two or three minutes, just as the physician was about to remove the instrument, the man, who was not used to such a prolonged spell of brilliant silence on the part of his life's partner, said: "Doctor, what will you take for that thing?"

—Little Willie: "Pa, who was it that said 'Dead men tell no tales?'"

Pa: "Some automobile fiend, probably."

—Her papa: "Yo' aspiash ter marry mah daughtah, sah? H'm. Whad am yo'r prospect's?"

The suitor (a widower): "Ebery single one ob de pussons fo' whom mah late lamented wife done washin' fo' hab promised ter liber'ly paternize her successah."

—"Is Mr. Fusse much afraid of microbes?"

"Well, I should say; he washes the antiseptic gauze gloves he wears in an antiseptic fluid before he even handles the sterilized glass that contains the boiled and filtered mineral water he intends to drink!"

—Mrs. Stubb: "They have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, John."

Mr. Stubb: "Indeed! Which hotel did he run?"

—"Won't you try the chicken salad, judge?" said the boarding-house keeper.

"I tried it yesterday, ma'am," replied the witty judge, "and the chicken proved an alibi."

—"Here's a proposition to abolish the Senate."

"What! And make the United States a republic?"

—Mrs. Stubb: "This is strange, John. I thought the people on this block were immensely wealthy, and now I find them sitting around in patched clothing."

Mr. Stubb: "That's nothing, Maria; they are expecting the tax assessor."

—"You have such a cosy home here," her caller said. "Yes," she replied. "Sometimes I almost feel like giving up my club work and living in it for a while."

—"Yes, I still have the first dollar I ever made," said the gray-haired passenger.

"The idea!" exclaimed the traveling acquaintance, "and how did you keep it so long?"

"It was very imperfect, being my first, and I'd have had trouble in passing it."

—"There is a good deal of illiteracy around here, isn't there?" asked the man from the north, who was journeying through the wilds of Arkansas.

"Thar used to be, stranger," replied the native to whom the inquiry was addressed, "but them confounded revenue officers have done busted the business plumb up."

—"That Mrs. Wadhams to whom you introduced me the other evening reminds me very much of a portrait by Rembrandt."

"Is that so? Which one?"

"Oh, any old one. They all look, when you get close to them, as if the paint had been thrown on by the handful."

—It was a Maysville negro preacher who, needing the money, said: "Brethren, we will now staht de box, an' fo' de glory ob heaven, which ebber ob you stole Mr. Jones's turkey will please not put anything in hit."

And every man in the congregation contributed.

—Tourist (after unusually long stoppage at small border station): "I say, guard, why aren't we going on? Anything wrong?"

Guard (who is peacefully taking his lunch): "There naething wrong, sir, but I canna whustle the noo; ma mouth's fu' o' biscuits!"

—"Three knots an hour isn't such bad time for a clergyman," smilingly said the minister to himself, just after he had united the third couple.

—"Is the manager up to date?" "Up to date! Why, he's just introduced a game of ping-pong in the balcony scene in 'Romeo and Juliet!'"

Over the Wine and Walnuts*

MIKE FEARED A RELAPSE

Joseph Jefferson once played an engagement in a Western town, appearing in Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel at which he stopped was an Irishman, who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep interest he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one.

At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness and realized that he had left no "call" order at the office, he was indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose and soon after appeared before the clerk.

"See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unearthly hour?"

"I don't know, sir," answered the clerk; "I'll ask Mike."

The Irishman was summoned. Said the clerk:

"Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?"

Taking the clerk to one side, he said in a mysterious whisper:

"He was snoring like a horse, sor, and Oi'd heerd the b'ys saying as how he were onct ather slaping for twinty years, so Oi ses to mesilf, ses Oi, Mike, it's acooming onto him agin, and it's yer juty to git the crayther out o' yer house instantly!"

GOT BACK AT THEM

A story concerning the late John Kern, professor of drawing in the Central High School, Philadelphia, in the eighties, has it that, being summoned out of town on a private errand after the morning Bible reading in the old assembly room of the school, he wrote on the blackboard in his room, for the information of the pupils, a different batch of whom attended each hour:

"Prof. Kern will not meet his classes to-day."

A pupil in the first class to go into the room, between 9 and 10 o'clock (he is now a member of the faculty of Haverford College, by the way), hurried to the blackboard and erased the "c" in "classes." A few minutes later, Prof.

Kern, having informed President Riche of the necessity of absenting himself for the day, entered to lock his desk. As he was passing from the room he noticed the change made in his announcement, paused long enough to erase the "l" and went out without a word.

A DIFFICULT CONUNDRUM

In a speech delivered not long ago James H. Eckels, former Controller of the Currency, said he could not see the reason for some Democrats still to adhere to 16 to 1 and want it in Democratic State Convention platforms, unless it was to make the fight for State officers harder. Said he: "It reminds me of a story. Of course it's about an Irishman.

"Said Pat to some friends who had been asking conundrums: 'What burud is it that has a long beak, stands first on one leg, and then on the other, has a neck like an ostrich—and—and—and barks like a dog?'

"They all thought, but finally gave it up, one of them saying: 'A stork is some like that, but—'

"That's it! That's it!" said Pat.

"But a stork doesn't bark like a dog," they declared.

"I know," exclaimed Pat, 'I put that on so it would be harder.'"

COULDN'T BREATHE

Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course, this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusioned and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would net him a little something to help him to keep body and soul together.

Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all, and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes he asked:

"What's up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"

"Trying to choke myself, of course," was Pat's answer.

"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."

"Sure I tried thot, but I couldn't breathe."

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

904. Are you not wrong when you say that Alexander Dumas, père, was the son of a general of the Empire and an African mother? It is generally thought that his father, the general, was a mulatto, the son of a negro mother by a Frenchman of rank.—W. F., St. John, Ogden, Utah.

You are right; the writer of the editorial was in error. The genealogy of Alexander Dumas, père, is as follows: Alexander Antony Davy, de la Pailleterie, married, upon his taking up his abode in San Domingo, a black native by the name of Louise Cessette Dumas; their son, Gen. Dumas Davy, de la Pailleterie, married a French woman, Marie Labouret, and the son of this marriage was Alexander Davy, de la Pailleterie, who assumed the name of Alexander Dumas.]

905. I am a member of a tourist club; this winter we study Holland. I have two very difficult subjects assigned me—one, Short Talks on Holland's Aid to the Reformation; (1) Dr. Wessel, (2) Erasmus, (3) Peter Tetelman (Inquisition). The other subject is Schools and Universities.

Our public library has no help whatever on either of the above, outside of encyclopædias; and I cannot get what I want from this source. I wish you would suggest to me books or papers, or material of some kind, for preparing papers on the above subject. I am not a German student, so all suggestions will have to be English or translations. Find inclosed stamped envelope for answer for which I thank you in advance.—Caroline N. McNutt, Logansport, Ind.

[How many times must we remind our correspondents that stamped envelopes cannot make any difference, and that queries must take their turn in this department.

We can suggest only the following: (a) See *Heroes of the Reformation* published in 5 Vols. by G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York, 1898-1901; (b) See especially in this *Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam*, by E. Emerton, published in 1898; (c) *Jas. Antony Froude's Life and Letters of Erasmus*, which were originally delivered as lectures at Oxford, published by Longmans, Green & Co., N. Y. (1894?); (d) Erasmus, the Prince of Humanists, in the Report of the American Historical

Society for 1898, address the society's secretary at Washington, D. C.; (e) Lastly, if you can get hold of it, there was a paper entitled *The Dutch Reformation*, etc., In the Sixteenth Century, published in 1868 by the American Tract Society, from whose secretary (address 150 Nassau street, N. Y.)—a copy might be had.]

906. Will you please publish a poem by William Edward Penney called *Green Grow the Rushes, O*? This may not be the title, but it is the last line of each stanza. If you do not care to publish the poem, will you insert this in *Open Questions* and perhaps some reader will be good enough to send me a copy of the verses.—A. H. Smith, Kuksville, Mo. P. S.—The poem is not the familiar Scotch song.

[The only poem of this name, or with this line repeated which we know, is *Green Grow the Rushes, O*, by Robert Burns, a verse of which is given below, and which will probably be printed in its entirety in the department of *Treasure Trove* in our December issue:

Green grow the rushes, O,

Green grow the rushes, O;

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent among the lasses, O.]

907. (1) Can you tell me if a guide to the criticism of literature has been published? I would like to get something similar to Dr. Van Dyke's work, *How to Judge a Picture*. (2) Also, are there any outlines published for the criticism of literature other than followed in school text-books?—C. M. Stearns, Brooklyn, Conn.

[(1) I know of no work such as you ask for, none in the same form as Dr. Van Dyke's book. Would advise you, if interested, to read Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, I. and II. series, published by The Macmillan Co., N. Y.; John M. Robertson's *Essays Towards a Critical Method*, London (F. F. Nuwin?), 1889; *Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism*, by Laura J. Wylie, Boston, Ginn & Co., 1894; L. Sears' *Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism*, N. Y., G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.00; and *Some Principles of Literary Criticism*, by C. T. Winchester, N. Y., The Macmillan Co., 1899. (2) I know of none other.]

908. There is a certain book written by a scribe at Alexandria soon after the Crucifixion setting forth the Jews' point of view in regard to the death of

Him. The name of the book is *As Others Saw Him*. Could you inform me when I could get that book? I inclose stamp and hope that you will have the kindness to reply.—M. Shapero, Eveleth, Minn.

[We cannot find the book.]

909. Please tell me what magazines contain accounts of the Coronation of King Edward VII. I inclose stamp for reply.—Nellie E. Parker, Syracuse, O.

[Here are some of the articles on the coronation and kindred subjects: *The Empire and the Coronation* (unillustrated), *Fortnightly Review*, for July; *English Sovereigns and Coronations*, *Pearson's Magazine*, for July (illustrated); *Queen Alexandra*, *The Contemporary Review*, for August (unillustrated); *The Coronation*, *Quarterly Review*, for August (unillustrated); *Crowning the King*, *The Sunday Magazine*, for July (illustrated); *London in the Coronation Period*, *The National Magazine*, for August (illustrated); *Men of the Coronation Period*, *The Sunday Magazine*, for July (illustrated); *Coronation Vestments*, *Good Words*, for June (illustrated).]

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

849. (1) Your correspondent who replied to No. 849 in the October issue is in error.

The poetess, Miss Edith M. Thomas, was alive at last accounts. The lady who committed suicide was Edith Carpenter Thomas (Mrs. Bond Thomas), who won a newspaper prize a few years ago for her story, *Your Money or Your Life*, and who had written much under the nom de plume Edith Carpenter. She was prominent as a worker among the poor of your city. Paul Leicester Ford dedicated his *Wanted, a Watchmaker to Bond and Edith Thomas*. At the time of the tragedy it was stated in your New York papers that it was not Edith M. Thomas, the poetess, who was dead. A little inquiry, or a reference to the files of your daily papers, will prove to you that the above is correct.—Concord, N. H.

(2) We notice on page 512 of your October number a statement that Miss Edith M. Thomas committed suicide at her home in New York during the past year. This is an entire mistake, and your correspondent has confounded Miss Thomas with another person of the same name. We are very sure that this was pointed out at the time in the public press.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., per F. J. G., Boston, Mass.

(3) I notice with amazement in your October number, 849, the statement, coming from a correspondent in the far State of Washington, that "the poet, Edith M. Thomas, committed suicide at her home in New York City within the year." I can not believe this is true. I saw Miss Thomas at one of the Authors' Club receptions, as late as March last. I think—and if she has died since, it has been carefully kept out of the newspapers—and it is extremely strange that a person in Washington should be able to tell New Yorkers their own local news. The suicides of utterly undistinguished persons are always chronicled in the dailies; how should those of noted persons escape publication?—Elizabeth Ackers, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

887. * * * I inclose a copy of that poem so remarkably popular among your querists, *You Kissed Me*. Not long ago I inquired for it and was rewarded with no less than six copies.—Ellen Glassell, Bedford, Prescott, Arizona.

[E. W. Ide, Spokane, Wash., and Cora D. Browne, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., also send answers and copies of the poem, which is held for the querist, with thanks to our correspondent.]

897. (1) The poem beginning *Midnight past*, not a sound of aught, is by Owen Meredith (Robert Lord Lytton), and may be found in any copy of his complete works in Book II. in *A Wanderer in France*. I hardly think the "dear, dead woman" was the wife of the man who tells the story, for there had been three portraits in the locket within a month, and a wife would not have been so indiscreet. However, she was as fickle as the wind who was "at his prayers" that night. Mr. Meredith has another poem by the same name in *The Wife's Tragedy*.—Zwing Morgan, Pine Bluff, Ark.

(2) I notice an inquiry for a poem, *Where Never Any Died*, by which, I suppose, is meant *The City of the Living*, as those words occur repeatedly in it. If I mistake not, you published this bit of verse not long ago in reply to a request. It may be found in my second collection, published in 1869 (or, perhaps, there was a later edition) by Ticknor & Fields, in their *Blue and Gold* series, and it has since appeared in nearly every newspaper in the country, so it should not be hard to find.—Elizabeth Ackers, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

[Thanks for answers to these queries are due not only the above but also to Mrs. Lewis Slack, "Anon," Mrs. J. F. Pearce, and H. B. Lovett for answers to (1) and copies sent. All of these answers and copies give the poem as *The Portrait*, by Owen Meredith. Will our querist please send for the copies which are held for him.]

898. I think I wrote you the true story of Weston's *Vision of Immortality* when the *Questions* had an inquiry about it some time since. I see it again inquired for (898,) and although it has appeared in several compilations, I do not at present remember where to find it save in *Native Poets of Maine*, published in Portland some years since. It was originally only part of a poem made up of imitations of well-known American poets, and was written for delivery before a society of Bowdoin College.—Elizabeth Ackers, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

899. I notice in the October number of *CURRENT LITERATURE* someone inquiring regarding a poem entitled *Removal*. The poem was published in Russell and Goldsby's *School Reader*, used in the schools of Peterborough, N. H., about the years 1851 or 1852. I read the verses when a schoolboy and reproduce them from memory. I was then too young to be interested in looking up the author, but if I should guess I should say it sounded like Oliver Wendell Holmes or John G. Saxe. But I do not claim to know.—E. J. Donnell, Auburn, Kan.

[Thanks for your kind aid; the poem sent is held for the querist]